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THE

UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

A Cyclopædia of Universal Literature, Presenting in Alphabetical Arrangement the Biography, together with Critical Reviews and Extracts, of Eminent Writers of all Lands and all Ages.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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Editor of "The People's Cyclopedia," "American Revisions and Additions to the Encyclopædia Britannica," etc., etc.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.—Emerson.

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Samuel Johnson.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
à as in fall, talk.
ă as in ask, fast, ant.
ā as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ė as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ŏ as in move, spoon.
ò as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ŭ as in pull.
ü (German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ạ as in prelate, courage.
ẹ as in ablegate, episcopal.
ọ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ụ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short u-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

a̤ as in errant, republican.
e̤ as in prudent, difference.
i̤ as in charity, density.
o̤ as in valor, actor, idiot.
ṳ as in Persia, peninsula.
y̤ as in *the* book.
ṳ̄ as in nature, feature.

A mark (⌣) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

t̰ as in nature, adventure.
d̰ as in arduous, education.
s̰ as in pressure.
z̰ as in seizure.
y as in yet.
n̈ Spanish n (medial).
ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
g as in German Abendberg, Hamburg.
g̈ Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
ṅ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s̈ final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
ŦH as in then.
D = ŦH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

ERRATA.

Raymond (rā'mənd), Henry Jarvis.
Richmond (rich'mənd), Leigh.
Riggs (rigz), Kate Douglas (Wiggin).
Robinson (rob'in sən), Frances Mabel.
Roscoe (ros'kō), Henry.
Roscoe, Henry Enfield.
Roscoe, Robert.
Roscoe, Thomas.
Rossetti (ros set'ē), William Michael.
Saint-Hilaire (san tē lār'), Jules Barthélemy.
Schlegel (shlā'gel), August Wilhelm von.
Scott (skot), James Wilmot.



JEAN RACINE.

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RACINE, JEAN, a French dramatic poet, born on the Ile-de-France in 1639; died at Paris in 1697. His father was a collector of the salt-tax, a lucrative office which had by purchase become hereditary in the family. He studied at the College of Beauvaise, at Port Royal, and at the College of Harcourt, became known to Boileau and Molière, and at twenty-one won the favor of Louis XIV. by an ode upon the occasion of the marriage of the monarch, who bestowed a pension upon him. In 1667 he produced his tragedy of *Andromaque*, which placed him at the head of the French dramatists. His subsequent dramas are: *Les Plaideurs*, a comedy (1668), *Britannicus* (1669), *Bérénice* (1670), *Bajazet* (1672), *Mithridate* (1673), *Iphigénie en Aulide* (1674), *Phédre* (1677). This last, which is generally considered his masterpiece. met with a reception so hostile that he gave up writing for the stage, and confined himself wholly to his duties as Royal Historiographer. But at the request of Madame de Maintenon he wrote in 1689 the Scriptural drama of *Esther* for the young ladies of the Seminary of St. Cyr, and in 1689 the lyrical drama *Athalie*,

founded on the narrative in 2 Kings xi., and 2 Chron. xxiii. This was recited, not acted, at the Theâtre Française. In 1697, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, he presented a *Memoir*, on the then miserable condition of France. Louis XIV. was greatly displeased with this; and it is said that the life of Racine was shortened by the royal disfavor. Racine also wrote some vigorous prose, and a few poems of considerable merit.

The scene of *Andromaque* is laid at the court of Epirus, reigned over by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. Pyrrhus holds as captive Andromache, the widow of Hector, and their young son, Astyanax. Pyrrhus wishes to marry Andromache, notwithstanding his betrothal to Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. Orestes, the son of the murdered Agamemnon, comes to the Epirus to demand, in the name of all the Greeks, that Astyanax be delivered up to them. Orestes is in love with Hermione; Hermione is in love with Pyrrhus; and Pyrrhus is in love with Andromache. Our extracts from *Andromaque* are in the prose translation of Henry M. Trollope, which gives the sense and spirit of the original better than has been done in any metrical version.

HERMIONE AND ORESTES.

Herm.—There have even been moments when I have wished for you.

Orest.—Wished for me! O divine Princess, for pity remember to whom you are speaking. Open your eyes; think that Orestes is before you—Orestes, so long the subject of their angry glances.

Herm.—Yes: you, whose love lit by their light first taught them their power. You,

whose virtues taught me to esteem you. You, whom I have pitied, whom I would fain love—

Orest.—I understand you too well. This is my melancholy portion: the heart is for Pyrrhus, and the wish only for Orestes.

Herm.—Ah, desire not the fate of Pyrrhus! I should hate you too much.

Orest.—You would love me the more. Ah, with what different looks you would regard me! You wish to love me, but I please you not. If love only ruled your heart, you would love me even in wishing to hate me. O heaven, so much on my side! A love so tender; so many reasons for me, if you would but listen to them! And for Pyrrhus you alone, perhaps in spite of yourself, without doubt in spite of him: for he hates you; his soul, possessed by another, has no more—

Herm.—Who has told you that he disdains me? Have you learned it by his looks or by his words? Judge if the sight of me inspires disdain—if the impression I make lasts so short a time. Perhaps other eyes are more favorable to me.

Orest.—Go on! It is fine to insult me thus. Cruel! It is I, then, that disdains you! Your eyes have not tried my constancy enough. I am witness of their want of power. It is I that have despised them! Ah, how it would please them to see my rival despise their power as I do!

Herm.—What matters his hate or his tenderness to me? Go, arm all Greece against the rebel. Go, make Epirus a second Ilion. Go! After that you will say that I loved him!

Orest.—My Lady, do more. Come with me yourself. Let your eye speak to all hearts.

Herm.—But what if he marries Andromache? Think what shame it would be if he married a Phrygian!

Orest.—And you hate him! Confess it, Lady. Love is not a fire which can be hidden. Everything betrays it—the voice, eyes, silence itself.

Pyrrhus wavers back and forth, as to whether he will comply with the demand of the Greeks. But at length he promises Andromache to protect her son, and even make him King of Troy, on condition that she will become his wife. She loathingly consents to this; but Pyrrhus, having thus pledged himself to protect her child, she will stab herself at the very foot of the altar. Hermione, learning of this, promises to marry Orestes upon condition that he will avenge her by killing Pyrrhus. The day of the nuptials of Pyrrhus and Andromache arrives. The temple is thronged by the Grecians. Pyrrhus announces Andromache as his queen and successor, and Astyanax as the future King of Troy. The enraged Greeks break out into tumult; Pyrrhus is slain; Orestes, who has witnessed the deed, hastens back to Hermione.

Herm.—What have they done!

Orest.—Pardon their impatience. They have, I know, forestalled your revenge. You would that my hand had struck the first blow, that he should have known that he died on your account. But it was my zeal that was their example. For you I led them to the temple. Yours is the glory of a deed which their arms have merely executed. You alone inspired the blow——

Herm.—Silence, traitor! This vile deed is thine alone. Go among the Greeks and vaunt your deed! Go! Go! I disown it and you! Savage! what have you done? With what fury have you cut the thread of a lovely life! Who made you the arbiter of his fate? Why have you killed him? By what right? What has he done to you?

Orest.—Gods above! What! Have not you

yourself—you here—a moment since ordained his death?

Herm.—Ah, who would believe an outraged lover? You should have read my soul better! Saw you not, through all my rage, that my heart gave the lie to my lips? Even if I said it, should you have consented? You should have made me repeat it an hundred times. You should have returned to consult me before giving the blow. You should have left to myself the care of my revenge.—Farewell! You may take your departure. I remain in Epirus. I give up Greece, Sparta, my country, my family! It is enough for me, traitor, that they have brought forth a monster like you!—*Andromaque.*

The plot of *Phèdre* is extremely complicated. It hinges upon the uncontrollable passion conceived by Phædra, the spouse of Theseus, King of Athens, for Hippolytus, his son by a former wife. This guilty passion, which she herself abhors, and which she hides under a pretended show of aversion for him, is indeed a sort of madness inflicted upon her by Venus, in vengeance for some wrong done to her by Apollo, from whom Phædra is remotely descended. At the opening of the play, Theseus has been a long time absent, and is thought to be dead. Phædra, who is apparently inconsolable for his loss, sends for Hippolytus upon some urgent necessity, and in that interview, quite against her own will, discloses her infatuation for him. She begs pardon for all her rudeness to him. He courteously ignores it; attributes it all to her overmastering grief for the loss of her husband; and endeavors to console her with the hope that he will yet return. To which she makes reply, which we give in the prose version of Mr. Henry Trollope:—

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

Phæd.—No: a man does not visit the shores of the dead a second time. Since Theseus has seen these sombre shores, it is vain to hope that a god may send him back. The greedy Acheron does not let go its prey. What say I? He is not dead, for he lives in you. I think I now see my husband before me. I see him; I speak to him. My heart— [*aside.*] Ah, I know not what I say; my mad passion betrays me.

Hippol.—I see how strong is your love. Though Theseus is indeed dead, he is present to your eyes.

Phæd.—Yes, Prince, I long, I pine for Theseus. I love him not as he appeared in Hades—light lover of a thousand different objects of passion—ready to rob of his spouse the God of the dead; but faithful—nay, wildly simple; young, splendid, drawing all hearts after him; but proud, as all our gods are painted, and as you now appear. When he crossed the seas to Crete, he had your look, your manner: the same noble modesty shone upon his face. Where were you then, Hippolytus? Why were you absent when all the Greek heroes assembled? Why were you too young to sail with them? If it had been yours to slay the Minotaur, my sister, Ariadne would have given to you the fatal clew. But no: for that I would have forestalled her; love would have shown me the way. I know I would have guided you through the Labyrinth. How many cares that noble head would have cost me then! No thread should have satisfied your lover. Companion of the dangers you were bound to dare, I should have pressed on before you; and Phædra, descending to the Labyrinth with you, would there with you have been found or lost.

Hippol.—Great gods! What do I hear? Do you forget, Madam, that Theseus is my father, and your husband?

Phæd.—By what right, Prince, do you judge

me, or think that I have forgotten it? Cannot I guard my own honor?

Hippol.—Pardon me, Madam. I blush to avow it: I understood amiss an innocent speech. I am ashamed to meet your eye. I go——

Phæd.—Ah, Prince, you have understood me too well! Know, then, Phædra in all her passion. I love. Think not because I love thee that, innocent in my own eyes, I approve myself, or that in fond weakness I have nourished the poison that disturbs my reason. No: unfortunate object of celestial vengeance, I abhor myself more than you can abhor me. The gods are witnesses—those gods that have lighted this fatal fire in my veins—the gods who take pleasure in seducing a miserable human heart! And thou, recall to thy recollection the past. It were little to have fled thee. I drove thee away. I have sought to appear odious to thee, and inhuman. To resist thee better I sought thy hate. But what have these useless efforts done for me? Thou but hatest me the more, and I love thee none the less.—What say I? This confusion, this shameful avowal—think you I meant to make it? Trembling for the child I dared not betray, I came to ask thy pity for him. Vain project of a heart too full of the image it loves. Alas! I have spoken to thee only of myself. And now avenge thyself on this odious love. Punish me! Worthy son of a hero, deliver the world of a monster; let her not escape! Here is my heart, on which the blow should fall. Strike! Or, if I am unworthy of even a blow from thee —if my blood is too vile to stain thy hand—instead of thy arm lend me thy sword! quick!

The entrance of a servant interrupts this mad scene. Theseus, however, is not dead. In time he comes back. The drama evolves itself. Theseus is led to suspect that his son has been guilty of a base passion for his stepmother. Finally Hippolytus meets with a sudden and violent death. Tidings

of this are brought to Theseus; and while the messenger is in the act of delivering them, Phædra bursts in, confesses all, and dies.

THE DEATH OF PHÆDRA.

Phæd.—My moments are few. Listen to me, Theseus. It was I who looked with profane eyes upon your chaste and virtuous son. Heaven put a fatal passion into my bosom; the hateful Œnone carried out its plans. Fearing lest Hippolytus should reveal to you my love, which filled his mind with horror, she, the traitress, abusing my weakness, hastened first to accuse him. She is punished. Flying from my anger, she has found under the waves a fate more merciful than she deserves. My life should before this have been cut short by the sword; but that would have left a stain upon his slandered virtue. That you might know my remorse, I have chosen to die a slower way. I have infused into my burning veins a poison which Medea brought to Athens. The venom has touched my heart, and thrown there an unknown chill. Already I see, as through a cloud, the heavens and the husband whom my presence insults. And death, in withdrawing the light from my eyes, gives back all its purity to the day which they polluted.—*Phèdre.*

Athalie is by some considered as the masterpiece of Racine; he himself is said to have so regarded it. Apart from its unquestioned dramatic merits, it is notable for the beauty of its lyrical choruses, which conclude each Act, filling up the intervals between them, so that the stage is never unoccupied. The Chorus consists of Hebrew maidens, who sing, sometimes in unison, sometimes in responsive parts. We give portions of four of these choruses; the first two in the translation of Charles Randolph, the last two in that of J. C. Knight.

CHORUS TO ACT I.

Chorus.

The God whose goodness filleth every clime,
Let all His creatures wonder and adore;
Whose throne was reared before the birth of time,
To Him be glory now and evermore.

First Voice.

The sons of violence in vain
Would check His people's grateful strain,
And blot his sacred name;
Yet day to day His power declares,
His bounty every creature shares,
His greatness all proclaim.

Second Voice.

Dispensing light, at His behest,
Bursts forth the sun in splendor drest;
But of Almighty Love a brighter sign
Shone forth Thy Law, pure, perfect, and divine.

CHORUS TO ACT II.

Chorus.

What star of lustre strikes our eyes!
How bright does this young wonder rise!
With what a noble scorn
He dares seduction's charms despise,
To high achievements born!

First Voice.

While at the impious queen's decree
Thousands to Baal basely bowed the knee,
An infant's voice has dared proclaim
The one Adorable, Eternal Name.
Thus before Jezebel defiled with blood,
Denouncing vengeance, great Elijah stood.

Second Voice.

Happy, thrice happy must he prove, [love,
The child who shares his Heavenly Father's
Who in a blessed hour His voice has heard,
And yields obedience to His sacred word.
'Tis his within the sacred shrine,
By impious footsteps never trod,
To own the bounteous hand benign,
The guardian care of Israel's God.

O happy youth, so early blest!
On Heaven's eternal truth forever rest.

CHORUS TO ACT III.

Leader of the Chorus.

Alas, my sisters, what sad fears
What consternation now appears!
O God! must we such incense pay
To Thee on this renowned day!

First Voice.

What do our timid eyes behold?
Alas! who ever could divine
That in this peaceful house of God,
Our swords or lances e'er would shine?

Chorus.

Strange mystery! What evils, yet what good;
What curses, yet what blessings, do we hear!
Discord amid the promises of love:
Do not these fearful menaces appear?

Third Voice.

We will not form conjectures which are vain;
Some future day will God the mystery explain.

CHORUS TO ACT IV.

Chorus.

Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go!
Never did your father's bosom glow
To assert a nobler cause.
Go forth, exert your utmost might,
It is your King for whom ye fight;
Your King, your God, your Laws!

First Voice.

Where are Thy favors to our fathers given?
Will nothing reach Thine ear in our distress,
Except the cry of Judah's wickedness?
Alas! hath mercy left the abode of heaven?

Second Voice.

Of Judah's kings the sole remain!
Of David's stem thou lovely flower!
Must we behold thee fall again
Within a cruel mother's power?
Say, did an angel of the Lord
Thee, when a helpless infant, save?
Or did the mighty voice of God
Recall thy ashes from the grave?

RADCLIFFE, ANN (WARD), an English novelist, born at London, July 9, 1764; died there, Feb. 7, 1823. She wrote numerous novels, which were more popular than any others published near the close of the last century; the best of which are: *A Sicilian Romance* (1790), *The Romance of the Forest* (1791), *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), *The Italian* (1797). In 1794 she made a tour on the Continent, of which she gives a pleasant account in her *Journey through Holland*, etc. Although her powers were unabated, she published nothing during the last twenty-six years of her life.

THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO.

Towards the close of the day the road wound into deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy sides seemed to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits, rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any which Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendor upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendor of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

"There," said Montoni, speaking for the first time for several hours, "is Udolpho."

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's;

for though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapor crept up the mountain, while the battlements were still tipped with splendor. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn darkness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features become more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriage began soon after to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriage emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice, but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the many walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her leading into the court was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where instead of banners now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh,

as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, over looking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravage of war. Beyond these all was lost in the obscurity of evening.—*The Mysteries of Udolpho.*

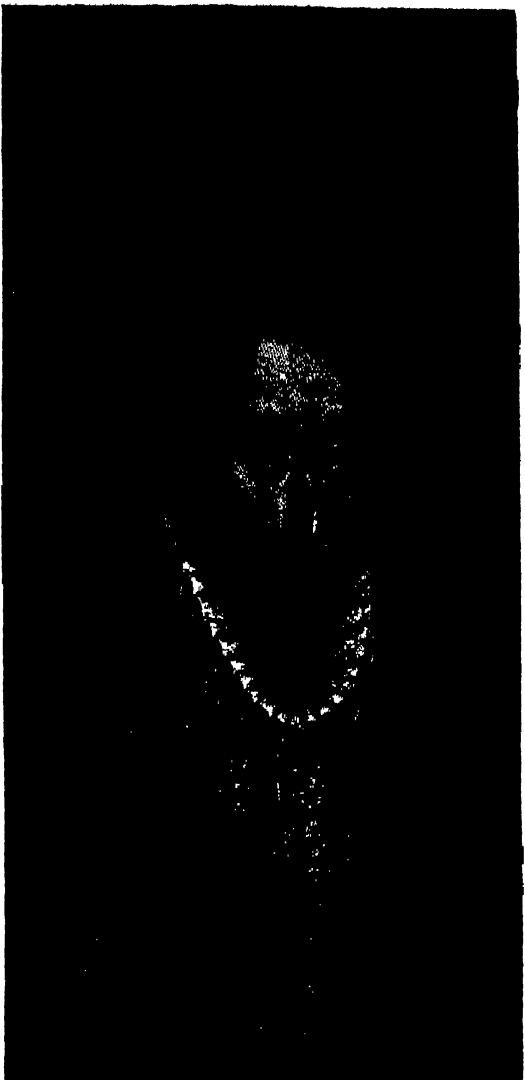
AN EVENING AND MORNING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

It was not pleasant to watch the progress of evening and its effects on the waters; streaks of light scattered among the dark western clouds after the sun had set, and gleaming in long reflection on the sea, while a gray obscurity was drawing over the east, as the vapors rose gradually from the ocean. The air was breathless; the tall sails of the vessel were without motion, and her course upon the deep scarcely perceptible; while the planet Jupiter burned with steady dignity, and threw a tremulous light on the sea, whose surface flowed in a smooth, waveless expanse. Three other planets appeared, and countless stars spangled the dark waters. Twilight now pervaded air and ocean; but the west was still luminous where one solemn gleam of dusky red edged the horizon from under heavy vapors.

The vessel made little progress during the night. With the earliest dawn of the morning we were on the deck, with the hope of seeing the English coast; but the mist veiled it from our view. A spectacle, however, the most grand in nature, repaid us for our disappointment. The moon, bright, and nearly at her meridian, shed a strong lustre on the ocean, and gleamed between the sails upon the deck; but the dawn beginning to glimmer, contended with the light, and soon touching the waters with a cold gray tint, discovered them spread-

ing all around to the vast horizon. Not a sound broke upon the silence, except the lulling one occasioned by the course of the vessel through the waves, and now and then the drowsy song of the pilot as he leaned on the helm—his shadowy figure just discerned, and that of a sailor pacing near the head of the ship, with crossed arms and a rolling step. The captain, wrapped in a sea-coat, lay asleep on the deck, wearied with the weary watch.

As the dawn strengthened, it discovered white sails stealing along the distance, and then the flight of some sea-fowls as they uttered their slender cry, and then dropping upon the waves, sat floating on the surface. Meanwhile the light tints in the east began to change, and the skirts of a line of clouds below to assume a tawny red, which gradually became a rich purple. We could then perceive a long tract of the coast of France, like a dark streak of vapor hovering in the south while that of England was still invisible. The moonlight faded fast upon the waters, and soon the long traces of the sun shot their lines upwards through the clouds, and into the clear sky above and all the sea below glowed with fiery reflections for a considerable time before his disk appeared. At length he rose from the waves, looking from under clouds of purple and gold; and as he seemed to touch the water, a distant vessel passed over his disk, like a dark speck. We rose soon after, cheered by the faintly-seen coast of England.—*Tour through Holland.*



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, an English courtier and adventurer, born in Devonshire in 1552; beheaded at Westminster in 1618. The story of the manner in which he came into favor with Queen Elizabeth runs thus: One day he saw that the Queen in her walk was approaching a miry spot; he flung down his gay cloak in the mud, so that she could pass over it dry-shod. The Queen, then a woman of middle-age, was charmed with the gallantry of the handsome young cavalier, twenty years her junior, and took many occasions to advance his fortunes. Among other things she granted him a patent for a large tract in the region now known as Virginia and North Carolina, with the title of "Lord Proprietor." During the ensuing twenty years Raleigh took an active part in the irregular hostilities between England and Spain; and what with valuable monopolies and large landed grants, he became a very wealthy man.

The accession of James I. to the English throne, in 1603, put an end to the prosperity of Raleigh. He was stripped of his preferments and forbidden to appear at court. Not long afterwards he was arrested upon charge of having conspired to place Lady Arabella Stuart upon the English throne. He was convicted; but, instead of being put to death at once, the execution of the sentence was deferred, and he was committed to the Tower, where he was kept a prisoner for thirteen years. During this imprisonment he wrote his *History of the World*, which was published in 1614. The *History* commences with the creation, but is brought

down only to the end of the Macedonian empire, B. C. 167. The following are the concluding sentences of this work:

AMBITION AND DEATH.

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add that the kings and princes of this world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope of it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. . . .

It is, therefore, Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and the insolent that they are but objects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their fore-passed happiness. He takes account of the rich, and proves him a beggar—a naked beggar—which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these true words, *Hic jacet!—History of the World.*

The following piece of counsel for Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., bears date, August 12, 1611, and so was written during this imprisonment. The Prince, then a child, died eight years after-

wards, and his brother Charles became heir to the crown. It is not probable that this wise letter of counsel ever reached Prince Henry.

COUNSEL FOR PRINCE HENRY OF ENGLAND.

The following lines are addressed to your Highness from a man who values his liberty and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honors that he could anywhere enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that have lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained of calling your royal father God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonor of God and the impeachment of his Majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulation; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my Prince! hear them not; fly from their deceit. You are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you; but all good must be conveyed from you.

Your father has been called the vicegerent of Heaven; while he is good he is the vicegerent of Heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my Prince. Let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince—with reverence be it spoken—it is an incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of Prince

and People will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous Prince, against such sycophants, in the cause of liberty; from a condition as much below that of brutes as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my Prince, there is no other right can flow from God.

While your Royal Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many commonplaces in your study of the Science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and a help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellation of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance without applauding it as a benefit.

Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended. The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of beauty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not over the bodies, of men. The soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Choose, therefore, to be the king or the conqueror of your people It may be submission, but it cannot be obedience, that is passive.

For some reason, Raleigh was released from the Tower in 1615. The probable explanation is that he had persuaded Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham,

who had become the royal favorite, that in a former voyage to Guiana he had discovered a rich gold-bearing region, the occupation of which by the English would be profitable to the King and Court. A fleet of fourteen vessels was fitted out, of which Raleigh was made Admiral. The expedition reached Guiana late in 1617. They attacked the Spanish town of St. Thomas, far up the Orinoco, but were repulsed. The ships were assailed by a Spanish fleet, and the expedition was completely broken up. Raleigh himself made his way back to England, where he arrived in June, 1618, and was at once committed to the Tower. The Spanish ambassador demanded his punishment, which King James was quite willing to accord, for the attack upon the Spanish town had been made in violation of the express injunctions of James, who hoped to get a Spanish Infanta as wife for his son, and so wished to be on good terms with the Court of Madrid. By some curious oversight, while Raleigh was made an Admiral, the old offence of which he had been convicted was not pardoned, and the sentence of death, pronounced in 1603, still hung over him. The Judges decided that being still under sentence of death he could not be put to trial upon any new charge. So he was beheaded under the old sentence.

The separate works of Raleigh have been several times reprinted. A complete edition of them, in eight volumes, was published in 1829. Among his works are several short poems. The longest of these, entitled *The Lie*, consists of about 100 lines. It has been attributed to several persons, but the weight of evidence is in favor of its being the work of Raleigh.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—

THE LIE.

Go, Soul, the body's guest
  Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth must be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If Court and Church reply,
Then give them both the lie. . . .

Tell men of high condition
  That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie. . . .

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
  Tell Flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie. . . .

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
  Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
  Tell Law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
Go give them still the lie. . . .

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing—
Stab at thee, he that will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

RAMSAY, ALLAN, a Scottish poet, born in Lanarkshire in 1686; died at Edinburgh in 1758. He set up as a wig-maker at Edinburgh, and began to write small poems, the earliest being produced at the age of twenty-six. About 1716, he established a book-store and circulating library, and was also an industrious editor. A volume of his collected *Poems* was published in 1721. His most important work is *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725), portions of which had appeared in the earlier volume. Having attained a fair competence, he retired from business in 1755. His son, likewise ALLAN RAMSAY (1713–1784), became a portrait-painter in London, and was for a time thought to be a fair rival to Reynolds.

A DIALOGUE UPON LOVERS AND MARRIAGE.

Peggy.—We're far frae any road, and out o' sight;
The lads, they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neebors a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by;
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny.—I dinna like him, Peggy—there's an end:
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kenned.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right smug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet-lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-gee,
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except "How d' ye?" or "There's a bonny day."

Peggy.—Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide.

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld;
What likes a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Jenny.—I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy.—Nor I. But love in whispers lets us ken
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Now! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee,
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending, day and night,
The like o' them when love maks care delight?
Jenny.—But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw;
There little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; the spate may bear away
Frae aff the holms your dainty rucks o' hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo', and cheese,
But, on the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow the laird seeks in his rent:
It's no to gie; your marchant's to the bent.
His Honor maunna want: he pounds your gear;
Syne, driven frae house, and hald, where will ye steer?—
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.
Peggy.—May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Who has sic fears—for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required—let Heaven mak out the rest.

I've heard my honest uncle often say,
That lads should a' for wives that's honest pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stored room unless his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vougue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter and some woo',
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the world will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.
Jenny.—But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and two bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a feg?
Peggy.—Nae mair o' that! Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blessed them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.—
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pats be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good-humor and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jenny.—A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.
Peggy.—But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth when love grows on the mind.
Bairns, and their bairns, mak sure a firmer tie
Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride:
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest;
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
Jenny.—I've done. I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.

The Gentle Shepherd.

THE CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spak to him thus: "My neighbor, pray,
Canst tell me what's the time o' day?"
The Dial said, "I dinna ken."—
"Allack! What stand ye there for then?"—
"I wait here till the Sun shines bright,
For naught I ken but by his light."—
"Wait on," quoth Clock, "I scorn his help;
Baith day and night my lane I skelp:
Wind up my weights but anes a week,
Without him I can gang and speak;
Nor like ane useless sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my hand:
Hark, hark! I strike just now the hour:
And I am right—ane—twa—three—four."
Whilst thus the Clock was boasting loud,
The bleezing Sun brak through a cloud;
The Dial, faithful to his guide,
Spak truth, and laid the thumper's pride:

"Ye see," said he, "I've dung you fair;
'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
My friend," he added, "count again
And learn a wee to be less vain;
Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
And that your answers never want;
For you're not aye to be believed,
Wha trusts to you may be deceived.
Be counselled to behave like me;
For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken—
And that's the way of wisest men."

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day
been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody
shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves
roar, [shore.
That's naething like leaving my love on the
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair
pained; [gained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be
But beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lohaber no more.

EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSAY.—

RAMSAY, EDWARD BANNERMAN, a Scottish ecclesiastic and author, born at Aberdeen in 1793; died at Edinburgh in 1872. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; took orders in the Anglican Church, and was for several years a curate in England. In 1830 he became minister of St. John's Church, Edinburgh, and in 1841 was made Dean of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Scotland. He published several volumes of literary lectures, sermons, biographies, and theological essays; his latest works being *Christian Responsibilities* (1864), and *Pulpit Table-Talk* (1868). His best known work, *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, originally appeared in 1857, but was subsequently considerably enlarged, and numerous editions of it have been put forth in Great Britain and the United States.

SOME PIOUS TRAITS OF SCOTTISH HUMOR.

There was at all times amongst the older Scottish peasantry a bold assertion of their religious opinions, and strong expression of their feelings. The spirit of the Covenanters lingered amongst the aged people whom I remember, but which time has considerably softened down. We have some recent authentic instances of the readiness in Scotchmen to bear testimony to their principles.

A friend has told me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest, of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather which prevented him from enjoying his visit to the country, and said, hastily and unguardedly, "What a d—d mist!" and then expressed his wonder how, or for what purpose, there should have been such a thing created as east wind.

The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him—"What ails you at the mist, Sir? It weets the sod; it sockens the groves, and—" adding with much solemnity, "it's God's will," and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candor as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

Something like this is reported of an eminent Professor of Geology who, visiting the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The Professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not adverting to the very strict notions on Sabbath desecration entertained in Ross-shire had his pocket-hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and going up to him, quietly said: "Sir, ye're breaking something there, forbye the stanes."

The same feeling under a more fastidious form was exhibited to a traveller by a Scottish peasant. An English artist, travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time he walked out a short way in the environs, when the picturesque ruins of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman, who was passing, to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling: "It's no the day to be speering sic things." . . .

The Scottish peasants of the older school delighted in the expositions of doctrinal subjects, and in fact were extremely jealous of any minister who departed from the high standard of orthodox divinity by selecting subjects which involved discussions of strictly moral or practical questions. A worthy old clergyman having upon the occasion of a Communion-Monday taken a text of such a character, was thus commented upon by an ancient dame of the congregation, who was previously acquainted with his style of discourse: "If

there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's aye sure to tak it."

It may well be supposed that a peasant with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any person whose religious principles were known to be of an infidel character. There is a story traditionary in Edinburgh regarding David Hume, which illustrates this feeling in a very amusing manner, and which I have heard it said Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp at the back of the Castle, the existence of which I recollect hearing of from old persons forty years ago. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing, and begged her assistance. She passed on, apparently without attending to the request. At his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him: "Are na ye Hume, the Atheist?"—"Weel, weel, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one."—"Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for you till ye ben a Christian yersell; ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or, faith, I'll let ye wallow there as I fand ye." The skeptic, really afraid for his life, repeated the required formulas.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER, an American song-writer and journalist, born at Baltimore, Maryland, Jan. 1, 1839. He was educated at Georgetown College, D. C., and when quite young removed to New Orleans, where he obtained a position on the "Sunday Delta." He is the author of a number of songs in behalf of the Confederate cause including "*Maryland, my Maryland*" (his most popular work), *The Sole Sentry*, *There's Life in the Old Land yet*, and *The Battle Cry of the South*. He is also the author of considerable fugitive verse. In 1866 he became editor-in-chief of the "Constitutionalist" of Augusta, Ga., and subsequently held other editorial positions in the South.

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

RANKE, FRANZ LEOPOLD VON, a German historian, born at Wiehe, near Nuremberg, in 1795; died in 1886. He was a student at Leipsic, then a teacher in the gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and, from 1825, Professor of History at Berlin. He was sent by the government to examine the archives at Vienna, Rome, Venice and Florence. His thorough researches made him the father of a school of historiography. A *History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations* was his first work (1824), covering the period 1494–1535; this was followed by a *History of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, *The Servian Revolution*, and the *Conspiracy against Venice in* 1688. Then came his best known work, the *History of the Popes* (1834–7.) After this, he produced a *History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation* (1839–47), *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (1847–8), *Annals of the German Saxon Kings*, *French History, especially in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, a *History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century* (1859–68), a *Life of Wallenstein* (1871), *the Origin of the Seven Years War* (1877), *History of the World* (1881–1886). His complete works comprise forty-seven volumes. From his *History of the Popes*, the sketch of Cardinal Contarini is selected for its personal interest, and the great crisis it narrates.

CARDINAL CONTARINI AND THE REFORMATION.

Messire Gaspar Contarini, the eldest son of a noble house in Venice, that traded to the Levant, had especially devoted himself to philo-

sophical pursuits: his mode of proceeding in regard to them is not unworthy of remark: he set apart three hours daily for his closer studies, never devoting to them more, and never less; he began each time with exact repetition. Adhering to this method, he proceeded to the conclusion of each subject, never allowing himself to do anything lightly or with half-measures. He would not permit the subtleties of Aristotle's commentators to lead him into similar subtleties, perceiving that nothing is more astute than falsehood. He displayed the most remarkable talent, with a steadiness still more remarkable; he did not seek to acquire the graces of language, but expressed himself with simplicity and directly to the purpose—as in nature the growing plant is unfolded in regular succession, yearly producing its due results, so did his faculties develop themselves.

When, at an early age, he was elected into the council of the Pregadi, the senate of his native city, he did not for some time venture to speak; he wished to do so, and felt no want of matter, but he could not find courage for the effort: when at length he did prevail on himself to overcome this reluctance, his speech, though not remarkable for grace or wit, and neither very animated nor very energetic, was yet so simple and so much to the purpose, that he at once acquired the highest consideration.

His lot was cast in a most agitated period. He beheld his native city stripped of her territory, and himself aided in the recovery. On the first arrival of Charles V. in Germany, Contarini was sent to him as ambassador, and he there became aware of the dissensions then beginning to arise in the church. They entered Spain at the moment when the ship *Vittoria* had returned from the first circumnavigation of the globe, and Contarini was the first, so far as I can discover, to solve the problem of her entering the port one day later than she should have done according to the reckoning in her log-book. The Pope, to whom he was

sent after the sack of Rome, was reconciled to the emperor, partly by his intervention. His sagacious and penetrating views of men and things, together with his enlightened patriotism, are clearly evinced by his short essay on the Venetian constitution, a most instructive and well-arranged little work, as also by the different reports of his embassies, which are still occasionally to be found in manuscript.

On a Sunday, in the year 1535, at the moment when the imperial council had assembled, and Contarini, who had meanwhile risen to the highest offices, was seated by the balloting urn, the intelligence came that Pope Paul, whom he did not know, and with whom he had no sort of connection, had appointed him cardinal. All hastened to congratulate the astonished man, who could scarcely believe the report. Aluise Mocenigo, who had hitherto been his opponent in affairs of state, exclaimed that the republic had lost her best citizen.

For the Venetian noble there was nevertheless one painful consideration attached to this honorable event. Should he abandon his free, native city, which offered him its highest dignities, or in any case a sphere of action where he might act in perfect equality with the first in the state, for the service of a pope, often the mere slave of passion, and restricted by no effectual law? Should he depart from the republic of his forefathers, whose manners were in harmony with his own, to measure himself against others in the luxury and display of the Roman court? We are assured that he accepted the cardinalate, principally because it was represented to him that, in times so difficult, the refusal of this high dignity (having the appearance of despising it) might produce an injurious effect.

And now, the zeal that he had formerly devoted, with exclusive affection, to his native country, was applied to the affairs of the church generally. He was frequently opposed by the cardinals, who considered it extraordinary that

one but just called to the sacred college, and a Venetian, should attempt reform in the court of Rome. Sometimes the pope himself was against him; as when Contarini opposed the nomination of a certain cardinal. "We know," said the pontiff, "how men sail in these waters, the cardinals have no mind to see another made equal to them in honor." Offended by this remark, the Venetian replied, "I do not consider the cardinal's hat to constitute my highest honor."

In this new position he maintained all his usual gravity, simplicity, and activity of life all his dignity and gentleness of demeanor; nature leaves not the simply formed plant without the ornament of its blossom, in which its being exhales and communicates itself. In man, it is the disposition, the character, which, being the collective product of all his higher faculties, stamps its impress on his moral bearing, nay, even on his aspect and manners; in Contarini this was evinced in the suavity, the inherent truthfulness, and pure moral sense by which he was distinguished; but, above, all, in that deep religious conviction which renders man happy in proportion as it enlightens him.

Adorned with such qualities, moderate, nearly approaching the Protestant tenets in their most important characteristics, Contarini appeared in Germany; by a regeneration of church doctrines, commencing from this point, and by the abolition of abuses, he hoped to reconcile the existing differences.

But had not these already gone too far? Was not the breach too widely extended? Had not the dissentient opinions struck root too deeply? These questions I should be reluctant to decide.

There was also another Venetian, Marino Giustiniano, who left Germany shortly before this diet, and who would seem to have examined the aspect of things with great care. To him the reconciliation appears very possible. But he declares that certain concessions are indispensable. The following he particularizes:—

"The pope must no longer claim to be the vicegerent of Christ in temporal as well as spiritual things. He must depose the profligate and ignorant bishops and priests, appointing men of blameless lives, and capable of guiding and instructing the people, in their places; the sale of masses, the plurality of benefices, and the abuse of compositions must no longer be suffered; a violation of the rule as regards fasting must be visited by very light punishment at the most." If, in addition to these things, the marriage of priests be permitted, and the communion in both kinds be allowed, Giustiniano believes that the Germans would at once abjure their dissent, would yield obedience to the pope in spiritual affairs, resign their opposition to the mass, submit to auricular confession, and even allow the necessity of good works as fruits of faith,—in so far, that is, as they are the consequence of faith. The existing discord having arisen because of abuses, so there is no doubt that by the abolition of these it may be done away with. . . .

In what degree this reconciliation was either possible or probable need not be made the subject of dispute; it would in all cases have been extremely difficult; but, if only the most remote probability existed, it was worth the attempt. Thus much is obvious, that a great wish for reunion had certainly arisen, and that many hopes and expectations were built on it. And now came the question as to how far the pope, without whom nothing could be done, was disposed to depart from the rigor of his demands. On this point a certain part of the instructions given to Contarini at his departure is worthy of attention.

The unlimited power with which the emperor had pressed Paul to invest the legate had not been accorded, the pope suspecting that demands might be made in Germany, which not only the legate, but even he, the pontiff, might find it dangerous to concede without first consulting the other nations, yet he did not decline

all negotiations. "We must first see," he remarks, "whether the Protestants are in accord with us as to essential principles; for example, the supremacy of the Holy See, the sacraments, and some others." If we ask what these "others" were we find that on this point the pope does not clearly express himself concerning them. He describes them generally, as, "whatever is sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures as well as by the perpetual usage of the church, with which the legate is well acquainted." "On this basis," he further observes, "attempts may be made for the arrangement of all differences."

This vague mode of expression was beyond all question adopted with design. Paul III. may have been willing to see how far Contarini could proceed towards a settlement of affairs, and reluctant to bind himself beforehand to a ratification of all his legate's acts; he chose beside to give Contarini a certain latitude. It would without doubt have cost the legate new efforts and infinite labor, to have made those conditions pleasing to the intractable Roman Curia, which he, with all his cares, had only wrung out by great effort at Ratisbon, but which yet were certain of being unsatisfactory at Rome. In the first instance everything depended on a reconciliation and union among the assembled theologians; the conciliatory and mediate tendency was still too weak and undefined to possess any great efficacy, as yet it could scarcely receive a name, nor until it had gained some fixed station, could any available influence be hoped from it.

The discussions were opened on the 5th of April, 1541, and a plan of proceeding, proposed by the emperor, and admitted after some slight alterations by Contarini, was adopted; but even here, at the first step, the legate found it requisite to dissent in a certain measure from his instructions. The pope had required in the first place, a recognition of his supremacy, but Contarini perceived clearly, that on this point,

so well calculated to arouse the passions of the assembly, the whole affair might be wrecked at the very outset; he therefore permitted the question of papal supremacy to be placed last rather than first on the list for discussion. He thought it safer to begin with subjects on which his friends and himself approached the Protestant opinions, which were besides questions of the highest importance, and touching the very foundations of the faith. In the discussions concerning these, he took himself most active part. His secretary assures us that nothing was determined by the Catholic divines, until he had been previously consulted, not the slightest variation made without his consent. Morone, bishop of Modena, Tomaso da Modena, master of the sacred palace, both holding the same opinions with himself as to justification, assisted him with their advice. The principal difficulty proceeded from a German theologian, Doctor Eck, an old antagonist of Luther; but when forced to a close discussion, point by point, he also was at length brought to a satisfactory explanation. In effect, the parties did actually agree (who could have dared to hope so much) as to the four primary articles of human nature, original sin, redemption, and even justification. Contarini assented to the principal point in the Lutheran doctrine, namely, that justification is obtained by faith alone, and without any merit on the part of man; adding only, that this faith must be living and active. Melancthon acknowledged that this was in fact a statement of the Protestant belief itself; and Bucer boldly declared, that in the articles mutually admitted "everything requisite to a godly, righteous, and holy life before God, and in the sight of man, was comprehended."

Equally satisfied were those of the opposite party. The bishop of Aquila calls this conference holy, and did not doubt that the reconciliation of all Christendom would result from its labors. The friends of Contarini, those who shared his opinions and sympathized with

his feelings, were delighted with the progress he was making. "When I perceived this unanimity of opinions," remarks Pole in a letter of this period to Contarini, "I was sensible to such pleasure as no harmony of sounds could have afforded me, not only because I foresee the coming of peace and union, but because these articles are in very truth the foundation of the Christian faith. They seem indeed to treat of various matters, faith, works, and justification; upon this last, however, on justification, do all the rest repose. I wish thee joy, my friend, and I thank God, that on this point the divines of both parties have agreed. He who hath so mercifully begun this work, will also complete it."

This, if I do not mistake, was a moment of most eventful import, not for Germany only, but for the whole world. With regard to the former, the points we have intimated tended in their consequences to change the whole ecclesiastical constitution of the land; to secure a position of increased liberty as regarded the pope, and a freedom from temporal encroachment on his part. The unity of the church would have been maintained, and with it that of the nation. But infinitely farther than even this, would the consequences have extended. If the moderate party, from whom these attempts proceeded and by whom they were conducted, had been able to maintain the predominance in Rome and in Italy, how entirely different an aspect must the Catholic world necessarily have assumed! A result so extraordinary was, however, not to be obtained without a vehement struggle.

Whatever was resolved on at Ratisbon, must be confirmed by the sanction of the pope, on the one hand, and the assent of Luther on the other: to these latter a special embassy was sent. But already many difficulties here presented themselves. Luther could not be convinced that the doctrine of justification had really taken root among Catholics; his old an-

tagonist, Doctor Eck, he regarded with some reason as incorrigible, and he knew that this man had taken active part on the occasion in the articles agreed upon. Luther could see nothing but a piecemeal arrangement, made up from both systems. . . .

These articles, meanwhile, had arrived in Rome, where they awakened universal interest. The cardinals Caraffa and San Marcello found extreme offence in the declaration respecting justification; and it was not without great difficulty that Priuli made its real import obvious to them. The pope did not express himself so decidedly as Luther had done; it was signified to the legate by Cardinal Farnese, that his holiness neither accepted nor declined the conclusions arrived at; but that all others who had seen the articles thought they might have been expressed in words much clearer and more precise, if the meaning were in accordance with the Catholic faith.

But, however strenuous this theological opposition, it was neither the only, nor perhaps the most effectual one; there was yet another, proceeding from causes partly political.

A reconciliation, such as that contemplated, would have given an unaccustomed unity to all Germany, and would have greatly extended the power of the emperor, who would have been at no loss to avail himself of this advantage. As chief of the moderate party, he would inevitably have obtained predominant influence throughout Europe, more especially in the event of a general council. All the accustomed hostilities were necessarily awakened at the mere prospect of such a result. . . .

Suffice it to say, that in Rome, France, and Germany, there arose among the enemies of Charles V., among those who either were or appeared to be the most zealous for Catholicism, a determined opposition to his efforts for the conciliation of differences. . . . Those who attribute the whole, or indeed the greater

share of the blame attached to this failure to the Protestants, pass beyond the limits of justice. After a certain time, the pope announced his positive will to the legate, that neither in his official capacity, nor as a private person, should he tolerate any resolution in which the Catholic faith and opinions were expressed in words admitting the possibility of ambiguous acceptation. The formula in which Contarini had thought to reconcile the conflicting opinions as to the supremacy of the pope and the power of councils, was rejected at Rome unconditionally. The legate was compelled to offer explanations that seemed in flagrant contradiction to his own previous words.

After hopes so inspiriting, after a commencement so propitious, Contarini saw himself compelled to return without effecting any part of his purpose. He had wished to accompany the emperor to the Netherlands, but neither was this permitted to him. Returning to Italy, it was his lot to endure all the slanders touching his conduct, and the concessions he was charged with making to Protestantism, that from Rome had been circulated over the whole country. This was sufficiently vexatious but he had a loftiness of mind that rendered the failure of plans so comprehensive, and so replete with good for all, still more grievous and more permanently painful to him.

How noble and impressive was the position that moderate Catholicism had assumed in his person! But, having failed in securing its benevolent and world-embracing designs, it now became a question whether it would even maintain its own existence. In every great tendency should reside the power of vindicating its own existence, of rendering itself effectual and respected; if it be not strong enough to secure this, if it cannot achieve the mastery, its doom is inevitable; it must sink into irremediable ruin.—*History of the Popes.*

RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES, an American clergyman and author, born in Thornton, N. H., in 1828. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1848, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1854, after which he was pastor of Presbyterian and Congregational churches at Potsdam, N. Y., St. Albans, Vt., Lowell and Charlestown, Mass., and Washington, D. C. In 1884 he became pastor of the Valley Church, Orange, N. J. In 1870–78 he was a trustee of Howard University, where he was professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in 1878–84. He now resides in Washington, D. C., and is still connected with this institution. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Middlebury in 1869. He has contributed to religious periodicals, edited the *Pilgrim Press* and the *Congregational Review*, has written several national hymns, including *For God and Home and Native Land*, and *Keep Your Colors Flying*, and is the author of *The Bridal Ring* (1866), *Auld Scotch Mither* (1873), *Subduing Kingdoms* (1881), *The Hotel of God* (1883), *Atheism of the Heart* (1884), *Christ His Own Interpreter* (1884), *Romano More* (1886), *Ingleside Rhaims* (1887), *Hymns Pro Patria* (1889).

TO A CAGED LAVEROCK SINGING.

Wha teuk thee frae thy native meadows,
A' daisy-e'ed, dapplit wi' shadows,
  Where thou hadst bigg'd thy snug-bit nestie,
  Frae whilk thou sprangs't, gowd on thy breastie,
The dew-wet air o' mornin' skiltin',
Thy matin hymn, warblin' an' liltin?

Wha robb'd the fields o' thy blythe presence,
Who robb'd plain folk and bairns o' peasants,
  That romp'd an' play'd, the wild flowers pluckin',

Fright'nin' the bees, red clover suckin',
A han'-strung garland, crown'd with daisies,
Linkin' at will, thro' bairnheid's mazes?

Wha teuk thee to the clouds high-mount'n,
Wellin' thy warbles frae sang's fountain,
Gladd'nin', in thy ascent, ilk acre,
To reach, ablins, ear o' thy Maker?
Or when, at last, thy hymnal utter'd,
Thou'dst back unto thy fledglin's fluttered?

Wha hauds thee i' this alley blightit,
Whilk, at high noon, is still benightit,
Where sombre shades, winnocks bedizzen,
An' uncag'd folk still live i' prison;
Wha, when frae thy sweet fields he'd won thee,
Just shut this cruel gate upon thee?

Thou singest o' thy robbit nestie;
Thy widow'd mate, that lang syne blest thee;
The brood o' nestlins ye were rearin',
The cruel child, thy lo'e-dreams xarin',
An' human tongue thou seem'st to borrow
An' tell'st the tale o' human sorrow.

Then lilt nae mair, I canna bear it,
Thou'lt break my heart, or oot wilt tear it;
Thy sang is like some weanie greetin',
Hamesick, its bairnheid haunts entreatin',
Then lilt nae mair, for thy green meadows,
Wi' daisy een, dapplit wi' shadows!

Had I the power, I'd send thee wingin'
The fields o' blue, Gude's praises singin',
Nae han' o' man sud mar thy rapture,
Nor frae thy native haunt's sud capture;
Nae han' o' man sud mar the measure
Wi whilk thou'dst tell to God thy pleasure!

WIMPLIN' BURNIE.

Wimplin' burnie, whither awa',
Through the wood, an' down the fa',
Black wi' shade, an' white wi' faem,
Whither awa' sae fast frae hame?

Wood-birds on thy sparklin' brink
Dip their bills, an' thankfu' blink,
Mak' the forest-arches thrill,
Wi' their warblin' sang an' trill.

Where thy stanes are green wi' moss,
Barefit bairnies wade across,—
Thrustin' i' 'ilk covert neuk,
Writhin' worm on treach'rous hook.

Clover-breathin' humane cows,
Stan' beneath the apple-boughs,
Lash their tails and chew their cud,
Knee-deep in thy coolin' flood.

Thou art glidin' smooth an' meek,
While craigs lie upon thy cheek;
Through the simmer an' the glow,
'Neath the winter an' the snow.

What's thy life, I dinna ken!
But thou art to earth an' men,
That Gude gies, the richest gift
Frae His hame within the lift.

IN DUMFRIES KIRKYARD.

In Dumfries kirkyard lies a chield
Whase e'e love kindled; loof was leal;
Proud Scotia's sons, they ken fu' weel,
Though sae lang dead,
'Tis Robert Burns; of God's own seal,
A poet made.

In Ayrshire did his mither bear him,
In Ayrshire did his daddie rear him,
Nor did the great-e'ed beasties fear him,
That dragged the plew;
The silly sheep ran fleetin' near him,
Wham well they knew.

In harvest field he swung the sickle,
O' rural pastimes had fu' meikle,
At ilk man's grief his een wad trickle,
As at his ain;
But, ah! fu' aft his will was fickle,
An' wrought man's pain.

He wooed the secret charms of Nature,
He kenned her beauties, ilka feature,
The bird, the mouse, ilk fearfu' creature,
He still befriended :
The plew-crushed daisy, he maun greet her,
Sae fair, sae ended !

How weel he sang the sacred scene
When cotter trudges hame at e'en,
An' wi his wifie, bairns, and wean,
Sae humble kneels !
Sic holy joys, the weeks atween,
His household feels.

He yielded, ah ! to stormy passion ;
He madly drank, as was man's fashion,
He sairly sinned, by his confession,
And suffered sair ;
He sadly needed God's compassion ;
Some need it mair.

Let daisies weep, larks mount abo'e him.
Let peasants come, who read and lo'e him.
Let a' eschew the fawts that slew him,
And laid him there ;
While Dumfries kirkyard proud shall ha'e him,
Or rin the Ayr.

Ingleside Rhaims.

RAWLINSON, GEORGE, an English Orientalist and historian, brother of Sir Henry Rawlinson, born at Chadlington, Oxfordshire, in 1815. He took his degree at Oxford in 1838; became a Fellow and tutor of Exeter College; was Bampton lecturer 1859–1861, and Camden Professor of Ancient History from 1861 to 1874, when he was made Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His principal works are: *Historical Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Records* (1860), *The Contrasts of Christianity with Heathenism and Judaism* (1861), *Manual of Ancient History* (1869). His great work is *Seven Great Monarchies of the Eastern World.* These are: I. Chaldæa; II. Assyria; III. Media; IV. Babylonia; V. Persia; VI. Parthia; VII. The Sassanian or New Persian Empire. The History of the first five Monarchies was published from 1862 to 1867; of the sixth, in 1873, and of the last, in 1875. His *History of Phœnicia* appeared in 1890. *The Story of Ancient Egypt*, written by Canon Rawlinson in collaboration with Arthur Gilman for the *Story of the Nations Series*, was published in 1887.

THE LAND OF THE CHALDEES.

The broad belt of desert which traverses the eastern hemisphere from west to east (or, speaking more exactly, of W. S. W. to E. N. E.), reaching from the Atlantic on the one hand nearly to the Yellow Sea on the other, is interrupted about its centre by a strip of rich vegetation, which at once breaks the continuity of the arid region, and serves also to mark the point where the desert changes its character from that of a plain at a low level to that of an elevated plateau or table-land. West of the favored district, the Arabian and African wastes are seas of sand, seldom raised much

above, often sinking below, the level of the ocean; while east of the same, in Persia, Kerman, Seistan, Chinese Tartary, and Mongolia, the desert consists of a series of plateaus, having from 3,000 to nearly 10,000 feet of elevation.

The green and fertile region which is thus interposed between the "highland" and the "lowland" deserts participates curiously enough in both characters. There the belt of sand is intersected by the valley of the Nile, no marked change of elevation occurs; and the continuous low desert is merely interrupted by a few miles of green and cultivated surface, the whole of which is just as smooth and as flat as the waste on either side of it. But it is otherwise at the more eastern interruption. There the verdant and productive country divides itself into two tracts running parallel to each other, of which the western presents features not unlike those that characterize the Nile valley, but on a far larger scale; while the eastern is a lofty mountain region, consisting for the most part, of five or six parallel ranges, and mounting, in many places, far above the region of perpetual snow.

It is with the western, or plain tract, that we are here concerned. Between the outer limits of the Syro-Egyptian desert, and at the foot of the great mountain range of Kurdistan and Luristan, intervenes a territory long famous in the world's history, and the site of three of the seven empires of whose history, geography, and antiquities it is proposed to treat. Known to the Jews as *Aram Naharaim*, or "Syria of the Two Rivers," to the Greeks and Romans as *Mesopotamia*, or "The Between-River Country," to the Arabs as *Al-Jezireh*, or "The Island," this district has always taken its name from the streams which constitute its most striking feature, and to which, in fact, it owes its existence. If it were not for the two great rivers—the Tigris and the Euphrates—with their tributaries, the northern part of

the Mesopotamian lowland would in no respect differ from the Syro-Arabian desert on which it adjoins, and which in latitude, elevation, and general geological character it exactly resembles. Toward the south the importance of the rivers is still greater; for of Lower Mesopotamia it may be said with more truth than of Egypt, that it is an "acquired land," the actual "gift" of the two streams which wash it on either side; being, as it is, entirely a recent formation—a deposit which the streams have made in the shallow waters of a gulf into which they have flowed for many ages. . . .

The extent of ancient Chaldæa, is a question of some difficulty. For the edge of the alluvium to the present coast of the Persian Gulf is a distance of above 430 miles, while from the western shore of the Bahi-i-Nedjil to the Tigris is a direct distance of 185 miles. The present area of the alluvium west of the Tigris may be estimated at about 30,000 square miles. But the extent of ancient Chaldæa can scarcely have been so great. It is certain that the alluvium at the head of the Persian Gulf now grows with extraordinary rapidity. Accurate observations have shown that the present rate of increase amounts to as much as a mile each seventy years; while it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge that the *average* progress during the historic period has been as much as a mile in every thirty years. There is ample reason for believing that at the time when the first Chaldæan monarchy was established, the Persian Gulf reached inland 120 or 130 miles further than at present.

We must deduct therefore from the estimate of extent grounded upon the existing state of things, a tract of land 130 miles long and some 60 or 70 broad, which has been gained from the sea in the course of about forty centuries. This reduction will reduce Chaldæa to a kingdom of somewhat narrow limits; for it will contain no more than about 23,000 square miles. This, it is true, exceeds the area of all

ancient Greece, including Thessaly, Acarnania, and the Islands; it nearly equals that of the Low Countries, to which Chaldæa presents some analogy. It is almost exactly that of the modern kingdom of Denmark; but is less than Scotland or Ireland, or Portugal or Bavaria. It is more than doubled by England, more than quadrupled by Prussia, and more than octupled by Spain, France, and European Turkey. Certainly, therefore, it was not in consequence of its size that Chaldæa became so important a country in the early ages; but rather in consequence of certain advantages of the soil, climate, and position.—*Chaldæa: The First Monarchy.*

THE RELIGION OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

The Iranic, Median, or Persian system of religion is a revolt from the earlier sensuous and superficial nature-worship of the country. It begins with a distinct recognition of spiritual intelligence—real Persons—with whom alone, and not with Powers, religion is concerned. It divides these intelligences into good and bad, pure and impure, benignant and malevolent. To the former it applies the term *Asuras*, "living" or "spiritual beings," in a good sense; to the latter the term *Devas*, in a bad one. It regards the "Powers" hitherto worshipped chiefly as Devas, but it excepts from this unfavorable view a certain number, and, recognizing them as *Asuras*, places them above the *Izeds*, or "angels." Thus far it has made two advances, each of great importance—the substitution of real Persons for Powers, as objects of the religious faculty, and the separation of the Persons into good and bad, pure and impure, righteous and wicked.

But it does not stop here. It proceeds to assert, in a certain sense, monotheism against polytheism. It boldly declares that at the head of the good intelligences is a single great Intelligence, Ahurô-Mazdâo, or Ormazd, the highest object of adoration, the true Creator,

Preserver, and Governor of the universe. It sets before the soul a single Being as the source of all good, and the proper object of the highest worship.

It has been said that this conception of Ormazd as the Supreme Being is "perfectly identical with the notion of Elohim, or Jehovah, which we find in the Old Testament." This is, no doubt, an over-statement. Ormazd is less spiritual and less awful than Jehovah. He is so predominantly the author of good things, the source of blessing and prosperity, that he could scarcely inspire his votaries with any feeling of fear. Still, this doctrine of the early Aryans is very remarkable; and its approximation to the truth sufficiently explains at once the favorable light in which its professors are viewed by the Jewish prophets, and the favorable opinion which they form of the Jewish system. Evidently the Jews and the Aryans, when they became known to one another, recognized mutually the fact that they were worshippers of the same great Being. Hence the favor of the Persians towards the Jews, and the fidelity of the Jews towards the Persians. The Lord God of the Jews being recognized as identical with Ormazd, a sympathetic feeling united the peoples. The Jews, so impatient generally of a foreign yoke, never revolted from the Persians; and the Persians, so intolerant, for the most part, of religions other than their own, respected and protected Judaism. . . .

Under the supreme God, Ormazd, the ancient Iranic system placed a number of angels. Some of these, as *Vohu-manô*, "The Good Mind," *Mazda*, "The Wise," and *Asha*, "The True," are scarcely distinguishable from attributes of the divinity. *Armaiti*, however, the Genius of the Earth, and *Sraosha*, an angel, are very clearly personified. Sraosha is Ormazd's messenger; he delivers revelations, shows men the paths of happiness, and brings them the blessings which Ormazd has assigned to their share.

Another of his functions is to protect the true faith. He is called in a very special sense "the friend of Ormazd," and is employed by him not only to distribute his gifts, but also to conduct to him the souls of the faithful, when this life is over, and they enter on the celestial scene.

Armaiti is at once the Genius of the Earth and the Goddess of Piety. The early Ormazd-worshippers were agriculturists, and viewed the cultivation of the soil as a religious duty enjoined upon them by God. Hence they connected the notion of piety with earth-culture, and it was but a step from this to make a single goddess preside over the two. . . . Armaiti, further, "tells men the everlasting laws, which no one may abolish"—laws which she has learnt from converse with Ormazd himself. She is thus naturally the second object of worship to the old Zoroastrian; and converts to the religion were required to profess their faith in her in direct succession to Ormazd. From Armaiti must be carefully distinguished the *Gêus Urvâ*, or "Soul of the Earth"—a being who nearly resembles the *anima mundi* of the Greek and Roman philosophers. This spirit dwells in the Earth itself, animating it as a man's soul animates his body. . . .

The Zoroastrians were devout believers in the immortality of the soul and a conscious future existence. They taught that immediately after death the souls of men, both good and bad, proceeded together along an appointed path to "the bridge of the gatherer" (*chinvat peretu*). This was a narrow road conducting to heaven or paradise, over which the souls of the pious alone could pass, while the wicked fell from it into the gulf below, where they found themselves in the place of punishment. The good soul was assisted across the bridge by the angel Sraosha—"the happy, well-formed, swift, tall Sraosha"—who met the weary wayfarer, and sustained his steps as he effected the difficult passage. The prayers of his friends

in this world were of much avail to the deceased, and helped him on his journey. As he entered, the archangel Vohu-manô rose from his throne, and greeted him with the words, "How happy art thou who hast come here to us from the mortality to the immortality!" Then the pious soul went joyfully onward to Ormazd, to the immortal saints, to the golden throne, to Paradise. As for the wicked, when they fell into the gulf, they found themselves in outer darkness, in the kingdom of Angrô-mainyus, where they were forced to remain and to feed upon poisoned banquets. . . .

Two phases of the early Iranic religion have been described: The first a simple and highly spiritual creed, remarkable for its distinct assertion of monotheism, its hatred of idolatry, and the strangely marked antithesis which it maintained between good and evil; the second—a natural corruption of the first—Dualistic—complicated by the importance which it ascribed to angelic beings, verging upon polytheism. It remains to give an account of a third phase into which the religion passed in consequence of an influence exercised upon it from without by an alien system. When the Iranic nations, cramped for space in the countries east and south of the Caspian, began to push themselves further to the west, and then to the south, they were brought into contact with various Scythic tribes, whose religion appears to have been Magism. . . .

Magism was essentially the worship of the elements—the recognition of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water as the only proper objects of human reverence. The Magi held no personal gods, and therefore naturally rejected temples, shrines, and images, as tending to encourage the notion that gods existed of a like nature with man, *i.e.*, possessing personality—living and intelligent beings. Theirs was a nature-worship, but a nature-worship of a very peculiar kind. They did not place gods over the different parts of nature, like the Greeks;

they did not even personify the powers of nature, like the Hindoos; they paid their devotion to the actual material things themselves. Fire, as the most subtle and ethereal principle, and again as the most powerful agent, attracted their highest regards; and on their fire-altars the sacred flame, generally considered to have been kindled from heaven, was kept burning uninterruptedly from year to year and from age to age by hands of priests, whose special duty it was to see that the sacred spark was never extinguished. To defile the altar by blowing the flame with one's breath was a capital offence; and to burn a corpse was regarded as an act equally odious. Next to Fire, Water was reverenced. Sacrifice was offered to rivers, lakes, and fountains. No refuse was allowed to be cast into a river, nor was it even lawful to wash one's hands in one. Reverence for earth was shown by sacrifice, and by abstentation from the usual mode of burying the dead. . . .

The original spirit of Zoroastrianism was fierce and intolerant. The early Iranians abhorred idolatry, and were disinclined to tolerate any religion except that which they had themselves worked out. But with the lapse of ages this spirit became softened. By the time that the Zoroastrians were brought into contact with Magism, the fervor of their religious zeal had abated, and they were in that intermediate condition of religious faith which at once impresses and is impressed, acts upon other systems and allows itself to be acted upon. The result which supervened upon contact with Magism seems to have been a fusion, an absorption into Zoroastrianism of all the chief points of the Magian belief, and all the more remarkable of the Magian religious usages.—*Media: The Third Monarchy.*

RAYMOND, Henry Jarvis, journalist and politician, was born at Lima, N. Y., January 24, 1820; died at New York city, June 18, 1869. He graduated at the University of Vermont. He began writing for the press by contributing to the *New Yorker*, edited by Horace Greeley, and when Mr. Greeley founded the New York *Tribune*, in 1841, he was made assistant-editor of it. From 1843 to 1851 he was on the editorial staff of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. In 1849 he was elected to the State legislature, and was speaker of the Assembly in 1851 and again in 1861. In 1851 he founded the *New York Times*, which he edited until his death. He was lieutenant-governor of New York from 1855 to 1857, and Republican member of Congress from 1865 to 1867. While in Congress he favored President Johnson's re-construction policy. He was offered the Austrian mission in 1867 but declined it.

Mr. Raymond helped to form the Republican party and strongly supported Fremont's candidacy in 1856. He published *Political Lessons of the Revolution* (1854); *Letters to Hon. W. L. Yancey* (1860); *A History of the Administration of President Lincoln* (1864); and *Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln; with his State Papers* (1865).

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SUCCESS.

In one respect President Lincoln has achieved a wonderful success. He has maintained, through the terrible trials of his administration, a reputation, with the great body of the people, for unsullied integrity of purpose and of conduct, which even Washington did not surpass, and which no president since Washington has equalled. He has had command of an army greater than

that of any living monarch ; he has wielded authority less restricted than that conferred by any other constitutional government ; he has disbursed sums of money equal to the exchequer of any nation in the world ; yet no man, of any party, believes him in any instance to have aimed at his own aggrandizement, to have been actuated by personal ambition, or to have consulted any other interest than the welfare of his country, and the perpetuity of its Republican form of government. This of itself is a success which may well challenge universal admiration, for it is one which is the indispensable condition of all other forms of success. No man whose public integrity was open to suspicion, no matter what might have been his abilities or his experience, could possibly have retained enough of public confidence to carry the country through such a contest as that in which we are now involved. No president suspected of seeking his own aggrandizement at the expense of his country's liberties, could ever have received such enormous grants of power as were essential to the successful prosecution of this war. They were lavishly and eagerly conferred upon Mr. Lincoln, because it was known and felt everywhere that he would not abuse them. Faction has had in him no mark for its assaults. The weapons of party spirit have recoiled harmlessly from the shield of his unspotted character.

It was this unanimous confidence in the disinterested purity of his character, and in the perfect integrity of his public purposes, far more than any commanding intellectual ability, that enabled Washington to hold the faith and confidence of the American people steadfast for seven years, while they waged the unequal war required to achieve their independence. And it certainly is something more than a casual coincidence that this same element, as rare in experience as it is transcendant in importance, should have char-

acterized the President upon whom devolves the duty of carrying the country through this second and far more important sanguinary struggle.

HIS MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS.

No one can read Mr. Lincoln's state papers without perceiving in them a most remarkable faculty of "putting things" so as to command the attention and assent of the common people. His style of thought as well as of expression is thoroughly in harmony with their habitual modes of thinking and of speaking. His intellect is keen, emphatically logical in its action, and capable of the closest and most subtle analysis: and he uses language for the sole purpose of stating, in the clearest and simplest possible form, the precise idea he wishes to convey. He has no pride of intellect—not the slightest desire for display—no thought or purpose but that of making everybody understand precisely what he believes and means to utter. And while this sacrifices the graces of style, it gains immeasurably in practical force and effect. It gives to his public papers a weight and influence with the mass of the people, which no public man of this country has ever before attained. And this is heightened by the atmosphere of honor which seems to pervade his mind, and which is just as natural to it and as attractive and softening a portion of it, as the smoky hues of Indian summer are of the charming season to which they belong. His nature is eminently genial, and he seems to be incapable of cherishing an envenomed resentment. And although he is easily touched by whatever is painful, the elasticity of his temper and his ready sense of the humorous break the force of anxieties and responsibilities under which a man of harder though perhaps a higher nature would sink and fail.—*History of the Administration of President Lincoln.*



THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.—

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, an American artist and poet, born in Chester County, Pa., Mar. 12, 1822; died at New York, May 11, 1872. At the age of fifteen he made his way to Cincinnati, where he learned the trade of a sign-painter; and not long afterwards he became a portrait-painter in the west. In 1842 he took up his residence at Boston. In 1850, and again in 1853, he went to Italy in order to study art. He returned to the United States a short time before the outbreak of the civil war, during which he composed several patriotic ballads, one of which, *Sheridan's Ride*, became very popular. His first volume of poems appeared in 1847. It was followed the next year by a collection of *Lays and Ballads*. A complete collection of his *Poems* was published in 1867. He possessed considerable merit as a painter, and made some not unsuccessful attempts as a sculptor. During most of the late years of his life he resided chiefly at Rome.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,

With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder—bluest of the isles—
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit flies
Under the walls of Paradise:

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by—
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid:
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as he skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course to run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your tip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise:

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.—

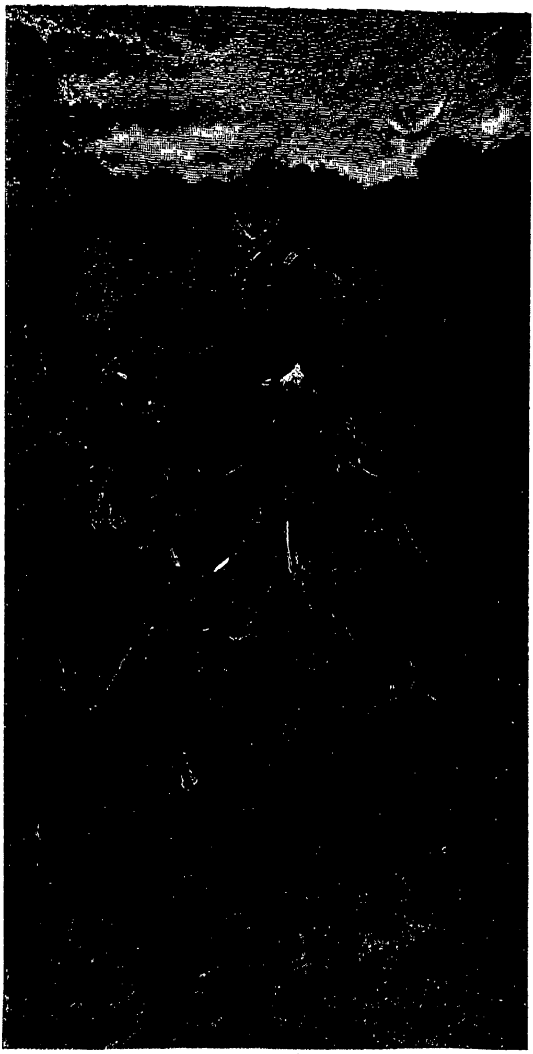
SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs thundering south
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.



SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

"And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight, . . . "

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas
And the wave of defeat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

READE, CHARLES, an English novelist, born at Ibsden House, Oxfordshire, in 1814; died in 1884. He took his degree at Oxford in 1840; became a Fellow of his College in 1842, and in 1843 was called to the bar, as a member of Lincoln's Inn. Between 1850 and 1854 he produced several dramatic pieces. His first novel, *Peg Woffington*, appeared in 1853. Among his subsequent novels are: *Christie Johnstone* (1853), *It Is Never Too Late to Mend* (1855), *White Lies* (1856), *The Course of True Love* (1857), *Jack of All Trades* (1858), *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* (1859), *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861), *Hard Cash* (1863), *Griffith Gaunt* (1867), *Foul Play* (1868), *Put Yourself in His Place* (1870), *A Terrible Temptation* (1871), *A Simpleton* (1873), *A Woman Hater* (1878), *A Perilous Secret*, and *The Jilt and Other Tales*

TWO SCOTTISH FISHWOMEN.

"Saunders," said Lord Ibsden, do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?"

"Perfectly, my Lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I am sorry to say that they are everywhere, my Lord."

"Get me some."

Out went Saunders with his usual graceful *empressement*, but with an internal shrug of his shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt for what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce*, but impressively, "This is low enough, my Lord." Then he glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened, and arched over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks uncovered. They had cotton jackets on, bright red and yellow, mixed in the patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings but bob-tailed at the waist; short woolen petticoats with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in color; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick, spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front, and the second, of the same color, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair and gloriously black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty. Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the lines of the ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in women and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! So they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy brightness and cleanliness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ibsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he

would have received two princes of the blood said, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome.

"Fine; hoow's yoursel?" answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. "What'n lord are ye?" continued she. "Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke."

Saunders, who knew himself the cause of the question, replied, *sotto voce*, "His lordship is a viscount."

"I dinna ken't" was Jean's remark; "but it has a bonny soond."

"What mair would ye hae?" said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: "Nobeelity is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld."

The viscount, finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not much attended to, answered drily: "We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects."

"And yon man," asked Jean Carnie, "is he a lord too?"

"I am his Lordship's servant," replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just.

"Na, na!" replied she, not to be imposed upon. "Ye are statelier and prooder than this one!"

"I will explain," said his master. "Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount.—*Christie Johnstone.*

A BIT OF PRISON LIFE.

The next day it was little Josephs's turn to suffer. The governor put him on a favorite crank of his, and gave him eight thousand turns to do in four hours and a half. He knew the boy could not do it, and this was only a formula he went through previous to pillorying

the lad. Josephs had been in the pillory about an hour, when it so happened that the Reverend John Jones, the chaplain of the jail, came into the yard. Seeing a group of warders at the mouth of a labor-cell, he walked up to them and there was Josephs in *peine forte et dure*.

"What's this lad's offence?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Refractory at the crank," was the reply.

"Why, Josephs," said the reverend gentleman, "you told me you would always do your best."

"So I do, your Reverence," gasped Josephs; "but this crank's too heavy for a lad like me, and that is why I am put on it, to get punished."

"Hold your tongue!" said Hodges roughly.

"Why is he to hold his tongue, Mr. Hodges?" said the chaplain quietly. "How is he to answer my questions if he holds his tongue? You forget yourself."

"Ugh! beg your pardon, Sir; but this one has always got some excuse or other."

"What's the matter?" roared a rough voice behind the speakers. This was Hawes, who had approached them unobserved.

"He is gammoning his Reverence, Sir—that is all."

"What has he been saying?"

"That the crank is too heavy for him, Sir; and the waistcoat is strapped too tight, it seems."

"Who says so?"

"I think so, Mr. Hawes," said Mr. Jones.

"Will you take a bit of advice, Sir? If you wish a prisoner well, don't you come between him and me. It will always be the worse for him; for I am master here, and master I will be."

"Mr. Hawes," replied the chaplain, "I have never done or said anything in the prison to lessen your authority; but privately I must remonstrate with you against the uncommon severities practiced upon prisoners in this jail.

If you will listen to me, I shall be obliged to you; if not, I am afraid I must, as a matter of conscience, call the attention of the Visiting Justices to the question."

"Well, Parson, the Justices will be in the jail to-day; you tell them your story, and I will tell them mine," said Hawes with a cool air of defiance.

Sure enough, at five o'clock in the afternoon two of the Visiting Justices arrived, accompanied by Mr. Wright, a young magistrate. They were met at the door by Hawes, who wore a look of delight at their appearance. They went round the prison with him, whilst he detained them in the centre of the building until he had sent Hodges secretly to undo Josephs, and set him on the crank; and here the party found him at work.

"You have been a long time on the crank, my lad," said Hawes; "you may go to your cell."

Josephs touched his cap to the governor and the gentlemen, and went off.

"That is a nice, quiet-looking boy," said one of the Justices. "What is he in for?"

"He is in this time for stealing a piece of beef out of a butcher's shop."

"This time! What, is he a hardened offender? He does not look it."

"He has been three times in prison; once for throwing stones, once for orchard-robbery, and this time for the beef."

"What a young villain! At his age——"

"Don't say that, Williams," said Mr. Wright, drily; "you and I were just as great villains at his age. Didn't we throw stones? Rather!"

Hawes laughed in an adulatory manner; but observing that Mr. Williams, who was a grave, pompous personage, did not smile at all, he added—"But not to do mischief like this one, I'll be bound."

"No," said Mr. Williams, with ruffled dignity.

"No!" cried the other; "where's your

memory? Why, we threw stones at everything and everybody; and I suppose we did not always miss, eh? I remember your throwing a stone through the window of a place of worship. I say, was it a Wesleyan shop or a Baptist? for I forget. Never mind; you had a fit of orthodoxy. What was the young villain's second offence?"

"Robbing an orchard, Sir."

"The scoundrel! Robbing an orchard! Oh, what sweet reminiscences those words recall! I say, Williams, do you remember us two robbing Farmer Harris's orchard?"

"I remember your robbing it, and my character suffering for it."

"I don't remember that; but I remember my climbing the pear-tree, and flinging the pears down, and finding them all grabbed up on my descent. What is the young villain's third offence? Oh, snapping a bit of beef off a counter. Ah! we never did that—because we could always get it without stealing it."

With that, Mr. Wright strolled away from the others, having had what the jocose wretch used to call "a slap at humbug." His absence was a relief to the others. They did not come there to utter sense in jest, but to jest in sober earnest. Mr. Williams hinted as much; and Hawes, whose cue it was to assent in everything to the Justices, brightened his face at the remark.

"Will you visit the cells, gentlemen?" said he, with an accent of cordial invitation, "or inspect the book first?"

They gave precedence to the first. By "the book" was meant the log-book of the jail. In it the governor was required to report for the Justices and the Home Office all jail events a little out of the usual routine. For instance, all punishments of prisoners, all considerable sicknesses and deaths, and their supposed causes, etc., etc.

"This Josephs seems to be an ill-conditioned fellow; he is often down for punishment."

"Yes, he hates works.—About Gillies, Sir" —ringing his bell, and pretending it was by accident.

"Yes! How old is he?"

"Thirteen."

"Is this his first offence?"

"Not by a good many. I think, gentlemen, if you were to order him a flogging, it would be better for him in the end."

"Well, give him twenty lashes; eh, Palmer?"

Mr. Palmer assented by a nod.

The Justices then went round the cells, accompanied by Hawes. They asked several prisoners if they were well and contented. The men answered to please Hawes, whose eye was fixed on them, and in whose power they felt they were. All expressed their content; some in tones so languid and empty of heart, that none but Justice Shallow could have helped seeing through the humbug. Others did their business better, and not a few overdid it. They thanked heaven that they had been pulled up short in an evil career that must have ended in their ruin, body and soul. The jail-birds who piped this tune were without exception the desperate cases at this moral hospital—old offenders—hardened criminals who meant to rob and kill and deceive to their dying day. While in prison, their game was to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Hawes could make them uncomfortable. Under these circumstances, to lie came on the instant as natural to them as to rob would have come had some power transported them instantly outside the prison doors, with these words of penitence on their lips.—*It Is Never Too Late to Mend.*

REID, MAYNE, a British author, born in the North of Ireland in 1818; died at London in 1883. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was educated with a view to the ministry; but having determined upon a more active and adventurous life, he sailed for America at the age of twenty. Landing at New Orleans, he made his way to Mexico, went upon trading excursions up the Red River, then ascended the Missouri, and at one time or another visited almost every part of North America. finally taking up his residence at Philadelphia, where he engaged in literary pursuits. When the war with Mexico broke out, he entered the United States service, was severely wounded at Chapultepec, and received the brevet rank of Captain. In 1849 he sailed for Europe, with the purpose of joining the Hungarians in their struggle with Austria; but, on reaching Paris he found that the war was over, and he went to London, where he entered upon a successful career as writer of "Boy Novels." His numerous stories are replete with adventure; but a leading purpose is to describe the regions where the scene is laid—their physical features, inhabitants, and natural history. Among his tales are: *The Rifle Ranger* (1849), *Scalp Hunters* (1850), *Boy Hunters* (1853), *Young Voyagers* (1854), *Bush-Boys* (1856), *Osceola* (1858), *Ran Away to Sea* (1861), *The Maroon* (1862), *The Cliff-Climbers* (1864), *The Castaways* (1870), *The Flag of Distress* (1876).

FRIGHTENED BY A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

A dark mass—in form like a quadruped, but one of gigantic size—could be seen going off in the direction of the lake. It moved in majestic

silence; but it could have been no shadow; for, in crossing the stream, near the point where it debouched into the lake, the plashing of its feet could be heard as it waded through the water, and eddies could be seen upon the calm surface. A simple shadow would not have made such a commotion as that.

"Sahib," said Ossaroo, in a tone of mysterious gravity, "he be one of two ting. He eider be de god Brahma or——"

"Or what?" demanded Caspar.

"An ole rogue."

"An old rogue?" said Caspar, repeating the words of the shikaree. What do you mean by that, Ossy?"

"What you Feringhee, Sahib, call rogue elephant."

"Oh, an elephant?" echoed Karl and Caspar, both considerably relieved at this natural explanation of what had appeared so like a supernatural apparition.

"Certainly the thing looked like one," continued Caspar.

"But how could an elephant enter this valley?"

Ossaroo could not answer this question. He was himself equally puzzled by the appearance of the huge quadruped, and still rather inclined to the belief that it was one of his trinity of Brahmanese gods that had for the nonce assumed the elephantine form. For that reason he made no attempt to explain the presence of such an animal in the valley.

"It is possible for one to have come up hither from the lower country," remarked Karl, reflectively.

"But how could he get into the valley?" again inquired Caspar.

"In the same way we got in ourselves," was Karl's reply; "up the glacier, and through the gorge."

"But the crevasse that hinders us from getting out? You forget that, brother. An elephant could no more cross it than he could fly; surely not."

"Surely not," rejoined Karl. "I did not say that he could have crossed the crevasse."

"Oh, you mean that he may have come up here before we did."

"Exactly so. If it be an elephant we have seen—and what else can it be?" pursued Karl, no longer yielding to a belief in the supernatural character of their nocturnal visitant; "it must of course have got into the valley before us. The wonder is our having seen no signs of such an animal before. You, Caspar, have been about more than any of us. Did you never, in your rambles, observe anything like an elephant's track?"

"Never. It never occurred to me to look for such a thing. Who would have thought of a great elephant having climbed up here? One would fancy such an unwieldy creature quite incapable of ascending a mountain."

"Ah! there you would have been in error; for, singular as it may appear, the elephant is a wonderful climber, and can make his way almost anywhere that a man can go. It is a fact that in the island of Ceylon the wild elephants are often found upon the top of Adam's Peak, to scale which is trying to the nerves of the stoutest travellers. It would not be surprising to find one here. Rather, I may say, it *is* not; for now I feel certain that what we have just seen is an elephant, since it can be nothing else. He may have entered the valley before us, by straying up the glacier as we did, and crossing the chasm by the rock-bridge—which I know he could have done as well as we. Or else," continued Karl, in his endeavor to account for the presence of the huge creature, "he may have come here long ago, even before there was any crevasse. What is there impossible in his having been here many years—perhaps all his life? And that may be a hundred years or more."

"I thought," said Caspar, "that elephants were only found on the plains, where the vegetation is tropical and luxuriant."

"That is another popular error," replied Karl. "So far from affecting tropical plains, the elephant prefers to dwell high up on the mountain; and whenever he has the opportunity, he climbs thither. He likes a moderately cool atmosphere, where he may be less persecuted by flies and other troublesome insects; since, notwithstanding his great strength, and the thickness of his hide, so small an animal as a fly can give him the greatest annoyance. Like the tiger, he is by no means an exclusively tropical animal; but can live, and thrive too, in a cool, elevated region, and in a high latitude of the temperate zone."

Karl again expressed surprise that none of them had before that time observed any traces of this gigantic quadruped that must have been their neighbor ever since the commencement of their involuntary residence in the valley. Of course the surprise was fully shared by Caspar. Ossaroo participated in it, but only to a very slight degree. The shikaree was still inclined towards indulging in his superstitious belief that the creature they had seen was not of the earth, but some apparition of Brahma or Vishnu.

Without attempting to combat this absurd fancy, his companions continued to search for an explanation of the strange circumstances of their not having sooner encountered the elephant. . . .

All three remained awake for more than an hour; but as the subject of their speculations appeared to have gone altogether away, they gradually came to the conclusion that he was not going to return, at least for that night; and their confidence being thus restored, they once more betook themselves to sleep, resolved in the future to keep a sharp lookout for the dangerous neighbor that had so unexpectedly presented himself to their view.—*The Cliff-Climbers.*

REID, THOMAS, a Scottish metaphysician, born in 1710; died in 1796. He was presented to the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire, in 1737; became Professor of Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, in 1752; and in 1763 succeeded Adam Smith as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, retaining this position until 1781. His principal works are: *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man* (1785), and *Essays on the Active Powers of Man* (1788), both of which are substantially his courses of lectures in the University. "The great aim of his philosophy," says Morell, "was to investigate the true theory of perception; to controvert the representationalist hypothesis; and to stay the progress which skepticism, aided by this hypothesis, was so rapidly making.

THE SOURCES OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

The language of mankind is expressive of their thoughts, and of the various operations of their minds. The various operations of the understanding, will, and passions, which are common to mankind, have various forms of speech corresponding to them in all languages, which are the signs of them, and by which they are expressed; and a due attention to the signs may, in many cases, give considerable light to the things signified by them. There are in all languages modes of speech by which men signify their judgment, or give their testimony; by which they accept or refuse; by which they ask information or advice; by which they command, or threaten, or supplicate; by which they plight their faith in promises or contracts. If such operations were not common to mankind, we should not find in all languages forms of speech by which they are expressed.

All languages, indeed, have their imperfections; they can never be adequate to all the varieties of human thought; and therefore things may be really distinct in their nature, and capable of being distinguished by the human mind, which are not distinguished in common language. We can only expect in the structure of languages those distinctions which all mankind in the common business of life have occasion to make. There may be peculiarities in a particular language of the causes of which we are ignorant, and from which, therefore, we can draw no conclusion. But whatever we find common to all languages must have a common cause; must be owing to some common motion or sentiment of the human mind. All languages have a plural number in many of their nouns; from which we may infer that all men have notions not of individual things only, but of attributes or things which are common to many individuals; for no individual can have a plural number.

Another source of information on this subject is a due attention to the course of human actions and conduct. The actions of man are effects; their sentiments, their passions, and their affections are the causes of those effects; and we may, in many cases, form a judgment of the cause from the effect. The behavior of parents toward their children gives sufficient evidence, even to those who never had children, that the parental affection is common to all mankind. It is easy to see from the general conduct of men what are the natural objects of their esteem, their love, their approbation, their resentment, and of all their other original dispositions. It is obvious, from the conduct of men in all ages, that man is by nature a social animal; that he delights to associate with his species; to converse, and to exchange good offices with them.—*The Intellectual Powers.*



WHITELAW REID.

REID, WHITELAW, an American journalist, born at Xenia, Ohio, in 1837. He graduated at Miami University; became a war correspondent with the armies of the West, for the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing under the signature of "Agate;" was afterwards librarian of the Ohio House of Representatives. In 1869 he became one of the editors of the *New York Tribune*, of which he was made Editor-in-chief in 1872, after the death of Horace Greeley. In 1889 he was appointed Minister to France. His works are: *After the War* (1866), *Ohio in the War* (1868), and several addresses before College Societies, among which are: *Schools of Journalism* (1871), and *The Scholar in Politics* (1873), *Some Newspaper Tendencies* (1879).

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

What I wish first to insist upon is the essential worth, nobility, primary indeed, of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relations of man with his Maker, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow-men. The welfare of the community is always more important than the welfare of any individual or number of individuals; and the welfare of the community is the highest object of the study of politics. The course and current of men in masses is the most exalted of human studies, and that is the study of the politician. To help individuals is the business of the learned professions; to do the same thing for communities is the business of politics. To aid in the development of a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher—to shape the policy of the nation, to fix the fate of generations—is not this as much higher as the heavens are high above the earth? Make the actual politician as disreputable as you may.

but the business of politics remains the highest of human concerns. . . .

Always in a free government we may expect parties, in their normal state, to stand to each other somewhat in the relation described by Mr. Emerson as existing between the Democratic and the Whig parties. The one, he said, had the best cause, the other the best men. Always we shall have—under some new name, and with new watchwords—the old Conservative party, dreading change, gathering to itself the respectability of experience, and standing, and success; having in its ranks most of the men whom the country has proved on the questions of yesterday, and therefore, by that halting conservative logic which is so natural, on one side so just, and yet so delusive, prefers to trust on the wholly different questions of to-day and to-morrow. Always, again, we shall have the party of revolt from these philosophies of yesterday; the party that despises the established, that demands change, that insists upon new measures for new emergencies, that refuses to recognize the rule of the past as the necessary rule for them. It is the party that gathers to itself all the restless, all the extravagant, all the crack-brained, all the men with hobbies and spheres and missions. Here, too, as of old unto David, gather themselves every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one that is discontented. And so we shall have again—just as in the old Democratic days, just as in the old Free-Soil days, just as in the old Republican days, before Republicanism, too, in its turn, became powerful and conservative—the disreputable party of conglomerate material, repulsive appearance and splendid possibilities; the perpetual antagonist of conservatism, the perpetual party of to-morrow.

Need I say where it seems to me the American Scholar belongs? He has rarely been found there as yet. "Mr. Bright's "Cave of Adullam" has not seemed an inviting retreat for the scholastic recluse, or for the well-nurtured

favorite of academic audiences. But Mr. Bright and our scholars have alike forgotten their history. The disreputable Adullamites came to rule Israel. As for the Scholar, the laws of his intellectual development may be trusted to fix his place. Free thought is necessarily aggressive and critical. The Scholar, like the healthy, red-blooded young man, is an inherent, an organic, an inevitable Radical. It is his business to reverse the epigram of Emerson, and put the best man and the best cause together. And so we may set down, as a second function of the American Scholar, an intellectual leadership of the Radicals. . . .

No citizen can do a higher duty than to resist the majority when he believes it wrong; to assert the right of individual judgment, and to maintain it; to cherish liberty of thought and speech and action against the tyranny of his own or any party. Till that tyranny, yearly growing more burdensome, as the main object of an old party becomes more and more the retention or the regaining of power, instead of the success of the fresh, vivid principles on which new parties are always organized—till that tyranny is in some measure broken, we shall get few questions considered on their merits, and fail—as we are failing—to bring the strongest men into the service of the state. Here, then, there is another task to our politics for which the Scholar is peculiarly fitted by the liberality and independence to which he has been trained. And we may set it down as another of the functions whose discharge we have a right to expect at his hands: To resist the tyranny of party, and the intolerance of political opinions, and to maintain the actual freedom as well as the theoretical liberty of thought.

A great difference between the man of culture and the man without it, is that the first knows the other side. A great curse of our present politics is that your heated partisan never does this. He cannot understand how

there should be any other side. He is always in doubt about the final salvation of the man who takes the other side, and is always sorry that there should be any doubt about it. We have good right to expect from the Scholar a freedom from prejudice, an open hospitality to new ideas, and an habitual moderation of thought and feeling; in a word, what Mr. Whipple has felicitously called a temper neither stupidly conservative nor malignantly radical; that shall make it among the most valuable of his functions to bring into our politics the element they now so sadly need: candid consideration of every question on its individual merits; fairness to antagonists; and a willingness always to hear the other side.

SHERMAN THE SOLDIER.

Perhaps the briefest expression of General Sherman's professional character may be found in the reversal of a well-known apothegm by Kinglake. He is too warlike to be military. Yet, like most applications of such sayings, this is only partially just. He is indeed warlike by nature, and his ardor often carries him beyond mere military rules—sometimes to evil, as at Kenesaw, sometimes to great glory, as in the march to the sea. Yet in many things he is devoted to the severest military methods. In moving, supplying, and manœuvring great armies—undertakings in which rigid adherence to method is vital—he is without a rival or an equal. In the whole branch of the logistics of war he is the foremost general of the country, and worthy to be named beside the foremost of the century.—*Ohio in the War.*

RENAN, JOSEPH ERNEST, a French savant, born in the department of Côte-de-Nord in 1823, died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He entered the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, but devoted himself to Oriental philology and philosophy, rather than to theology. In 1848 he gained the Volney prize for an essay on the Semitic Languages; in 1849 he put forth an essay on the Greek Language during the Middle Ages, which was "crowned" by the Institute, and he was sent to Italy by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, to make certain archæological investigations. In 1852 he was put in charge of the department of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1860 he was sent by the Government upon a literary mission to Syria. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew in the Collége de France, but his inaugural address so deeply offended the religious feeling of the clergy that it was not considered advisable that he should hold this professorship. In 1863 he published his *Life of Jesus*, the best known of all his works, and also embodied in his *History of the Origins of Christianity*, which, ultimately extending to seven volumes, was not completed until 1882. M. Renan's works cover a great variety of subjects, and have occasioned much hostile criticism on account of their alleged anti-Christian character. Notwithstanding the theological opposition to him, he was in 1881 chosen Director of the French Academy, and in 1883 was made Vice-Rector of the Collége de France. In 1883 he published his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, in which he sets forth the reasons which led him to separate himself from the Catholic Church, although claiming still

to be "a moral disciple of Jesus." M. Renan's latest works are: *L'Histoire du Peuple d'Israel* (1887), *L'Avenir de la Science* (1890), *Feuilles Détachées* (1892), and *Recollections and Letters* (1892).

THE TRUE KINGDOM OF GOD.

By an exceptional destiny pure Christianity still presents itself, at the end of eighteen centuries, with the character of a universal and eternal religion. It is because the religion of Jesus is, in fact, in some respects, the final religion; the fruit of a perfectly spontaneous movement of souls. Free at its birth from every dogmatic restraint, having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, Christianity, in spite of the falls which followed, still gathers the fruits of this surpassing origin. To renew itself it has only to turn to the gospel. The kingdom of God, as we conceive it, is widely different from the supernatural apparition which the first Christians expected to see burst forth in the clouds. But the sentiment which Jesus introduced into the world is really ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of unworldly and virtuous life. He has created that heaven of free souls in which is found what we ask in vain on earth—the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute purity, total abstraction from the contamination of the world; that freedom, in short, which material society shuts out as an impossibility, and which finds all its amplitude only in the domain of thought. The great Master of those who take refuge in this kingdom of God is Jesus still. He first proclaimed the kingliness of the Spirit; he first said, at least by his acts, "My kingdom is not of this world." The foundation of the true religion is indeed his work. After him there is nothing more but to develop and fructify.

CHRISTIANITY AND RELIGION.

"Christianity" has thus become almost synonymous with "Religion." All that may

be done outside of this great and good Christian tradition will be sterile. Jesus founded religion on Humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy, as Aristotle founded science. There had been philosophers before Socrates, and science before Aristotle. Since Socrates and Aristotle philosophy and science have made immense progress; but all has been built upon the foundations which they laid. And so before Jesus' religion had passed through many revolutions; since Jesus it has made many conquests; nevertheless it has not departed—it will not depart—from the essential condition which Jesus created. He has fixed for eternity the idea of true worship. The religion of Jesus, in this sense, is not limited. The church has had its epochs and its phases. It has shut itself up in symbols which have had, or will have, their day. Jesus founded the absolute religion, excluding nothing, determining nothing save its own essence. His symbols are not fixed dogmas, but images susceptible of indefinite interpretations. We should seek vainly in the Gospels for a theological proposition. All the "Professors of Faith" are disguises of the idea of Jesus, much as the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, by proclaiming Aristotle the sole Master of a perfect science, was false to the thought of Aristotle. Were Jesus to return among us, he would acknowledge as his disciples not those who claim to include him entirely in a few pages of the Catechism, but those who love to continue him. The eternal glory, in every order of grand achievement, is to have laid the first stone. Whatever may be the transformation of dogmas, Jesus will remain in religion the creator of its pure sentiment. The Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed. No revolution will lead us not to join in religion the grand intellectual and moral line at the head of which beams the name of Jesus. In this sense we are Christians, even though we separate upon almost all points from the Christian tradition which has preceded us. —*The Life of Jesus.*

REXFORD, EBEN EUGENE, an American poet, born at Johnsburg, N. Y., in 1848. He received his education at Lawrence University, Wis., and at an early age began to write poems and stories for magazines. He has written several popular songs, including *Silver Threads among the Gold* and *Only a Pansy Blossom*, and has published in book-form a poem entitled *Brother and Lover* (1887), *Grandmother's Garden* (1887), and *John Fielding and his Enemy* (1888). Since 1885 he has devoted himself to horticulture, and has conducted departments on this subject for magazines.

A MOTHER'S PASSING.

I never shall forget the summer day
When mother died. If I but close my eyes
It all comes back to me, as, after dreams,
Remembrance of them haunts our waking hours.
I hear the low, soft twitter of the birds
Whose nest was hidden in the cherry tree
Beside the window, as they talked about
Their little brood. I hear the summer wind
Among the flowers in the garden beds,—
Sweet-smelling pinks, old-fashioned marigolds,
And lilies, each a cup at early morn,
Brimmed with cool dew for sunshine-elves to drink,
And after that a cradle for the bee,
Rocked by the wind. And I can hear the song
Of mowers in the valley, and the ring
Of sharpening scythes, and see the fragrant grass
Tremble and fall in long and billowy swaths,
As if green waves from some advancing tide
Broke at the mowers' feet; and I can see
The meadows over which swift shadows pass,
As the clouds go by between it and the sky,
And fancy it a sea whene'er the wind
Blows over it, and crinkling billows run
From isles of shade to golden shores of sun;

And one white mullein seems the filling sail
Of a fair shallop on this summer sea,
Freighted with fancies from some far Cathay,
Where dreams are gathered as we gather flowers
In idle mood, scarce knowing what we do.

It all comes back to me like yesterday,—
That summer hour, across whose sunshine fell
The lonesome shadow of an unmade grave.

In those long days, when sense of coming loss
Hung like a cloud between me and the world,
And seemed to shut me in, a prisoner there,
Away from those who had no care to vex—
No grief to bear—I used to sit and think
Of what must be.—I saw dear mother's face
Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades
In the gray distance, and I knew full well
That she was drifting out upon the tide
That sets toward the Infinite Sea, and soon
Where her dear face made sunshine in the room
The shadow of dread Azrael's wing would fall.
Where was the Heaven she was going to?
So far away that she could no more see
The children she had loved and left behind?
When trouble came to us, could her warm heart—
No less a mother's heart in Heaven than it had been
A mother's heart on earth—know of it all,
And understand our sorrows as of old?
What Heaven was I hardly understood,
For childhood's thoughts are vague ones at the best
About the mysteries of life and death;
But I was sure that Heaven would not be
The Heaven of my fancy if it shut
Our mother and her love away from us. . . . .

Years have gone by since then, but to this day
I always think of mother and of Rob
As on the hill's far side. When I have climbed
The pathway to the summit, I shall see

The dear ones I have loved and missed so much,
For just beyond the hilltop it is Heaven.

It was at sunset when she went away.
The robin sang, high in the cherry tree,
A little vesper song; sang soft and low,
As if he feared the silver sound might break
The spell of peace that rested on the world.
We heard the drowsy tinkling of the bells
Of cattle coming homeward down the hill,
And pleasant sights and sounds were everywhere
About us and above us. All at once
She called us, and we went to her. She put
The mother-arms about us, folding close
Her children to the mother-heart once more,
And kissed us many times, while whispering o'er
The tender names her love had given us,—
The dear pet names that never sound so sweet
As when a mother speaks them to the child
Upon her breast,—between each one a kiss. . . .

A little silence fell,
While I cried softly on her breast, and Rob
Was still, awed by the mystery in the air,—
His eyes full of vague wonderment as he
Looked up in mother's face. The sunset lit
The room with sudden splendor, and I thought—
Strange how such thoughts will come at such a time—
Of something in the Bible I had heard
My mother read: the Revelator's tale
Of what he saw in visions, when the gates
Of Heaven were opened. And I wondered then
If the great gates had not been swung apart,
And sunset's sudden glory was a glimpse
Of what the poet prophet saw. The hills
Were crested all with fire, and every tree
Seemed to have changed its leaves of green for gold.

The branches of the cherry at the pane
Kept tap, tap, tapping, as if unseen hands

Were there, and I remember wondering
If messengers from God's white city stood
Outside the window, waiting to come in.
The glory of the sunset died away,
And shades of twilight filled the silent room.
I thought that mother slept, but suddenly
She stirred and spoke my name. I put my face
Close to her own, for answer, in the dusk.
"And Robbie, is he here?"—I laid his head
Upon her breast. She kissed him many times.
"Be good to him, my little Ruth," she said,
"Be good to him,—be mother's own good girl.
God bless you both and have you in His care
Forever—ever—"
Then her voice was still,
And I was sure that mother slept again.

Mysterious sleep—from which none ever wake
To tell us what they dream of, if they dream.

The robin by his nest sang all at once
A little strain that trembled through the dusk
In sounds that were like ripples on a pool—
Fainter and fainter as the circles grow;
Until they touch the shores. So softly died
The ripple of the robin's song away
Upon the shore of silence.
Who shall say
He did not hear some echo of the song
The angels sang when mother went away,
And sang because the music was so sweet
That he could not be silent? Ah, who knows?

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, an English painter and author, born at Plympton, in Devonshire, where his father was Rector, in 1723; died at London in 1792. After passing two years in the studio of Hudson, the most esteemed English portrait-painter of the day, he went to Rome in order to study the works of the great Italian painters. Returning to England, he established himself in London, where he entered upon a brilliant career; and is still reckoned the foremost portrait painter of English birth. He was also an intimate associate of that literary circle which included Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke. Upon the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1769, Reynolds was elected its President, and received the honor of knighthood. Up almost to his death he was accustomed to deliver lectures to the students upon the principles of art, which were published under the title *Discourses on Painting*.

IMITATION AND GENIUS IN ART.

By Imitation I do not mean imitation in its largest sense, but simply the following of other masters, and the advantage to be drawn from the study of their works. Those who have undertaken to write of our art, and have represented it as a kind of Inspiration—as a Gift bestowed upon peculiar favorites at their birth—seem to insure a much more favorable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired; how the mind may be strengthened and expanded; and what guides will show the way to eminence.

It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the *cause* of anything extraordinary to be astonished at the *effect*, and to

consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired—who see only what is the full result of long labor and application of an infinite variety of acts—are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them. As for artists themselves, it is by no means to their interest to undeceive such judges, however conscious they may be of the very natural means by which their extraordinary powers were acquired; though our art, being intrinsically imitative, rejects this idea of inspiration more, perhaps, than any other.

To derive all from native power—to owe nothing to another—is the praise which men who do not think much on what they are saying bestow sometimes on others, and sometimes on themselves, and their imaginary dignity is naturally heightened by a supercilious censure of the low, the barren, the groveling, the servile imitator. Some allowance must be made for what is said in the gayety of rhetoric. We cannot suppose that any one can really mean to exclude all imitation of others. A position so wild would scarce deserve a serious answer, for it is apparent, if we were forbid to make use of the advantages which our predecessors afford us, the art would be always to begin, and consequently remain always in an infant state. But to bring us entirely to reason and sobriety, let it be observed that a painter must not only be of necessity an imitator of the works of nature —which alone is sufficient to dispel this phantom of Inspiration—but he must be as necessarily an imitator of the work of others; and no man can be an artist upon any other terms. . . .

For my own part, I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of the art, but am of opinion that the study of other masters—which I here call imitation—may be extended

throughout our whole lives, without any danger of enfeebling the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought to have. I will go further. Even Genius—at least what is generally so called—is the child of Imitation.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire. This opinion supposes that Genius is something more fixed than it really is; and that we always do, and ever did, agree in opinion with respect to what should be considered as the characteristic of Genius. But the truth is, that the degree of excellence which proclaims Genius is different in different times and different places; and what shows it to be so is that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter. . . .

What we now call Genius begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end; but where known vulgar and trite rules have no place. It must of necessity be that even works of Genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules. It cannot be by chance that excellences are produced with any constancy or certainty—for this is not the nature of chance; but the rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of Genius, work, are either such as they can discover by their own peculiar observations, or are of such a nice texture as not easily to admit of being expressed in words. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist; and he works from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. Invention is one of the great marks of Genius; but if we consult experience we shall find that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.

RICHARDSON, ALBERT DEANE, an American journalist born at Franklin, Mass., Oct. 6, 1833, died at New York, Dec. 2, 1869. When eighteen he went to Pittsburg, Pa., and engaged in newspaper work. He wrote a farce for Barney Williams and several times appeared upon the stage. In 1857 he went to Kansas and took an active part in the political struggles of the territory. At the opening of the Civil War he was engaged as war correspondent by the New York *Tribune*. He was taken prisoner at Vicksburg and spent nearly two years in various Southern prisons. At the close of the war he devoted himself to writing and lecturing. Among his works are: *The Field, The Dungeon, and the Escape* (1865), and *Garnered Sheaves* (posthumously, 1871).

JOHN.

John presides over several large establishments filled with knicknacks from Japan and China, which visitors from the East purchase to take home as curiosities. Most of these articles illustrate his ingenuity and marvellous patience. There are tables and work-boxes, each composed of thousands of bits of highly-polished, many-colored woods; glove-boxes of lacquered ware, resembling *papier maché*, which sell for two dollars and a half and three dollars, gold; handkerchiefs of grass-cloth, embroidered by hand with infinite pains; countless varieties of children's toys, including many curious and intricate puzzles; sleeve-buttons and breast-pins; card-racks of various material; wooden and metallic counterfeits of insects and reptiles, so perfect that one-half fears to handle them lest they should bite his fingers; gay Chinese lanterns covered with painted paper as large as market-baskets; fire-crackers; torpedoes which explode with a report like that of a twelve-

pounder; chop-sticks; writing-desks; and a thousand other things to please the fancy. In waiting on American customers, Johnny shows himself the model merchant. He is an adept in the simple art of *not too much*. He proffers a Chinese cigar (execrable in flavor), and is grieved if his visitor does not take at least a few whiffs from it. If the purchases are liberal in amount, he makes a judicious discount in prices, and perhaps throws in some trifling gifts. He is attentive, but not over-pressing; cordial, but never impertinent; and he speeds the parting guest with a good-by so polite and friendly that it leaves a pleasant flavor in the memory.—*Garnered Sheaves.*

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.—

RICHARDSON, CHARLES FRANCIS, an American author and educator, born at Hallowell, Maine, in 1851. He was the youngest in all his classes at Hallowell Acad., Augusta High School, and Dartmouth College, from which last he was graduated in 1871. He read much in the Hallowell town library, of which his father, a physician, was librarian; also in the State library, two miles distant. While teaching, after graduation, in South Marlboro, Mass., his contributions to the *New York Independent*, paved the way to his position on that journal as literary editor. In 1877 he became associate editor of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia; in 1880, editor of Alden's *Good Literature*, New York. Since 1882 he has been Professor of Anglo-Saxon and Eng. Lang. and Lit. in Dartmouth College. Besides numerous articles in periodicals, his writings include: *A Primer of American Literature* (1876), a volume of his own religious poems, entitled *The Cross* (1879), *The Choice of Books* (1881), and two octavo volumes, *American Literature* (1887–88), the first treating of the development of American thought, from 1607 down, and the other devoted especially to poetry and fiction.

AMERICAN COLONIAL LITERATURE.

A German gentleman, an intelligent reader, for many years a resident of Boston, once expressed to me the opinion that Hawthorne is, perhaps, the greatest writer of this century, and that our historians are the equals of any who have written in Europe; beyond this he was hardly ready to make many claims for our literature. I substantially agree with him in these expressions, though I would not stop with them. It is true, however, that Ameri-

can literature should stand firmly on its own ground, making no claims on the score of patriotism, or youth, or disadvantageous circumstances, or *bizarre* achievement, but gravely pointing to what has been done. It is better to offer to the world, self-respectingly and silently, Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Bancroft, Irving, Ticknor, Poe, and Hawthorne, in their several works and ways. These stand for themselves; their place is assured, and we have no need to assert their claims with vociferousness or exaggeration.

If honest, searching, and dispassionate criticism is needed in considering the work and rank of authors of the present century—who have chiefly given that literature its place in the world's estimation—it is no less needed in studying our writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. American literature in the colonial period, in its day of small things, was promising, indeed, but without great achievement. No small honor is to be paid, of course, to the pioneer in any department of work. It was, in a true sense, harder for Mrs. Bradstreet to be Mrs. Bradstreet than for Emerson to be Emerson. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay were the direct precursors and the actual founders of most that is good in American letters. Those theological treatises and controversial sermons, those painstaking versions of the Psalms, and those faithful records of sight and experience were the index fingers pointing to future triumphs. Bradford and Winthrop were the intellectual ancestors of Emerson and Hawthorne. Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were giants in their day. Benjamin Franklin still remains one of the world's great helpful forces. Jefferson and the writers of the Federalist made great contributions to the political wisdom of the nations. But when all this has been said, does it not remain true that some critics have bestowed an unwarrantable amount of time and thought and adulation upon writers of

humble rank and small influence, simply because they were early? . . . If we think of Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, the seventeenth choir of lyrists, Sir Thomas Brown, Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Swift, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, and the eighteenth-century novelists, what shall we say of the intrinsic literary worth of most of the books written on American soil, by writers who inherited, or shared, the intellectual life of England? . . .

A few great names stand out, but only a few. For the purposes of comparative criticism, the student should know thoroughly William Bradford, John Winthrop, Samuel Sewall, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and the makers of the new nation from 1750 to 1790. The work of the rest he should recognize and praise in an adequate degree, but should not magnify beyond its deserts. The history of literature is one thing, bibliography is another thing. If a certain space be devoted to the colonial literature of America, then, on the same perspective, ten times as much is needed to bring the record down to our day. One should study the great men profoundly, and let the worthy sermonizers, and pamphleteers, and spinners of doggerel go free. Our forefathers were founding a state on the basis of the town-meeting; they were spreading Christianity, as they understood it, with might and main; they were opening schools and creating a virtuous and manly, public spirit; but for literature, as such, most of them cared little. They made literature possible, just as they made art possible; but they do not deserve, in the chronicles of literature and art, a disproportionate space.

I believe that the time has come for the student to consider American literature as calmly as he would consider the literature of another country, and under the same limitations of perspective.—*American Literature.*

RICHARDSON, SAMUEL, an English novelist, born in Derbyshire in 1689; died in 1761. At seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer. After completing his apprenticeship he worked several years longer as compositor and proof-reader, and then set up in business for himself. He became printer of the Journals of the House of Commons; in 1754, was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company, and subsequently bought half of the patent of printer to the King, which added largely to his already considerable income. Richardson has been styled "the inventor of the English novel;" but he had passed the age of fifty before the idea of becoming a novelist ever entered his mind. Some London publishers asked him to write for them a book of letters on matters useful for young people. The result was *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*, a story which he hoped "would turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing." This novel (2 vols., 1740), met with unexampled success, five editions being called for within a year. His subsequent novels are: *The History of Clarissa Harlowe* (8 vols. 1748), and *History of Sir Charles Grandison* (6 vols., 1753). Among his other writings is a clever paper of "Advice to the Unmarried," published in Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* in 1751.

Pamela, the heroine of Richardson's first novel, is a pure and simple-minded young country-girl, who repels the dishonorable proposals of her master and wins his respect. He finally marries her; and thus is her "virtue rewarded," for they "lived happy ever after." In the following letter

Pamela describes her first appearance at church after her marriage :

PAMELA'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS THE SQUIRE'S WIFE.

Yesterday (Sunday) we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, all in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned and lined, and new-harnessed ; so that it looked like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine.

I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white, flowered with silver, and a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, and so forth, I also mentioned before. And my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat of blue paduasoy, and his coat of a pearl-colored fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk ; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels. But he said that it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife ; and though, as I apprehended it might be, that people would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything, than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighboring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest ; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazes and whispers. But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of showing as if he was ashamed of it, and as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for

his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts that I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid the longer because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church doors and in the church porch, and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations as well of my person as of my dress and behavior, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there; and the four gentlemen came up to us before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner complimented us both; and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy. And Mrs. Brooks said: "You sent Mr. Brooks, Madam, home t' other day quite charmed with a manner which you have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you."—"You do me too great honor, Madam," replied I; "such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness."

My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman—a little too extreme in that way), and I believe to familiarize me to the gazes, which concerned me a little. Several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John with my fan, and said: "Divide in the further church-door that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now." So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away, and said: "By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbor knew better than anybody could tell him how to choose for himself. Why," said he, "the Dean himself looked more upon you than upon his book!"—"O, sir," said I, "you are very encouraging to a weak mind."—"I vow," said he, "I say no more than is truth. I'd marry tomorrow if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one-half of the merit you have. You are," continued he—"and it is not my habit to praise too much an—ornament to your sex, an honor to your spouse, and a credit to religion. Everybody is saying so," added he, "for you have by your piety edified the whole church."

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me that the behavior of so worthy a lady would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. "Sir," said I, "you are very kind. I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine." He bowed, and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me—my master stepping into the chariot—and said: "I beg pardon, Madam, for detaining your good spouse from you. But I have been saying he is the happiest man in the world." I bowed to him; but I could have wished him further: to make me sit so in the notice of every one; which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr. Martin said to my master: "If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighborhood."—"O my dear sir," said I to my master, "you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. Martin; he has by his kind expression made me dare to look up with pleasure

and gratitude." Said my dear master: "My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr. Martin." And he said to him: "We will constantly go to church, and to every other place where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin." Mr. Martin said: "Gad, sir, you are a happy man; and I think your lady's example has made you more polite, and handsome too than I ever knew you before—though we never thought you unpolite neither." And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.—*Pamela.*

RICHMOND, LEGH, an English divine and religious writer, was born at Liverpool, January 29, 1772; died at Turvey, Bedfordshire, May 8, 1827. He took an active part in the reforms of his day; and especially in the work of evangelizing the masses. He is best known to history as the author of a number of popular tracts; a collected edition of which was published in 1814 under the title *Annals of the Poor*. His *Dairyman's Daughter* had reached, within twenty years after his death, a circulation of 4,000,000 copies in nineteen languages. He edited a series of *Fathers of the English Church* (1807–12).

THE OLD DAIRYMAN'S HOME.

As I approached the village where the good old Dairyman dwelt, I observed him in a little field, driving his cows before him towards a yard and hovel which adjoined his cottage. I advanced very near him without his observing me, for his sight was dim. On my calling out to him, he started at the sound of my voice, but with much gladness of heart welcomed me, saying—"Bless your heart, sir, I am very glad you are come: we have looked for you every day this week."

The cottage-door opened, and the daughter came out, followed by her aged and infirm mother. The sight of me naturally brought to recollection the grave at which we had before met. Tears of affection mingled with the smile of satisfaction with which I was received by these worthy cottagers. I dismounted, and was conducted through a neat little garden, part of which was shaded by two large overspreading elm-trees, to the house. Decency and order were manifest within and without. No excuse was made here, on the score of poverty, for confusion and uncleanliness in the disposal of their little household. Everything wore the aspect

of neatness and propriety. On each side of the fireplace stood an old oaken arm-chair, where the venerable parents rested their weary limbs after the day's labor was over. On a shelf in one corner lay two Bibles, with a few religious books and tracts. The little room had two windows; a lovely prospect of hills, woods, and fields, appeared through one; the other was more than half obscured by the branches of a vine which was trained across it; between its leaves the sun shone, and cast a cheerful light over the whole place.

"This," thought I, "is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson for advancement in each through the blessing of God on this visit!"

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should travel so far to see us."

"My Master," I replied, "came a great deal further to visit us poor sinners. He left the bosom of His Father, laid aside His glory, and came down to this lower world on a visit of mercy and love; and ought not we, if we profess to follow Him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good as He did?"

The old man now entered, and joined his wife and daughter in giving me a cordial welcome. Our conversation soon turned to the loss they had so lately sustained. The pious and sensible disposition of the daughter was peculiarly manifested, as well in what she said to her parents, as in what she more immediately addressed to myself. I had now a further opportunity of remarking the good sense and agreeable manner which accompanied her expressions of devotedness to God, and love to Christ for the great mercies which he had bestowed upon her. During her residence in different gentlemen's families where she had been in service, she had ac-

quired a superior behavior and address; but sincere piety rendered her very humble and unassuming in manner and conversation. She seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of my visit to the best purpose for her own and her parents' sake; yet there was nothing of unbecoming forwardness, no self-confidence or conceitedness in her conduct. She united the firmness and solicitude of the Christian with the modesty of the female and the dutifulness of the daughter. It was impossible to be in her company and not observe how truly her temper and conversation adorned the principles which she professed. —*The Dairyman's Daughter*, from *The Annals of the Poor*.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE CHILDREN.

Sometimes I sent the children to the various stones which stood at the head of the graves, and bid them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them. I took pleasure in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the churchyard, each committing to memory a few verses written in commemoration of the departed. They would soon accomplish the desired object, and eagerly return to me ambitious to repeat their task.

Thus my churchyard became a book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples.

The church itself stood in the midst of the ground. It was a spacious antique structure. Within those very walls I first proclaimed the message of God to sinners. As these children surrounded me, I sometimes pointed to the church, spoke to them of the nature of public worship, the value of the Sabbath, the duty of regular attendance on its services, and urged their serious attention to the means of grace. I showed them the sad state of many countries, where neither churches nor Bibles were known; and the no less melancholy condition of multitudes at

home, who sinfully neglect worship, and slight the Word of God. I thus tried to make them sensible of their own favors and privileges.

Neither was I at a loss for another class of objects around me, from which I could draw useful instruction: for many of the beauties of created nature appeared in view.

Eastward of us extended a large river or lake of sea-water, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man-of-war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water a large sloping extent of bank was diversified with fields, woods, hedges, and cottages. At its extremity stood, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church, still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay, a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun.

To the southwest of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees. At the foot of this hill lay the village, a part of which gradually ascended to the rising ground on which the church stood.

From the intermixture of houses with gardens, orchards, and trees, it presented a very pleasing aspect. Several fields adjoined the garden on the east and north, where a number of cattle were pasturing. My own little shrubberies and flower-beds variegated the view, and recompensed my toil in rearing them, as well by their beauty as their fragrance.—*The Young Cottagers*, from *Annals of the Poor.*

RICHTER, JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH, commonly called simply, "Jean Paul," a German author, born at Wunsiedel, near Baireuth, in Bavaria, in 1763; died at Baireuth in 1825. His father, who had previously been a village organist and schoolmaster, was in 1776 appointed pastor at Schwartzenbach, where he died when Jean Paul was sixteen. After a fair training at the Hof Gymnasium he went at eighteen to the University of Leipzig, where he studied diligently after his own fashion; but he had no moneyed or other furtherance for entering any of the professions, and, in default of anything more promising, commenced the career of authorship. His first publication was the *Greenland Lawsuits*, a collection of satirical sketches (1783); for this he received about 100 dollars. During the next seven years he worked cheerily on, though in very straitened circumstances, which, however, gradually improved. His *Invisible Lodge* (1793) gained him reputation as a humorist, and before he was thirty-five he was recognized by the best authors in Germany as one of themselves. In 1798 he married the excellent Caroline Mayer, "daughter of the Royal Prussian Privy Councillor and Professor of Medicine, Dr. John Andrew Mayer." In 1802 a moderate pension was granted him, and not long afterwards he took up his residence at Baireuth, where the remainder of his life was passed. The complete works of Richter contain 65 volumes of tales, romances, fantasies, didactic essays, visions, and homilies. Among the principal tales are: *Hesperus* (1794), *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces* (1796), *The Life of Quintus*

Fexlein (1796), *Titan* (1801–1803); of a different character are *Introduction to Æsthetics; Kampanerthal*, an essay on Immortality; *Levana*, an essay on Education; and *Selina*, an unfinished essay on Immortality, which was placed on his coffin when he was borne to his grave.

BUILDING AN AIR-CASTLE.

The circumstances of poor Seemaus had been, as the Government seemed to think, exactly suitable to his wretched and obscure position. When Moses was preparing to become the teacher and the lawgiver of the Jewish people, he fasted forty days upon a mountain; and from this sublime example our legislators seem to have deduced the conclusion that the man who would be the guide and teacher of the rising generation must prove his capabilities by his endurance of fasting. A starving schoolmaster is consequently one of the features of our civilization, and Seemaus is a perfectly normal specimen of his class.

Under the excitement of a lottery ticket his frail nerves are quivering and in a letter which he has sent to me he expresses an apprehension that if he finds himself on June 30 the owner of the princely estates of Walchern and Lizelberg, peopled by 1,000 families; also the new and spacious mansion, with the brewery, and the 700 acres of forest, he shall die for joy. His letter contains the following paragraph: "In my excited condition, I have been so injudicious as to read several chapters of a translation of *Tissot on Nervous Disorders*, in which I have found several accounts of persons who have died under the influence of sudden joy. The *Nuremberg Correspondent* has lately given an acccount of two great bankers who both died suddenly in one day; one in joy on receiving a large profit, and the other in sorrow for a heavy loss. I have also read of a poor relation of Leibnitz, who heard with calmness

the news of a rich legacy bequeathed to her; but when the real property—the costly linen and valuable silver plate—were spread out before her eyes, she gazed upon them for a moment in silent ecstasy, and immediately expired. What, then, must I expect to feel when I look upon the princely estates of Walchern, Lizelberg, etc., etc., etc., and realize the fact that they are mine?"

To appease the natural fears of the hopeful but timid Seemaus, I have written to him acknowledging that I too have bought a ticket—Number 19,383, in the same lottery. "If," I continue, "this number prove the winning card in the game, what a destiny will mine be! According to proclamation made under royal authority at Munich, I shall possess, in the first place, 'all those most desirable estates named respectively Walchern and Lizelberg, in the district of Hausneckviertel, charmingly and beautifully situated between Salzburg and Linz; estates which even in the year 1750 were valued at 231,000 Rhenish florins; *item*, the saw-mill in excellent repair, and the complete brewery situated at Lizelberg.'

"Such is the gold mine of which I shall be the possessor if my ticket (one out of 36,000) prove fortunate, of which I am strongly disposed to hope. So now I can put my finger on the spot in my almanac marking the day when, like an aloe suddenly bursting into bloom after forty years without flowers, I shall expand my golden blossoms, and flourish as the Crœsus of our times. I can assure you, my dear friend, that I fully sympathize with your excited feelings, for I am now in circumstances exactly like your own.

"Many others around me are hoping and fearing to evaporate in joy on that day; and such is the benevolent feeling prevailing here that every one is willing to become a martyr for the benefit of his fellow ticket-holders—willing, among 36,000 men, to be the one man doomed to die. However, as you wish to

cherish your hope of gaining Walchern, Lizelberg, the excellent saw-mill, and the complete brewery, etc., etc., without giving up all hope of life, I will give you some means of calming your fears. Allow me to recommend you an umbrella to defend your head against the sudden shower of gold; or a parasol to defend you from the sun-stroke of good fortune. The danger to be apprehended when we step suddenly into the possession of such enormous wealth is that our minds will be unprepared to cope with our external circumstances. A thousand schemes of expenditure will at once present themselves. While our nerves are tingling with delight, and our veins are throbing, the brain will be oppressed by ideas too vast, too new, and too numerous to be comprehended; and even the fatal explosion which you apprehend may take place. To prevent such a calamity we must now calmly prepare ourselves for the great crisis. We must familiarize our minds with thoughts of the possession and the distribution of such wealth as will soon be ours. Accordingly I have made charts of the travels I shall enjoy during my first year of possession. If you could visit me now you would find among my papers some elegant plans and elevations of houses (for after all that has been said in favor of the mansion, I shall build another to suit my own taste); *item*, an extensive catalogue for a new library; *item*, a plan for the benefit of the tenants; besides, Sundries, such as memoranda to 'buy a Silbermann's piano-forte,' 'a good hunter,' etc., etc.

"You will not be surprised that I intend to continue my authorship. But it will in future be conducted in a princely style, as I shall maintain two clerks as quotation-makers and copyists, and another man to correct the press. But my great care has been to prepare a code of laws for my 1,000 families of subjects. Allow me to remind you that you should be preparing a *Magna Charta* for your subjects, for all rulers must be bound before they can

be obeyed. The old Egyptians wisely tied together the fore-paws of the crocodile, in order that they might worship him without danger.

"Prepare yourself according to my plan, and then you need not fear that the great gold mine will fall in and crush you as you begin to work it. At least, let us enjoy for a few days the hope for which we have paid twelve florins; let us not spoil it with anxieties. This hope is like butter on a dog's nose, which makes him eat dry bread with a relish. With their noses anointed with this butter, all our fellow ticket-holders are now eating their bread (black, brown or white, earned by toil, or tears, or servility), with an extra relish. This, for the present time, is a positive enjoyment, and, if we are wise, we shall not disturb it."

THE DREAM OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

At midnight, when the Old Year was departing, there stood at his window an old man, looking forth with the aspect of a long despair on the calm, never-fading heavens, and on the pure, white, and quiet earth, where there seemed to exist then no creature so sleepless and so miserable as himself. Now near the grave, this old man had, as the results of all his long career, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a shattered body, a desolated soul, a poisoned heart, and an age of remorse. The beautiful years of his youth were all changed into dismal goblins, shrinking away now, to hide themselves from the dawn of another New Year.

In his desperation and unutterable grief, he looked up towards the heavens, and cried aloud: "O give me back my youth! O Father! place me but once more upon the crossing of the way that I may choose the path on the right hand, and not again that on the left!"—But his Father and his youth were gone forever. He saw misguiding *ignes fatui* gleaming forth out of the marsh and fading away in the churchyard. "There are my days of folly!" he said. Then a shooting star fell

from heaven, flickered, and vanished on the ground. "That is myself!" said he; while the poisoned fangs of remorse were biting into his bleeding heart. . . .

Then suddenly a peal of bells—distant church-music hailing the New Year—sounded through the calm air, and his agony was appeased. He looked on the dim horizon, and on the wide world, all around; and he thought of the friends of his youth; of the men who—happier and better than himself—were now teachers of the people, or fathers of joyous children now growing up to a prosperous manhood; and he exclaimed: "Ah! my parents! I, too, might have been sleeping now with eyes not stained with tears, if I had followed your advice, and had responded to your New Year's prayers for me!"

He covered his face with his hands, and a thousand burning tears streamed down his cheeks, while in his despair he sighed: "Oh, give me back my youth!"

And his youth suddenly returned. He awoke. And, lo, all the terror of this New Year's Eve had been only a dream. He was still young; but the sins of his youth had not been dreams. How thankful he felt now that he was still young; that he had power to forsake the false path, and to enter the road lighted by a bright sun, and leading on to rich fields of harvest.

O young reader! if you have wandered from the right path, turn back now! Or this terrible dream may some day be for you a condemnation; and when you cry out: "O beautiful youth, return!" your prayer may not be heard; your youth may come back to you no more.

RICORD, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an American author, born on the island of Guadeloupe in 1819. His grandfather, a refugee from the horrors of the French Revolution, settled in Baltimore in 1798. His father graduated from the N.Y.College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1810. Young Ricord entered Geneva College at the age of fourteen. Thence he went to Rutgers College, and afterwards began the practice of law. This he soon abandoned for teaching, in which he was highly successful. In 1849 he became Librarian of the Library Association of Newark, N. J. He retained the position for twenty years. During sixteen years of this time he was a member of the Newark Board of Education, and its president from 1867 to 1870. He was State Superintendent of Public Instruction for four years, Sheriff of Essex Co. from 1865 to 1869, Mayor of Newark from 1869 to 1873, and soon after the expiration of his last term was appointed Lay Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Essex Co., N. J. He is, in 1890, Librarian of the New Jersey Historical Society, and is engaged in editing the Colonial Documents of New Jersey. Judge Ricord is an accomplished linguist, and has made translations from the poets of many nations. He has published an *English Grammar*, a *History of Rome*, *The Life of Madame de Longueville*, from the French of Cousin, *The Henriade*, from the French of Voltaire, *English Songs from Foreign Tongues*, and *The Self-Tormentor*, from the Latin of Terence, with *More English Songs from Foreign Tongues*. Interspersed with these are poems of his own. Several of his translations are given in this work.

FREDERICK WILLIAM RICORD.—

TO POLLY:—ON HER BIRTHDAY.

The great, round earth on which we tread,
With all the wealth that's overlaid,
And stars that circle overhead,
In six poor little days were made.

But when the Maker, all divine,
Would win the homage of the spheres,
And all His other works outshine,
He took full nigh six thousand years.

And, then, to have, at once, combined,
All that was beauteous, pure and true,
He studied, plann'd; He wrought, refined:
And, lo, His work: you, Polly, you!

AN ANGEL.

I have a little prayer-book,
With pictures through and through,
It has Morocco covers
So finely gilded too.
Godmother wish'd to teach me,
And so this book she got,
Which, though I've had five summers,
Is without scratch or blot.

No pictures half so lovely
Can anywhere be found,
And gold and silver borders
These pictures all surround.
Of one among them chiefly,
The colors much I prize;
It is a praying angel,
That has such sparkling eyes.

My playmates, when they look at
This angel's curly hair:
"'Tis just like that of Charley,
The Miller!" they declare;
"The Miller who last summer,
At eve the fancy took,
To tell us that sweet story,
Down there beside the brook."

On Sundays, when the church-bell
Through all the valley rings,

I go to church where Charley,
The sweetest singer, sings.
And when I read my Prayer-book,
And to the Angel come,
I can't turn any further,
And, all at once, I'm dumb.
From the Flemish of H. PEETERS.

THE ONLY FAULT.

Nature, on my Chloris lavish,
Gave her what must hearts e'er ravish;
Gave a form of grace transcendent;
Eyes of brilliancy resplendent;
Cheeks where rose and lily blended,
And, what these the more commended,
Gave her, too, a charming spirit,
Adding—which was no small merit—
Talent deftly to expose it;
But, alas! my Chloris knows it.
From the Dutch of BELLAMY.

TO A COQUETTE.

Thou polished cast from nature's finest die;
Thou sunbeam dancing 'round us without rest;
Thou perfum'd thorn; thou sugar-coated lie,
Piercing and pois'ning those who love thee best;
Thou yet shalt meet with thine own counterpart;
And each shall wound, and each shall feel the smart.

MADRIGAL.

If each man's deeply hidden woe
Were written out upon his brow,
For many, then, our tears would flow,
Who, rather, move our envy now.

Alas, how many, in whose breast,
The keenest agonies exist,
Make, in appearing to be blest,
Their sum of happiness consist.
From the Italian of METASTASIO.

RIDLEY, NICHOLAS, an Anglican bishop and martyr, born about 1500; burned as a heretic at Oxford in 1555. He was among the first in England who embraced the principles of the Reformation. In 1547, soon after the accession of the "boy king" Edward VI. he was made Bishop of Rochester, and in 1550 was transferred to the See of London. Not long after the accession of Queen Mary he was arrested as a heretic, condemned to the stake, and burned, October 15, 1555, in company with Latimer. While the fire was being lighted Latimer said to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good cheer, brother Ridley; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished." While under persecution, Ridley wrote *A Piteous Lamentation of the Miserable Estate of the Church.*

PERILS, DELIVERANCES AND MARTYRDOMS.

Of God's gracious aid in extreme perils towards them that put their trust in Him, all Scripture is full, both Old and New. What perils were the Patriarchs often brought into, as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but of all other, Joseph; and how mercifully were they delivered again! In what peril was Moses, when he was fain to fly for the safeguard of his life! And when was he sent again to deliver the Israelites from the servile bondage? Not before they were brought into extreme misery. And when did the Lord mightily deliver his people from Pharaoh's sword? Not before they were brought into such straits that they were so compassed on every side (the main sea on the one side, and the main host on the other), that they could look for none other (yea, what did they else look for then?) but either to have been drowned in the sea, or else to have fallen on the edge of Pharaoh his sword? . . .

What shall I speak of the Prophets of God, whom God suffered to be brought into extreme perils, and so mightily delivered them again? as Helias, Heremy, Daniel, Micheas, and Jonas, and many others whom it were but too long to rehearse and set out at large. And did the Lord use his servants otherwise in the new law after Christ's incarnation? Read the Acts of the Apostles, and you shall see, No. Were not the Apostles cast into prison, and brought out by the mighty hand of God? Did not the angel deliver Peter out of the strong prison, and bring him out by the iron gates of the city, and set him free? And when, I pray you? Even the night before Herod appointed to have brought him in judgment for to have slain him, as he had a little before killed James, the brother of John. Paul and Silas, when, after they had been sore scourged, and were put into the inner prison, and there were held fast in the stocks—I pray you what appearance was there that the magistrates should be glad to come the next day themselves to them, to desire them to be content, and to depart in peace? Who provided for Paul that he should be safely conducted out of all danger, and brought to Felix, the Emperor's deputy, whereas both the high priests, the Pharisees, and the rulers of the Jews had conspired to require judgment of death against him—he being fast in prison—and also more than forty men had sworn each one to the other that they would never eat nor drink until they had slain Paul! A thing wonderful, that no reason could have invented, or man could have looked for: God provided Paul his own sister's son, a young man, that disappointed that conspiracy and all their former conjuration. . . .

Now to descend from the Apostles to the Martyrs that followed next in Christ's Church, and in them to declare how gracious our good God hath ever been to work wonderfully with them which in his cause have been in extreme peril, it were matter enough to write a long

book. . . . . But for all these examples, both of Holy Scriptures and other histories, I fear me the weak man of God, encumbered with the frailty and infirmity of the flesh, will have now and then such thoughts and qualms (as they call them) to run over his heart, and to think thus: "All these things which are rehearsed out of the Scriptures, I believe to be true; and of the rest, truly I do think well, and can believe them also to be true. But all these we must needs grant were special miracles of God, which now in our hands are ceased, we see; and to require them of God's hands, were it not to tempt God?"

Well-beloved brother, I grant such were great, wonderful works of God, and we have not seen many such miracles in our time, either for that our sight is not clear (for truly God worketh with us on his part in all times), or else because we have not the like faith of them for whose cause God wrought such things, or because after that he had set forth the truth of his doctrine by such miracles then sufficiently, the time for so many miracles to be done was expired withal. Which of these is the most special cause of all other, or whether there be any other, God knoweth: I leave that to God. But know thou this, my well-beloved in God, that God's hand is as strong as ever it was; he may do what his gracious pleasure is, and he is as good and gracious as ever he was. Man changeth as the garment doth; but God, our Heavenly Father, is even the same now that he was, and shall be forevermore.

The world, without doubt (this I do believe, and therefore I say), draweth towards an end, and in all ages God hath had his own manner, after his secret and unsearchable wisdom, to use his elect. Sometimes to deliver them, and to keep them safe; and sometimes to suffer them to drink of Christ's cup—that is, to feel the smart, and to feel of the whip. And though the flesh smarteth at the one, and feeleth ease in the other—is glad of the one, and sore vexed

in the other; yet the Lord is all one towards them in both, and loveth them no less when he suffereth them to be beaten—yea, and to be put bodily to death—than when he worketh wonders for their marvellous delivery. Nay, rather, he doth more for them, when in anguish of the torments he standeth by them, and strengtheneth in their faith, to suffer in the confession of the truth and his faith the bitter pains of death, than when he openeth the prison doors and letteth them go loose: for here he doth but respite them to another time, and leaveth them in danger to fall in like peril again; and there he maketh them perfect, to be without danger or pain or peril after that forevermore. But this his love towards them—howsoever the world doth judge of it—is all one, both when he delivereth and when he suffereth them to be put to death. . . . .

Thinkest thou, O man of God, that Christ our Saviour had less affection to the first martyr, Stephen, because he suffered his enemies, even at the first conflict, to stone him to death? No, surely; nor James, John's brother, which was one of the three that Paul calleth primates, or principals amongst the Apostles of Christ? He loved him never a whit the worse than he did the other, although he suffered Herod the tyrant's sword to cut off his head. Nay, doth not Daniel say, speaking of the cruelty of Antichrist his time: "And the learned shall teach many, and shall fall upon the sword and in the flame, and in captivity, and be spoiled and robbed of their goods for a long season.". . .

If that, then, was foreseen for to be done to the godly learned, and for so gracious causes, let every one to whom any such thing by the will of God doth chance, be merry in God and rejoice, for it is to God's glory and his own everlasting wealth.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.—

RIDPATH, JOHN CLARK, an American educator and historian, was born in Indiana in 1840. He was educated at the Indiana Asbury University, now known as the De Pauw University. He has been prominently connected with the prosperity of many educational institutions, especially with that of his *Alma Mater*, of which he became vice-president in 1879. He is author of *Academic History of the United States* (1874), *Popular History of the United States* (1876), *Grammar-School History* (1877), *Inductive Grammar of the English Language* (1878), *Monograph on Alexander Hamilton* (1880), *Life and Work of Garfield* (1881), *Life of Blaine* (1884), *History of Texas* (1884), *Cyclopædia of Universal History* (1880–85), and has edited Bishop William Taylor's *Story of my Life* (1895).

TENETS OF LIBERTY.

To the thoughtful student of history several things seem necessary to the perpetuity and complete success of American institutions. The first of these is the prevalence of the idea of National Unity. Of this spake Washington in his Farewell Address, warning his countrymen in solemn words to preserve and defend that government which constituted them one people. Of this wrote Hamilton and Adams. For this pleaded Webster in his great orations. Upon this the far-seeing statesmen of the present day, rising above the strifes of party and the turmoils of war, plant themselves as the one thing vital in American politics. The idea that the United States are one Nation and not thirty-eight nations is the grand cardinal doctrine of sound political faith. State pride and sectional attachment are natural passions in the



JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

human breast, and are so near akin to patriotism as to be distinguished from it only in the court of a higher reason. But there is a nobler love of country,—a patriotism that rises above all places and sections that knows no County, no State no North, no South, but only native land; that claims no mountain slope; that clings to no river bank; that worships no range of hills; but lifts the aspiring eye to a continent redeemed from barbarism by common sacrifices and made sacred by the shedding of kindred blood. Such a patriotism is the cable and sheet-anchor of our hope.

A second requisite for the preservation of American institutions is the Universal Secular Education of the People. Monarchs govern their subjects by authority and precedent; republics by right reason and free will. Whether one method or the other will be better, turns wholly upon the intelligence of the governed. If the subject have not the knowledge and discipline necessary to govern himself, it is better that a king, in whom some skill in the science of government is presupposed, should rule him. As between two stupendous evils, the rational tyranny of the intelligent few is preferable to the furious and irrational tyranny of the ignorant many. No force which has moved among men impelling to bad action, inspiring to crime, overturning order, tearing away the bulwarks of liberty and right and converting civilization into a waste, has been so full of evil and so powerful to destroy, as a blind, ignorant and factious democracy. A republic without intelligence—even a high degree of intelligence—is a paradox and an impossibility. What means that principle of the Declaration of Independence which declares the consent of the governed to be the true foundation of all just authority? What kind of "consent" is referred to? Manifestly not the passive and unresisting acquiescence of the mind which, like the potter's clay, receives whatever is impressed upon it, but that

active, thinking, resolute, conscious, personal consent which distinguishes the true freeman from the puppet.

When the people of the United States rise to the heights of this noble and intelligent self-assertion, the occupation of the party leader—most despicable of all tyrants—will be gone forever; and in order that the people may ascend to that high plane, the means by which intelligence is fostered, right reason exalted, and a calm and rational public opinion produced, must be universally secured. The Public Free School is the fountain whose streams shall make glad all the lands of liberty. We must educate or perish.

A third thing necessary to the perpetuity of American liberties is Toleration—toleration in the broadest and most glorious sense. In the colonial times intolerance embittered the lives of our fathers. Until the present day the baleful shadow has been upon our land. The proscriptive vices of the Middle Age have flowed down with the blood of the race and tainted the life that now is, with a suspicion and distrust of freedom. Liberty in the minds of men has meant the privilege of agreeing with the majority. Men have desired free thought, but fear has stood at the door. It remains for the United States to build a highway, broad and free, into every field of liberal inquiry, and to make the poorest of men who walk therein more secure in life and reputation than the soldier who sleeps behind the rampart. Proscription has no part or lot in the American system. The stake, the gibbet and the rack, thumb-screws, sword and pillory, have no place on this side of the sea. Nature is diversified; so are the human faculties, beliefs, and practices. Essential freedom is the right to differ and that right must be sacredly respected. Nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with coldness and disdain but openly, cordially and with good will. No loss of rank, abatement of

character, or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest seekers after truth. The right of free thought, free inquiry, and free speech, is as clear as the noonday and bounteous as the air and ocean. Without a full and cheerful recognition of this right, America is only a name, her glory a dream, her institutions a mockery.

The fourth idea, essential to the welfare and stability of the Republic, is the Nobility of Labor. It is the mission of the United States to ennoble toil and honor the toiler. In other lands to labor has been considered the lot of serfs and peasants; to gather the fruits and consume them in luxury and war, the business of the great. Since the mediæval times European society has been organized on the basis of a nobility and a people. To be a nobleman was to be distinguished from the people; to be one of the people was to be forever debarred from nobility. Thus has been set on human industry the stigma of perpetual disgrace. Something of this has been transmitted to the new civilization in the West—a certain disposition to renew the old order of lord and laborer. Let the odious distinction perish, the true lord is the laborer and the true laborer the lord. It is the genius of American institutions, in the fulness of time, to wipe the last opprobrious stain from the brow of toil and to crown the toiler with the dignity, luster and honor of a full and perfect manhood.

RIGGS, KATE DOUGLAS (WIGGIN), *née* SMITH, an American educator and writer of stories for the young, was born in Philadelphia in 1859. Her girlhood was spent at Hollis, Maine, and at Andover, Massachusetts, where she was educated. She removed in early life to California; where, with her sister Norah, she began the study of the Fröbelian system of education. She taught a year in the Santa Barbara college; and in 1878 she organized in San Francisco the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains. She founded the California Kindergarten Training School; which graduated its first class in 1881, and soon had its workers in every State on the Pacific coast, and in Central America and the Sandwich Islands. In 1888 she removed to New York; where she became first vice-president of the New York Kindergarten Association. Her husband, Samuel Bradley Wiggin, died in 1889; and in 1895 she was married to George Christopher Riggs. Her literary works, by which she is better known to the world at large, and some of which have been translated into French, German, Japanese, Danish, and Swedish, and printed in raised letters for the blind, and all of which have been republished in England, include *Half a Dozen Housekeepers* (1878); *The Birds' Christmas Carol* (1886); *Kindergarten Chimes* (1888); *The Story of Patsy* (1889); *A Summer in a Cañon* (1889); *Timothy's Quest* (1890); *The Story Hour* (short stories in collaboration with her sister, 1890); *The Kindergarten and the Public School* (1891); *Children's Rights* (with her sister, 1892); *A Cathedral Courtship* (1893); *Penelope's English Experiences* (1893); *Polly Oliver's Problem* (1893);

KATE DOUGLAS RIGGS.—

The Village Watch Tower (1895); *Fröbel's Gifts* (1896).

POLLY AND EDGAR.

"Oh, how old and 'gentlemanly' you look, Edgar! I feel quite afraid of you!"

"I'm glad you do. There used to be a painful lack of reverence in your manners, Miss Polly."

"There used to be a painful lack of politeness in yours, Mr. Edgar. Oh dear, I meant to begin so nicely with you and astonish you with my new grown-up manners! Now, Edgar, let us begin as if we had just been introduced; if you will try your best not to be provoking, I won't say a single disagreeable thing."

"Polly, shall I tell you the truth?"

"You might try; it would be good practice even if you didn't accomplish anything."

"How does that remark conform with your late promises? However, I'll be forgiving and see if I receive any reward; I've tried every other line of action. What I was going to say when you fired that last shot was this: I agree with Jack Howard, who used to say that he would rather quarrel with you than be friends with any other girl."

"It is nice," said Polly complacently. I feel a sort of pleasant glow myself, whenever I've talked to you a few minutes; but the trouble is that you used to fan that pleasant glow into a raging heat, and then we both got angry."

"If the present 'raging heat' has faded into the 'pleasant glow,' I don't mind telling you that you are very much improved," said Edgar encouragingly. "Your temper seems much the same, but no one who knew you at fourteen could have foreseen that you would turn out so exceedingly well."

"Do you mean that I am better looking?"

asked Polly, with the excited frankness of sixteen years.

"Exactly."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Edgar. I'm a thousand times obliged. I've thought so myself, lately; but it's worth everything to have your grown-up, college opinion. Of course, red hair has come into vogue, that's one point in my favor, though I fear mine is a little vivid even for the fashion; Margery has done a water color of my head which Phil says looks like the explosion of a tomato. Then my freckles are almost gone, and that is a great help; if you examine me carefully in this strong light you can only count seven, and two of those are getting faint-hearted. Nothing can be done with my aspiring nose. I've tried in vain to push it down, and now I'm simply living it down."

Edgar examined her in the strong light mischievously. "Turn your profile," he said. "That's right; now, do you know, I rather like your nose, and it's a very valuable index to your disposition. I don't know whether, if it were removed from your face, it would mean so much; but taken in connection with its surroundings, it's a very expressive feature; it warns the stranger to be careful. In fact, most of your features are danger signals, Polly; I'm rather glad I've been taking a course of popular medical lectures on First Aid to the Injured!"

And so, with a great deal of nonsense and a good sprinkling of quiet, friendly chat, they made their way to Professor Salazar's house, proffered Polly's apologies, and took the train for San Francisco.—*Polly Oliver's Problem.*

THE FORE-ROOM RUG.

The room grew dusky as twilight stole gently over the hills of Pleasant River. Priscilla's lip trembled; Diadema's tears fell thick and fast on the white rosebud, and she

had to keep wiping her eyes as she followed the pattern.

"I ain't said as much as this about it for five years," she went on, with a tell-tale quiver in her voice, "but now I've got going, I can't stop. I'll have to get the weight out o' my heart somehow.

"Three days after I put Lovey's baby into her arms the Lord called her home. 'When I prayed so hard for this little new life, Reuben,' says she, holding the baby as if she would never let it go, 'I didn't think I'd got to give up my own in place of it; but it's the first fiery flood we've had, dear, and though it burns to my feet, I'll tread it as brave as I know how.'

"She didn't speak a word after that; she just faded away like a snow-drop, hour by hour. And Reuben and I stared one another in the face as if we was dead instead of her, and we went about that house o' mourning like sleep-walkers for days and days, not knowing whether we et or slept, or what we done.

"As for the baby, the poor little mite didn't live many hours after its mother, and we buried 'em together. Reuben and I knew what Lovey would have liked. She gave her life for the baby's, and it was a useless sacrifice, after all. No, it wa'n't neither; it *could-n't* have been! You needn't tell me God 'll let such sacrifices as that come out useless! But, anyhow, we had one coffin for 'em both, and I opened Lovey's arms and laid the baby in 'em. When Reuben and I took our last look, we thought she seemed more 'n ever like Mary, the mother of Jesus. There never was another like her, and there never will be. 'Nonesuch,' Reuben used to call her."

There was silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the old clock and the tinkle of a distant cow-bell. Priscilla made an impetuous movement, flung herself down by the

basket of rags, and buried her head in Diadema's gingham apron.

"Dear Mrs. Bascom, don't cry. I'm sorry, as the children say."

"No, I won't more 'n a minute. Jot can't stand it to see me give way. You go and touch a match to the kitchen fire, so't the kettle will be boiling, and I'll have a minute to myself. I don't know what the neighbors would think to ketch me crying over my drawing-in frame; but the spell's over now, or 'bout over, and when I can muster up courage I'll take the rest of the baby's cloak and put a border of white everlastings round the outside of the rug. It 'll always mean the baby's birth and Lovey's death to me; but the flowers will remind me it's life everlasting for both of 'em, and so it's the most comforting end I can think of."

It was indeed a beautiful rug when it was finished and laid in front of the sofa in the fore-room. Diadema was very choice of it. When company was expected, she removed it from its accustomed place, and spread it in a corner of the room where no profane foot could possibly tread on it. Unexpected callers were managed by a different method. If they seated themselves on the sofa, she would fear they did not "set easy" or "rest comfortable" there, and suggest their moving to the stuffed chair by the window. The neighbors thought this solicitude merely another sign of Diadema's "p'ison neatness," excusable in this case, as there was so much white in the new rug.

The fore-room blinds were ordinarily closed, and the chilliness of death prevaded the sacred apartment; but on great occasions, when the sun was allowed to penetrate the thirty-two tiny panes of glass in each window, and a blaze was lighted in the fire-place, Miss Hollis would look in as she went upstairs, muse a moment over the pathetic little romance of rags, the story of two lives worked into a

bouquet of old-fashioned posies, whose gay tints were brought out by a setting of sombre threads. Existence had gone so quietly in this remote corner of the world that all its important events, babyhood, childhood, betrothal, marriage, motherhood, with all their mysteries of love and life and death, were chronicled in this narrow space not two yards square.

Diadema came in behind the little schoolteacher one afternoon. "I cal'late," she said, "that being kep' in a dark room, and never being tread on, it will last longer 'n I do. If it does, Priscilla, you know that white crape shawl of mine I wear to meeting hot Sundays: that would make a second row of everlastings round the border. You could piece out the linings good and smooth on the under side, draw in the white flowers, and fill 'em round with black to set 'em off. The rug would be han'somer than ever then, and the story — would be finished."—*The Village Watch Tower.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.—

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, an American poet, born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1854. As a child he was the constant companion of his father, an attorney-at-law, and on court days, perched in some corner, began unconsciously his studies of Western character and dialect. His school education was carried on irregularly. He wished to be a portrait-painter, but sign-painting being a shorter road to wealth, he became a wandering artist of roadsides and fences. He then joined a company of strolling players as both actor and author; rewrote plays, improvised songs, drew caricatures, and laid in store of insight into character, and knowledge of different phases of life. His earliest verses in dialect were printed in local papers about 1875. He subsequently joined the editorial staff of the *Indianapolis Journal*. His poems, contributed to newspapers and magazines, have been from time to time collected into volumes.

He has published *The Old Swimmin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems*, by Benj. F. Johnson of Boone (1883), *The Boss Girl, and Other Sketches, Stories and Poems* (1886), *Afterwhiles*, poems, and *Character Sketches and Poems* (1887), *Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury*, and *Old-Fashioned Roses* (1889), *Rhymes of Childhood Days* (1890), *Neighborly Poems* (1891), *Flying Islands of the Night* (1891), *An Old Sweetheart of Mine* (1891), *Green Fields and Running Brooks* (1893), *Poems Here at Home* (1893), *Armazinda* (1894) is a volume of Hoosier harvest-airs and child-rhymes.

THE ELF-CHILD.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board and keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

We set around the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turned the kivvers down he wasnt there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was this, his pants an' round-about:—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of every one an' all her blood-an-kin.
An' onc't when they was "company," an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, 'an said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run and hide,
They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teacher fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, and dry the Orphant's tear,
An' help the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git *you*
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

Old Man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim—
An Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old man backin' him, fer three months.
And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
Was jes' as we turned to start away—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where

Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
And they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old man's words in his mind all day—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f—like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole rigiment—white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—
The Old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said—"Tell Jim
Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Jim 'lowed at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the Old man give him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around for a week or so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—

Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heard was the Old man say—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked for years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'Mongst the hills o' Somerset
Wisht I was a-roaming yet!
My feet won't get usen to
These low lands I'm trompin' through.
Wisht I could go back there and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my schoolboy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the airly dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love growed on
Natcherl as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there!—
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.—

The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavor'n ever' breeze
With mixt hints o' mulberries
And May-apples, from the thick
Bottom lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back: the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears fer me
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still,
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin' and gray hair—
But they's nothin' I ferget
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edzact,
Very middle-aged, in fact—
Yet a-thinkin' back to *then*,
I'm the same wild boy again!
There's the dear old home once more,
And ther's mother at the door—
Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
Yet she's *singin'*, and I *hear*.
And there's Joe, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane!
Dusk's a-fallin'; and the dew,
'Pears like it's a-fallin' too—
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

RIPLEY, GEORGE, an American scholar, born at Greenfield, Mass., in 1802; died at New York in 1880. He graduated at Harvard in 1823, at the head of a class of unusual brilliancy; studied at the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1827 became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston. In 1831 he went to Europe, where he remained for some time, studying German and French Literature, and upon his return devoted himself to literary work. In 1838 he undertook the editing of a series of translations by different persons, entitled *Foreign Standard Literature*, which extended to fourteen volumes, and published *Discourses on the Philosophy of Religion* (1839), and *Letters on the Latest Forms of Infidelity*. In 1842 he engaged in establishing the "Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education," which was abandoned after a trial of four years. In 1849 he became literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, and literary adviser for the publishing house of Harper and Brothers, filling these positions until his death. In 1853 he published *Hand Book of Literature and the Fine Arts*. In 1853 he and Charles A. Dana undertook the editing of Appleton's *American Cyclopedia* (1853, *et seq.*; second edition 1874 *et seq.*). As literary editor of the *Tribune* he exercised a wider influence than any other man upon American literature. Few books of any note appeared which were not "noticed" by him, and always in an impartial and liberal spirit. These "Book Notices" not unfrequently extended to considerable length, and it is to be regretted that no collection of the most important of these has been published.

VOLTAIRE.

The earliest dates in the history of Voltaire present a transparent contrast to the glory of its final success. He first appears in the character of a cunning Bohemian, intent on wresting a livelihood from a reluctant world, rather than as a man of genius whose writings were to excite a fermentation of thought. His first step was to change the family name of Arouet to the more sonorous title of Voltaire. He soon found his place in the brilliant and corrupt society of that period. His pen had free exercise in the field of irony and satire; his mocking genius is called into early action; he sends the shafts of his wit with less regard to the accuracy of their aim than to the effect of their stroke; and by the time he is twenty years old he is thrown into prison for a lampoon on the king. But he soon turns the tables, makes friends of his accusers, and is again launched on the topmost wave of social and literary success. He becomes a shrewd financial manager, a fortunate speculator in stocks, a trader in pensions and offices, and a contractor with the government for furnishing the army with bacon and beef.

The wonderful power of Voltaire in the subsequent stages of his career was doubtless due to the sinuous facility with which he adapted himself to the spirit of the age. He struck while the iron was hot. It was an epoch of transition from medieval religiousness to modern free-thinking. The whispers of doubt against the authority of the church were muttered in secret places; Voltaire proclaimed upon the housetops what had been suspected in the cell of the thinker and the study of the scholar. He gave verbal expression to the ideas which had been cherished in private; and the secret of the skeptic became the property of the world. At that time the sentiment of religion was identified with the faith of the Church in the leading circles of French society. Protestantism had made little headway in the land of the

Huguenots. The Roman Catholic faith was considered the genuine type of Christianity, which was held responsible for the encroachments of ecclesiastical power on the claims of human freedom. Voltaire made no distinction between religion and Catholicism. In his attacks on religion he deemed himself the defender of freedom, and supposed that he was battling for the cause of Humanity while attempting to demolish the supremacy of the Church.

Nor was Voltaire in sympathy with the thoroughgoing skepticism which was the characteristic of the eighteenth century. He attacked religion less as a creed or a sentiment than as an obstacle, in its existing manifestations, to liberty of thought; and, while he kept no terms with the ecclesiastical authorities of the age, he was wont to express his conviction of a retributive Providence, and even erected a church at Ferney, dedicated to the Supreme Being. The influence of Voltaire on his age accordingly was as the champion of mental freedom and of the unembarrassed pursuit of truth, of the rights of man—to use a phrase which was then coming into vogue.

The methods of Voltaire all took their stamp as much from the character of the age as from his own intellectual traits and tendencies. It was an age when the grave aspect of the scholastic philosophy was softened down into the unwrinkled visage of modern vivacity. Voltaire was essentially the royal jester in the Court of Literature. He did not attempt to "sap a a solemn creed by a solemn sneer," but tried to undermine the faith of ages by gay ribaldry and light persiflage. He courted inquiry with some sorry joke on his lips, and laughed off the stage what he could not destroy by serious discussion. He seemed to have no earnestness of character, to play with his strongest convictions, to prefer a sparkling repartee to a lucid argument, and in his most strenuous combats to rely more on the flashes and flourishes of

his sword than on the temper of his blade. His attacks on religion partook of the shallow and mercurial nature of the man. If he could make a brilliant poem against the priesthood, he took little care to verify its truth. He held Christianity responsible with its life for many antiquated theories which since his time have parted with much of the prestige that had embalmed them in the odor of sanctity, and which are now by no means considered as essential elements of an orthodox creed.

Still, in his easy way, Voltaire was a lover of humanity. He had a keen sense of the evils of modern society, and a certain half-ironical hope that they were not past redemption. He felt for "the oppressions that were done under the sun;" but it was less a feeling of love for the oppressed than hatred of the oppressor. . . .

The present century has opened a new era in which Voltaire would find himself a stranger and a foreigner. His influence has left but few traces on the intellectual development of the age; his genius for sarcasm and mockery has grown pale before the rising dawn of a devout earnestness, and the profound seriousness of inquiry which mark the researches of modern science. The spirit of the nineteenth century calls for guides and leaders of a different metal from that of Voltaire. Let the mocking spectre rest unmolested in the realms of shades; let no violence be offered to his aged bones as they rest in their laurelled though moss-grown sepulchre; but let him not be honored as the intellectual sovereign of the present or the coming age. The sceptre has departed from the sage of Ferney; let his name be no longer invoked as the law-giver of thought. Yet while he is dethroned from his intellectual supremacy over a superficial age, let us not fail to do justice to his higher qualities as the armed foe of superstition, and the alert champion of the freedom of the human mind.—*Tribune, Feb.*, 1878.

RITCHIE, ANNA CORA (OGDEN) MOWATT, an American author born in Bordeaux, France, in 1819; died near London, England, in 1870. At the age of fourteen she was secretly married to James Mowatt, a young lawyer of New York. Her first novel, *Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covadonga*, was published under the pen-name of *Isabel* (1836), and she responded to the adverse criticism of this book by another, entitled *Reviewers Reviewed* (1837). In 1841 she gave a series of dramatic readings, and began to contribute stories to magazines under the name, *Helen Berkeley*. She wrote several plays, and tried her fortune on the stage, making her *début* in 1845 at the Park Theatre, Boston, as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*. Her husband died in 1851. In 1854 she was married to William F. Ritchie, of Richmond, Va. After his death in 1868, she resided in Europe. Her plays include *Gulzara, the Persian Slave* (1840), *Fashion, a Comedy* (1845), and *Armand, or The Peer and the Peasant* (1847). Her books are: *The Fortune-Hunter* (1842), *Evelyn; or, A Heart Unmasked* (1845), *The Autobiography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage* (1854), *Mimic Life; or, Before and Behind the Curtain* (1855), *Twin Roses* (1857), *Fairy Fingers* (1865), *The Mute Singer* (1866), and *The Clergyman's Wife, and Other Sketches* (1867).

MINISTRATION.

Five o'clock had struck when Madeleine perceived that her companion's eyes had grown heavy, and that he was making a desperate struggle to keep them open. With womanly tact she leaned her elbow on the bed, and rested her forehead on her hand, in such a manner that her face was concealed, and thus avoided any

further conversation. In less than ten minutes the sound of clear but regular breathing apprised her that Maurice had fallen asleep.

When she looked up, at first timidly, but soon with security, Maurice was lying back in his arm-chair—his hands were calmly folded together, his head drooped a little to one side, the rich chestnut curls (for his hair had darkened until it no longer resembled Bertha's golden locks), were disordered, and fully revealed his fair, intellectual brow; the pallor of his face rendered more than usually conspicuous the chiselling of his finely-cut features; the calm, half-smiling curve of his handsome mouth, gave his whole countenance an expression of placid happiness which it had not worn of late in waking hours. Madeleine sat and gazed at him as she could never have gazed when his eyes might have met hers; she gazed until her whole soul flashed into her face; and if Maurice had awakened and caught but one glimpse of the fervent radiance of that look he would surely have known her secret.

There is intense fascination to a woman in scanning the face that is to her beyond all others worth perusing, when the soft breath of sleep renders the beloved object unconscious of the eyes bent tenderly upon his features. No check is given to the flood of worshipping love that pours itself out from her soul; then, and perhaps *then only*, in his presence, she allows the tide of pent-up adoration to break down all its natural barriers. However perfect her devotion at other times, there may, there always *does*, exist a half-involuntary *reticence*, a secret fear that if even her eyes were to betray the whole wealth of her passion it would not be well with her.—*Fairy Fingers.*

ANNE ISABELLA RITCHIE.—

RITCHIE, ANNE ISABELLA (THACKERAY), an English author, born in London, in 1838. She is the daughter of William M. Thackeray, and in early years her father dictated many of his works to her and to her sister. After receiving her education in Paris and London, she was married to her cousin, Richmond Thackeray Ritchie. Her books include: *The Story of Elizabeth* (1863), *The Village on the Cliff* (1867), *To Esther, and Other Stories* (1869), *Old Kensington* (1870), *Blue Beard's Keys, and other Stories* (1873), *Toilers and Spinsters, and Other Essays* (1874), *Miss Angel* (1875), *Annie Evans* (1880), *Mme. de Sévigné*, a biography (1881), a *Book of Sibyls*, reprinted from the Cornhill Magazine (1883), *Mrs. Dymond* (1886), *Tennyson and His Friends* (1893), *Lord Amherst and the British Advance Eastward to Burmah* (1894; in collaboration with R. Evans). *Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs* (1895).

IN SHADOW.

It was as well, perhaps, that the cruel news should have come to Dolly as it did—suddenly, without the torture of apprehension, of sympathy. She knew the worst now; she had seen it printed for all the world to read; she knew the worst, even while they carried her upstairs half-conscious; some one said, "Higher up" and then came another flight, and she was laid on a bed, and a window was opened, and a flapping handkerchief that she seemed to remember came dabbing on her face. It was evening when she awoke, sinking into life. She was lying on a little bed like her own, but it was not her own room. It was a room with a curious cross corner and a window with white curtains, through which the evening lights were still shining. There was a shaded green lamp in a closet opening out of the room, in the corner of which a figure was sitting at work with a coiffe like that one she had seen pass

the window as she waited in the room down below.

A low sob brought the watcher to Dolly's side. She came up carrying the little shaded lamp. Dolly saw in its light the face of a sweet-looking woman, that seemed strangely familiar. She said, "Lie still, my dear child. I will get you some food;" and in a few minutes she came back with a cup of broth, which she held to her lips, for, to her surprise, Dolly found that her hands were trembling so that she could not hold the cup herself.

"You must use my hands," said the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Fane. You know my brother David. I am a nurse by trade."

And nursed by these gentle hands, watched by these kind eyes, the days went by. "Dolly had narrowly escaped a nervous fever," the doctor said. "She must be kept perfectly quiet; she could not have come to a better place to be taken care of."

Mrs. Fane reminded Dolly one day of their first meeting in Mr. Royal's studio. "I have been expecting you," she said, with a smile. "We seem to belong to each other."

Marker came, and was installed in the inner closet. . . .

Marker had an objection to institootions. "Let people keep themselves to theirselves," she used to say. She could not bear to have Dolly ill in this strange house, with its silence and stiff, orderly ways. She would gladly have carried her home if she could; but it was better for Dolly to be away from all the sad scenes of the last few months. Here she was resting with her grief—it seemed to lie still for awhile. So the hours passed. She would listen with a vague curiosity to the murmur of voices, to the tramp of the feet outside, bells struck from the steeples round about, high in the air, and melodiously ringing; Big Ben would come swelling over the house-tops; the river brought the sound to Dolly's open window

Clouds are in the sky; a great heavy bank is rising westward. Yellow lights fall fitfully upon the water, upon the barges floating past, the steamers, the boats; the great spanning bridge and the distant towers are confused and softened by a silver autumnal haze; a few yellow leaves drop from the creeper round the window; the water flows cool and dim; the far distant sound of the wheels drones on continually. Dolly looks at it all. It does not seem to concern her, as she sits there sadly and wearily. Who does not know these hours, tranquil but sad beyond words, when the pain not only of one's own grief, but of the sorrow of life itself, seems to enter into the soul? It was a pain new to Dolly, and it frightened her. Some one coming in saw Dolly's terrified look, and came and sat down beside her. It was Mrs. Fane, with her kind face, who took her hand, and seemed to know it all as she talked to her of her own life—talked to her of those whom she had loved and who were gone. Each word she spoke had a meaning, for she had lived her words and wept them out one by one.

She had seen it all go by. Love and friendship had passed her along the way; some had hurried on before; some had lagged behind or strayed away from her grasp, and then late in life had come happiness, and to her warm heart tenderest dreams of motherhood, and then the final cry of parting love and of utter anguish and desolation, and that too had passed away. "But the love is mine still," she said; "and love is life."

To each one of us comes the thought of those who live most again when we hear of a generous deed, of a truthful word spoken; of those who hated evil and loved the truth, for the truth was in them, and common to all; of those whose eyes were wise to see the angels in the field at work among the devils. . . . The blessing is ours of their love for great and noble things. We may not all be gifted with the

divinest fires of their nobler insight and wider imagination, but we may learn to live as they did, and to seek a deeper grasp of life, a more generous sympathy. Overwhelmed we may be with self-tortures and wants and remorses, swayed by many winds, sometimes utterly indifferent from very weariness, but we may still return thanks for the steadfast power of the noble dead. It reigns unmoved through the raving of the storm; it speaks of a bond beyond death and beyond life. Something of all this Mrs. Fane taught Dolly by words in this miserable hour of loneliness, but still more by her simple daily actions. . . . The girl, hearing her friend speak, seemed no longer alone. She took Mrs. Fane's hand and looked at her, and asked whether she might not come and live there some day, and try to help her with her sick people.—*Old Kensington.*

REINE.

The tide which sways between the two great shores of England and France sometimes beats against our chalk cliffs, which spread in long, low lines gleaming tranquilly in the sun, while the great wave armies roll up with thundering might to attack them; sometimes it rushes over the vast sand-plains and sand-hills, the dunes and the marshes of France, spreading and spreading until its fury of approach is spent, and then perhaps, as the sun begins to set, and the sky begins to clear, suddenly the water stills and brightens, and the fishing-boats put out to sea with the retiring tide. Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the waters as they roll and roll away;—some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. . .

This echo of the sea, which to some was a complaint and a reproach, was to Reine Chrétien like the voice of a friend and teacher, —of a religion almost. There are images so natural and simple that they become more

than mere images and symbols; and to her, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the great sea, upon the shores of which we say we are as children playing with pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously towards the horizon, as some pray looking towards heaven, in the words their fathers have used; and some pray by the pains they suffer; and some by the love that is in them; and some, again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and periphrases the story of their labors and weariness and effort. The other children on the shore are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange, fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily digging foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting, and bruising with the sharp edges. . . .

Reine, on her sea-shore, picked up her stones with the rest of us, and carefully treasured the relics which she inherited from her mother, the good Catholic, since whose death her life would have been a sad one if it had not been so full of small concerns of unintermitting work. She, too, heard the sound of the sea as she went about her daily occupations, but to Reine it seemed like the supplement and encouragement of her lonely life. She listened to it as she went her rounds from the great kitchen to the outer boundaries of the farm, across the orchards and fields to the garden a mile off, where her beans were growing, or sometimes sitting, resting by the blazing hearth, where the wood was heaped and the dried colza grass flaring. . . .

Reine was one of those people whose inner

life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went crossways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, or long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. . . .

Reine on her knees, under the great arch of Bayeux Cathedral, with the triumphant strains of the anthem resounding in her ears, would have seemed to some a not unworthy type of the Peasant Girl of Domremy in Lorraine. As the music rang higher and shriller, the vibrations of the organ filled the crowded edifice. Priests stood at the high altar celebrating their mysteries; the incense was rising in streams from the censers; people's heads went bending lower and lower; to Reine a glory seemed to fill the place like the glory of the pink cloud in the Temple, and the heavens of her heart were unfolded. The saints and visions of her dim imaginations had no high commands for their votary; they did not bid her deliver her country, but sent her home to her plodding ways and her daily tasks, moved, disturbed, with a gentler fire in her eye, and with the soft chord in her voice stirred and harmonizing its harsher tone.—*The Village on the Cliff.*

RIVES, AMELIE, an American author, born in Richmond, Va., in 1863. She was educated by private tutors, and in 1888 was married to John Armstrong Chanler, of New York City. Her first volume was a collection of tales, entitled *A Brother to Dragons, and Other Old Time Tales* (1888). She has since published: *The Quick or the Dead* (1888), *Virginia of Virginia* (1888), *Herod and Mariamne* (1888), *The Witness of the Sun* (1889), *According to St. John* (1891), *Barbara Dering* (1893), *Athelwold* (1893), *Tanis* (1893).

THE FARRIER LASS O' PIPING PEBWORTH.

Well, the winter passed, and spring came on again, and 'twas May o' that year that I did break my hammer-arm. God above us only knows what would 'a' befallen us had 't not been for my Keren. Wilt believe 't? (but then I think thou'lt believe a-most anything o' that lass o' mine now—eh, comrade?) th' lass did set to work, and in two weeks' time a was as good a farrier as was e'er her daddy afore her. Bodykins, man! thou shouldst 'a' seen her at it: clad from throat to feet she was in a leathern apron, looking as like mine own as though th' mare's skin whereof mine was fashioned had, as 'twere, foaled a smaller one for th' lass—ha! ha!—and her sleeves rolled up from her bare arms, and th' cords a-standing out on them like th' veins in a horse's shoulder. And so would she stand, and work th' bellows at th' forge, until, what with th' red light from the fire on her face, and on her hair, and on her bare arms, I was minded o' th' angel that walked i' the fiery furnace with th' men in Holy Writ. . . .

Well, ne'er saw I such trouble as that arm gave me (and 't has ne'er been strong since). First 'twould not knit, and then when 't did 'twas all wrong, and had to be broken and set o'er again. But th' lass ne'er gave out once. Late and early, fair weather and foul, a was at



AMÉLIE RIVES.

th' forge; and a came to be known for as good a smith as there was in all Warwickshire. But, for that none had e'er heard tell o' a woman at such work, or for some other reason, they did come to call here, moreover, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth."

Well, th' months swung round, and 'twas nigh to Martlemas in that same year, and one day as I sat i' th' forge door, a-swearing roundly to myself concerning my lame arm, and how that 'twould not mend, up comes galloping a man, like one distraught, and a child on the saddle afore him, and a flings himself down with th' child in 's arms (making no shift whate'er to hold th' horse, which gallops on with th' reins swinging), and a cries out, a-setting of th' child on my knee—a cries out, "For God's sake, help me! My child hath been bit by a mad dog! Help me in some way, for th' love of God!"

And I saw that 'twas Robert Hacket that crouched and quivered at my knee like a hurt hound, and the child as like to him as one leaf on a tree is to th' other. But ere I could do or say aught, comes that lass o' mine, and ups with th' babe in her arms, and he roaring as lustily as any bull-calf with th' wound in 's little brown arm, and she sees where the beast hath bitten him. Then sets she him down again on my lap, and runs and fetches a bar o' iron and beats it i' th' forge till 'tis white-hot, and all th' time th' poor father a-sobbing, and kissing of the babe, and calling on me to help him, like as though I were God Almighty. And while he was so doing, and the babe like to burst with weeping, and I gone mad with not knowing what to be at, comes that wench, comrade, and jerks up th' babe, and sets th' white-hot metal in 's soft flesh.

Ay, comrade, a did, and a held it there till where th' dog's fangs had been was burned as black as th' anvil. And then, when 'tis done, and th' babe again upon 's feet, and we two for praising and blessing o' her, down drops she all

in a heap on th' floor atween us, like a hawk that hath been smitten in mid-heaven. Then 'twas, comrade, that th' babe was left to endure his pain as best he might; never thought more did 's father give him that day; but he runs and lifts th' lass in 's strong arms and bears her out into th' fresh air, and he calls her his "dear," and the "own," and his "life," and his "Keren," till had 't not been for my lass 's coming back to life, I would 'a' struck him in th' mouth for a-speaking so unto her, and he th' husband o' another woman.

But no sooner opes she her eyes than he hath both her hands hid in one o' his, and close against his breast, and she lying back in 's arms as though she were any chrisom child, and her big eye wide on his, and he saith to her: "Lass! lass!" saith he, "I ha' come to marry thee, an thou wilt have me," quoth he. "I ha' come to marry thee; and may God bless thee for saving th' child!"

Then did I understand; but she saith, with her great eyes not moving—saith she—only one word—"Ruth?" saith she even so, once, low like that—"Ruth?" "Ay, lass, I know," he saith unto her, "I know," he saith. "But all's well with Ruth. Ruth is in heaven."

Then saith she, while a light leaps out o' her tearful eyes, like as when the sun doth shine suddenly through April rain—saith she, as she were breathing her life into th' words,

"Methinks I be there too."

And also did I understand her, how that she meant that to be lying in th' arms o' him she loved, after all those weary year, was like being in heaven; but he questions her. "How, lass?" saith he. "Where dost thou think thou art? Thou art in thy true love's arms," saith he.

"Ay, there is heaven," she saith.

And I stole away to get th' babe some kickshaws i' th' village, that they twain might be alone together.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.—

ROBERTSON, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an English clergyman, born at London, in 1816; died at Brighton in 1853. He graduated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1840, and took orders the same year. In 1847, after serving as curate in several places, he became minister of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. From the first he was active in promoting enterprises for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the working classes. Some of his views in regard to the Sabbath, the Atonement, and Inspiration were sharply censured as being at variance with those of the Anglican Church, while his talents, sincerity, and lofty personal character were acknowledged by all. Nearly all of his works were published only after his death. Among them are: *Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics* (1858), *Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel* (four series, 1855–63), *Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians* (1870). His *Life and Letters*, edited by Stopford A Brooke, were published in 1865.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

"Let us be going." There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to his doom. He might have waited for it; instead of which He went to meet the soldiers. He took up the cross; the cup of anguish was not forced between his lips; He took it with his own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after years his disciples understood the principle, and acted upon it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them; they braved the Sanhedrim; they fronted the world; they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross.

Now in this there lies a principle: Under

no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

> By the poisoned springs of life,
> Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife.

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of remorse and despondency, but a sky, not perhaps of radiant, but yet of most serene and chastened, and manly hope. There is a Past which is gone forever, but there is a Future which is still our own.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF LIFE.

The sorrows of the past stand out most visibly in our recollections, because they are the keenest of our sensations. At the end of a long existence we should probably describe it thus: "Few and evil have the days of thy servant been." But the innumerable infinitesimals of happiness that from moment to moment made life sweet and pleasant are forgotten; and very richly has our Father mixed the materials of these with the homeliest actions and domesticities of existence. See two men meeting together in the streets—mere acquaintances. They will not be five minutes together before a smile will overspread their countenances, or a merry laugh ring off at the lowest amusement. This has God done. God created the smile and the laugh, as well as the sigh and the tear. The aspect of this life is stern—very stern. It is a very superficial account of it which slurs over its grave mystery, and refuses to hear its low undertone of anguish. But there is enough, from hour to hour, of bright sunny happiness to remind us that its Creator's highest name is Love.

THE BIBLE IN HUMAN HISTORY.

This collection of books has been to the world

what no other book has ever been to a nation. States have been founded on its principles; kings rule by a compact based on it. Men hold the Bible in their hands when they prepare to give solemn evidence affecting life, death or property; the sick man is almost afraid to die unless the book be within the reach of his hands; the battle-ship goes into action with one on board whose office it is to expound it. Its prayers, its psalms, are the language which we use when we speak of God; eighteen centuries have found no holier, no diviner language. If there has been a prayer or a hymn enshrined in the heart of a nation, you are sure to find its basis in the Bible.

The very translation of it has fixed language and settled the idioms of speech. Germany and England speak as they speak because the Bible was translated. It has made the most illiterate peasant more familiar with the history, customs, and geography of ancient Palestine than with the localities of his own country. Men who know nothing of the Grampians, of Snowdon, or of Skiddaw, are at home in Zion, the Lake of Gennesareth, or among the hills of Carmel. People who know little about London, know by heart the places in Jerusalem where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the cross. Men who know nothing of the architecture of a Christian Cathedral can yet tell you about the pattern of the holy Temple. Even this shows us the influence of the Bible. The orator holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to a single word. But the Word of God has held a thousand nations, for thrice a thousand years, spell-bound; held them by an abiding power—even the universality of its truth; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books but *the Book*.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.—

ROBERTSON, WILLIAM, a Scottish divine and historian, born at Borthwick, in 1721; died near Edinburgh, in 1793. He graduated at the University of Edinburgh in 1741, and in 1743 was presented to the living of Gladsmuir. In the General Assembly he was a leading advocate of lay patronage. In 1757 he defended John Home, who was censured for writing the tragedy of *Douglas*. In 1761 he was made a Dean of the Chapel Royal; in 1762 Principal of the University of Edinburgh and minister of the old Greyfriar's. In 1764 he was appointed Historiographer of Scotland. The historical works of Robertson are: *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI.* (1759), *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.* (1769), *History of America* (1777), *An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India* (1791). The *Life of Robertson* has been written by Dugald Stewart (1801), and by Lord Brougham (1845).

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of form she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious; impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty.

Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents which we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit was not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her. We must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence.

Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve; and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them we are apt altogether to forget these frailties. We think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.—*History of Scotland.*

FRANCIS I. AND CHARLES V.

During twenty-eight years an avowed rivalship subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., which involved not only

their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars that were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known at any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favorable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigor of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it.

The success of their enterprises was suitable to the diversity of their characters, and was uniformly influenced by it. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the Emperor's best-laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and

baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or a campaign, broke in upon the enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival beginning to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to a happy issue; many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.—*History of Charles V.*

THE FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did

not see the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were Children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated on their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color; their features singular rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transport received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn—the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Towards evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. *History of America.*

ROBINSON, AGNES MARY FRANCES, an English author, born at Leamington, England, in 1857. After receiving her education in Brussels and at the University College, London, where she gave especial attention to Greek Literature, she began to write stories, and essays, and poems. Her works include: *A Handful of Honeysuckles* (1878), *The Crowned Hippolytus*, a translation of Euripides, with new poems (1880), *Mary Schonewald*, a short story (1882), *Arden*, a novel (1883), *Emily Brontë* (1883), *The New Arcadia*, poems (1884), *An Italian Garden*, poems (1886) *Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre* (1887), *Songs of the Inner Life, Ballads, and a Garden Play* (1888), *The End of the Middle Ages* (1889), *Lyrics* (1891), and *Retrospect and other Poems* (1893).

Her sister, FRANCES MABEL ROBINSON, is the author of several novels: *Mr. Butler's Ward, Disenchantment, The Plan of Campaign, A Woman of the World* (1890), and *Hovenden, V. C.* (1891).

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The train stopped, and they got out and walked down the wide streets of the bleak little town.

"Well," said Gerard, as he looked about him, "I have often longed to see this place. It is the Mecca of our drama. I guess when the *Mayflower* set out for Plymouth, the Pilgrim Fathers little dreamed that of all the towns in the old country there would be none for which their children would cherish so fantastic a devotion as for the birthplace of the Stratford play-actor. Nothing strikes one so much in life as the incongruity of things. I call that an incongruity—they would have called it a degeneration; Harvard would call it the influence of culture. To me it's simply incongru-

ous. There's a delightful humor about it. And the place itself, that's incongruous, too. There's no breath of romance here; no comedy idleness and sweetness, as there is about Guyscliff, or Stoneleigh, or Kenilworth. I can see no reason why Shakespere should have to be born in this bare little town. It's just the one bleak, prosy little place in this Elizabethanshire. All the rest is pure *paysage pour rire*, as Vernon Lee says somewhere, or Colvin, I don't know which. Just the effects for a stage: low-lying meadows full of king-cups and lady-smock, the bend of a full sleepy river, a plank bridge; or that mill at Guyscliff, with the balcony for the stage princess to come out and sing upon, and the cascade in front, with the ivied hall breaking through the trees. . . .

"Here we are," said Sylvie. It was indeed the well-known timbered house. They rang the bell and entered."

"Why, Harry," said Arden, in a caressing whisper, "it's not half so pretty as our old house at home!"

"I've allus liked th' old house," replied her husband in as low a voice, "but, Sylvie, love, I never thought it fit for the likes of thee!"

"I've been very happy there," said Arden. And, as they went together through the narrow little house, all Gerard's banter failed to bring a frown to Farmer William's serious brow. It was a very happy party that laughed and theorized in the tumble-down brown chambers where Shakspere played his childhood and dreamed his youth away. They liked to imagine—Arden and Gerard—the many times in which that house had seen him in disgrace; they invented superior young friends of his, who had doubtless come to see him in the back shop and were afterward held up as examples to him by his parents; they fancied the excuses he would make to slip away to Anne Hathaway in her pretty cottage, and discuss the attraction which an older woman has for boys of genius. Gerard had just

begun upon the remonstrances of old Mr. Shakspere when his good-for-nothing son proposed to join the strolling players, when Harry interrupted the flow of his would-be Elizabethan tongue.

"Muster Rose," he said, rather awkwardly, "I fancy there's a fairish number o' sights we've got to see."

"That's so," said Gerard, comprehending in one glance the serious faces of Susie and the attendants. "It doesn't do to mock the idol in his temple," he whispered to Arden as he led her out.

She laughed. Harry's face clouded over again. They were always laughing together.

They passed the old grammar-school where Shakspere got his slender schooling, and then they set out for the church that stands so well between its broad, green avenue and the sleepy river at the back. They wandered silently through the aisles, and looked at the storied tombs with their rough carving.

"Odd, isn't it," said Gerard, "that in the very years you always call the flowering time of the Fine Arts in England, your grandees could get no better tombs carved for themselves than their great-great-grandfathers had been accustomed to? What surface! what paucity of detail! It must have been a real martyrdom, anyway, for some travelled courtier and dabbler in art to know that when his time came he would have to repose under the weight of such a thing as that. Shades of Pisano and Della Quercia! they all went to Italy, your lords and scholars. Why in the world did they never bring some carvers back?"

"We're in church," interposed Susie, softly; but she was quite as much shocked at the criticism as the sacrilege. It was all so fine and rare to her. Gerard bowed, and kept silence until they reached the chancel and the painted bust of Shakspere.

"Well, I declare," cried Gerard. "It's the most pathetic thing I ever saw. Is this all they could do for Shakspere?"

They stopped and looked at the portrait with interest and wonder; but, after a glance, Arden strayed away. When Gerard lowered his eyes he saw that she had moved forward, and was looking at the nearest monument.

It is indeed a contrast to the rude figure-head which stands for Shakspere's presence in his church. Two young people, in the beautiful, careless dress of the court of Charles II., are looking out of a square carved frame at the passers-by. Handsome youth and beautiful girl, undimmed by age or change, wearing their lace ruffles and by-gone finery with an easy grace as out of date as these, they still look out at the altering world with a facile, indifferent interest, as though, seated in their opera-box, they were looking out on a play.

"I like them best," said Arden, looking up.

"What a difference," and she glanced back at the painted bust.

"Yes," answered the young man—"it's apocalyptic! It brings home to me, with a shock of understanding, the whole social difference between Shakspere and his London world. The little glover's shop never told us that. But this! oh, one understand the sonnets now! Let him be what he would—greatest tragedian since Æschylus; greatest comedy-writer of all time; friend and accepted equal of Elizabeth's finest courtiers; one sees now that he never really was on their level. He was always hopelessly above or below them. He was Shakspere. He was Shakspere, the glover's son. He lives for all time; but while he lived on earth, he was never the equal of these two beautiful, careless, unrenowned young people."—*Arden.*

CALAIS BEACON.

For long before we came upon the coast and the line of the surge,
Pale on the uttermost verge,
We saw the great white rays that lay along the air on high,
Between us and the sky.

So soft they lay, so pure and still: "Those
are the way," you said,
"Only the angels tread;"
And then we watched them tremble past the
hurrying rush of the train
Over the starlit plain.

Until at last we saw the strange, pallid, elec-
trical star
Burning wanly afar:
The lighthouse beacon sending out its rays
on either hand
Over the sea and the land.

Those pale and filmy rays that reach to mari-
ners, lost in the night,
A hope of dawn and a light—
How soft and vague they lie along the dark-
ness, shrouding o'er
The dim sea and the shore.

And many fall in vain across the untenanted
marshes to die,
And few where sailors cry;
Yet, though the moon go out in clouds, and
all of the stars grow wan
Their pale light shineth on.

O souls, that save a world by night, ye too
are no rays of the noon
And no inconstant moon;
But such pale, tender-shining things as yon
faint beacon afar,
Whiter than any star.

No planet names that all may tell, no meteor
radiance and glow
For a wondering world to know;
You shine as pale and soft as that, you pierce
the stormy night
And know not of your light.

An Italian Garden.

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

She lived in the hovel alone, the beautiful child.
Alas, that it should have been so!

But her father died of the drink, and the sons went wild;
And where was the girl to go?

Her brothers left her alone in the lonely hut.
Ah, it was dreary at night
When the wind whistled right through the door that never would shut,
And sent her sobbing with fright.

She never had slept alone; for the stifling room
Held her, brothers, father—all.
Ah, better their violence, better their threats, than the gloom
That now hung close as a pall!

When the hard day's washing was done, it was sweeter to stand
Hearkening praises and vows,
To feel her cold fingers kept warm in a sheltering hand,
Than crouch in the desolate house.

Ah, me! she was only a child; and yet so aware
Of the shame which follows on sin.
A poor, lost, terrified child! she stept in the snare,
Knowing the toils she was in.

Yet now, when I watch her pass with a heavy reel,
Shouting her villainous song,
Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I feel
For the infinite sorrow and wrong?

With a sick, strange wonder I ask, Who shall answer the sin,
Thou, lover, brothers of thine?
Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in?
Or I, who gave no sign?

The New Arcadia.

ROBINSON, CHARLES SEYMOUR, an American clergyman and author, born at Bennington, Vt., in 1829. He graduated at Williams College in 1849, studied theology in the Union Seminary of New York city, and at Princeton; in 1855, became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Troy, N. Y., and in 1870, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian church of New York. This pastorate he resigned in 1887. From 1890 to 1892 he was pastor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York; and in 1892 became pastor of New York Presbyterian Church. He received the degree of D.D., from Hamilton in 1867, and that of LL.D., from Lafayette in 1885. Dr. Robinson has published several collections of hymns, among them, *Songs of the Church* (1862), *Songs for the Sanctuary* (1866), and *Laudes Domini* (1884). He has also published *Studies of Neglected Texts* (1883), *The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus* (1887), *Simon Peter, His Life and Times* (1888), *New Laudes Domini* (1892), *Annotations upon Popular Hymns* (1893), and *Simon Peter, Later Life and Labors* (1894). In 1889 he established *Every Thursday*, a weekly paper.

THE BODY OF RAMESES II.

After the verification by the Khedive of the outer winding sheet of the mummy in the sight of the other illustrious personages, the initial wrapping was removed, and there was disclosed a band of stuff or strong cloth rolled all round the body; next to this was a second envelope sewed up and kept in place by narrow bands at some distance each from each; then came two thicknesses of small bandages; and then a new winding-sheet of linen, reaching from the head to the feet. Upon this a figure representing the goddess Nut, more than a yard in length, had been drawn in red and white color, as prescribed by the ritual for the dead. Beneath this amulet there was found one more bandage; when that was removed, a piece of linen alone

remained, and this was spotted with the bituminous matter used by the embalmers, so at last it was evident that Rameses the Great was close by—under his shroud. It seems solemn and pathetic to think of the way in which cool science shreds away from the real man all the mere adornments and factitious shows that an opulent or adulatory world may have laid over him when he died. It is just so that history deals with every one of us. . . . .

The enthusiasm grew thoughtful and reverent at this point. With only the decent covering of a linen shroud between his form and the epoch, Rameses II. lay completely in the power of a generation of human beings that was going to review his case once more as it stood in forgotten history; only a layer of cloth represented three thousand years of decorous and forbearing silence—covering his face and his crimes. . . . . Think of the historic changes which had passed over the world since that linen cloth was put around the form of the king. Think what civilizations stood facing an old era like his. Christianity was confronting the despot who refused to recognize Jehovah as the Supreme Monarch of the universe, and in an august moment of tremendous decision was going to pronounce its righteous judgment on his life according to the light of the New Testament.

A single clip of the scissors, and the king was fully disclosed. The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temple there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about two inches in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalmment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like the noses of the Bourbons; the temples are sunken, the cheek-

bones very prominent; the mouth small but thick-lipped; the teeth worn and very brittle but white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness; or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and a tenth of an inch in length. The skin is of earthy brown splotched with black.

Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but, even under mummification there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. He was over six feet in heigth. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna.

The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man.

And thus our story of this mighty dead king is ended for the moment.—*The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus.*

ROBINSON, EDWARD, an American scholar, born at Southington, Conn., in 1794; died at New York in 1863. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1816, and became a tutor in the college. Having prepared a text-book for college use, consisting of a portion of the *Iliad*, with notes, he went to Andover in 1821 for the purpose of having it printed. Becoming acquainted with Prof. Stuart, his attention was directed to the Hebrew language, and in 1823 he was made Assistant Professor of Hebrew in the Andover Theological Seminary. In 1826 he went to Germany, where he remained four years, studying philology at Halle and Berlin, and married a daughter of Prof. Jakob of Halle. He returned to America in 1830, and was appointed Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Seminary. He resigned this position in 1833, on account of impaired health. During the succeeding three years he resided at Boston, engaged in preparing *Lexicon of the Greek Testament* and in translating Gesenius's *Hebrew Lexicon;* both works being published in 1836. The Hebrew Lexicon received so much enlargement in subsequent editions that it was finally published under his own name.

In 1837 he accepted the chair of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York; but before entering upon the duties of his professorship he made a long-projected tour in Palestine and the adjacent regions. His *Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Countries* was published in 1841. In 1852 he made another tour in Palestine, visiting portions of the country which he had not

reached in the previous tour. His *Later Researches* were published in 1856, forming a complement to the earlier work, which was then carefully revised. Dr. Robinson continued his professorship during his life, and at the time of his death was engaged upon *The Physical Geography of the Holy Land.* This work, edited by his widow, was published in 1865. Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Robinson prepared a Harmony of the *Four Gospels* in Greek and English, translated Buttman's *Greek Grammar*, superintended a revised edition of Calmet's *Biblical Dictionary*, and was for several years editor of the *Biblical Repository*, and subsequently of the *Bibliotheca Sacra.*

SITE OF THE ANCIENT BEERSHEBA.

Our road thus far had been among swelling hills of moderate height. We now began gradually to ascend others higher, thinly covered with grass, now dry and parched. We looked before us over a broad lower part, beyond which our eyes were greeted with the first sight of the mountains of Judah south of Hebron, which skirted the open country, and bounded the horizon on the east and northeast. We now felt that the desert was at an end. Descending gradually we came out at two o'clock upon an open undulating country. The shrubs ceased, or nearly so; green grass was seen along the lesser water-courses, and almost greensward; while the gentle hills, covered in ordinary seasons with grass and rich pasture, were now, at the middle of April, burnt over with drought. Arabs were pasturing their camels in various parts, but no trace of dwellings was anywhere visible. At two o'clock we reached Wady es-Seba, a wide water-course or bed of a torrent, running here W. S. W. Upon its northern side, close upon

the bank, are two deep wells, still called *Bir-es-Seba*—the ancient Beersheba. We had entered the borders of Palestine.

These wells are some distance apart; they are circular, and stoned up very neatly with solid masonry, apparently much more ancient than that of the wells at Abdeh. The largest one is twelve and a half feet in diameter, and forty-four and a half feet deep to the surface of the water, sixteen feet of which, at the bottom, is excavated in the solid rock. The other lies fifty-five rods W. S. W., and is five feet in diameter, and forty-two feet deep. The water in both is pure and sweet, and in great abundance. Both wells are surrounded with drinking-troughs of stone for camels and flocks; such as were doubtless used of old for the flocks which then fed upon the adjacent hills. The curb-stones were deeply worn by the friction of the ropes in drawing up water by hand.

We had heard of no ruins here, and hardly expected to find any; for none were visible from the wells; yet we did not wish to leave so important a spot without due examination. Ascending the low hills, north of the wells, we found them covered with the ruins of former habitations, the foundations of which are still distinctly to be traced, although scarcely one stone remains upon another. The houses appear not to have stood compactly, but scattered over several little hills, and in the hollows between. They seem to have been built chiefly of round stones, though some of the stones are squared, some hewn. We could find no special traces of churches or other public buildings, although one or two large heaps of stones may probably have been such edifices. These ruins are spread over a space half a mile in length along the northern side of the water-course, and extending back about a quarter of a mile. Fragments of pottery are scattered over the whole. On the south side of the water-course is a long wall of hewn stone under the bank, extending for several hundred

feet, apparently intended to protect the bank from being washed away by the torrent. . . .

Here, then, is the place where the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob often dwelt. Here Abraham dug, perhaps, this very well; and journeyed from hence with Isaac to Mount Moriah to offer him up there in sacrifice. From this place Jacob fled to Padan-Aram, after acquiring the birthright and blessing belonging to his brother; and here, too, he sacrificed to the Lord on setting off to meet his son Joseph in Egypt. Here Samuel made his sons judges; and from here Elijah wandered out into the southern desert, and sat down under a shrub of Retem, just as our Arabs sat down under it every day and night. Here was the border of Palestine proper, which extended from Dan to Beersheba. Over these swelling hills the flocks of the patriarchs once roved by thousands, where now we found only a few camels, asses, and goats.

Beersheba is last mentioned in the Old Testament as one of the places to which the Jews returned after the exile. The name does not occur in the New Testament; nor is it referred to as then existing by any writer earlier than Eusebius and Jerome of the fourth century. They describe it as a large village with a Roman garrison. It is found as an episcopal city in the early ecclesiastical and other *Notitia* re-referring to the centuries before the Mohammedan conquests; but none of its bishops are anywhere mentioned. Its site, in like manner, was long forgotten; and the crusaders assigned this name to the place now called *Beit Jibrîn*, lying between Hebron and Askelon. About the middle of the fourteenth century Sir John Maundeville and two others passed on this route from Sinai to Hebron and Jerusalem, and all of them mention here Beersheba. From this time onward for five centuries it has again remained, until this day, apparently unnoticed and unknown.—*Biblical Researches.*

ROBINSON, FREDERICK WILLIAM, an English novelist, born in 1830. Among his works are: *As Long as She Lived* (1876), *The Courting of Mary Smith*, *Coward Conscience*, *A Fair Maid*, *The Hands of Justice*, *Little Kate Kirby*, *Mr. Woosey's Great Trouble*, *Old Noll; or the Days of the Ironsides*, *Poor Zeph*, *Romance of a Back Street* (1878), *Othello the Second* (1880), *99 Dark Street* (1888), *A Very Strange Family* (1889), *The Keeper of the Keys* (1890), *Our Erring Brother* (1890), *Her Love and His Life* (1891), *The Fate of Sister Jessica* (1893), *The Wrong that was Done* (1893).

IN THE GARDEN.

Mary Smith did not endeavor to overtake the person who had been watching the house, and who had fled precipitately down a side walk as she descended the stone steps to a lower ground. The one who had retreated had had too much of a start, and it was not likely Mary Smith would be able to come up with her. Besides, there was the objection to act like a spy or a policeman, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon her that Mr. Lovett had put her in a false position by sending her in search of his daughter. She went along the garden paths towards the extremity of the grounds, and near the great greenhouse, and at some distance from the house, she came upon Verity Lovett, walking leisurely towards her, with her maid, Jane Rebchain, at her side.

"Are you looking for me, Miss Smith?" was the inquiry; and though the voice was low and subdued, there seemed a little effort to render it firm.

"Yes, Miss Lovett, I am," was the reply.

"You must not think me rude in escaping from the music," she said, "but the room was hot, and the garden was tempting, and papa did not want *me*."

"He has sent me to tell you that he does," answered Mary Smith.

"I am coming in. The evening is chillier

than I fancied," and she gave a very perceptible shiver as she spoke. "What does my father want?"

"I do not know."

"He has not told you?"

"No."

"That is strange, for he takes you into his confidence a great deal, Miss Smith," said Verity.

Mary Smith shook her head and laughed. "I have not remarked it," she replied. Miss Verity turned to her maid.

"Jane, you can leave us," she said. "I am quite safe now. Miss Smith is with me and I cannot possibly come to any harm."

Jane Rebchain nodded her head, gave an impudent, almost defiant, look at the companion, and then tripped away. Mary Smith noticed that Jane Rebchain did not proceed towards the house, but made a cross-cut over the broad lawn, dived into a shadowy side-path and disappeared. Mistress and companion went on to Castle Lovett. When they were at the foot of the steps leading to the upper terrace, Mary Smith, who had been considering the young lady's last remarks, and turning them over in her mind, said quietly, "I am sorry you do not like me, Miss Lovett, for I should have been glad to become your friend."

"I do not make friends readily," replied Verity.

"I see that."

"You should be content, Miss Smith, with being my companion."

"I am hardly your companion."

"Hardly," was the slow assent to this.

"I had hoped it might come to something like friendship," continued Mary, "for you are very young, and I was anxious to be of help to you and to win upon your confidence by degrees, even upon your affection."

"And betray me to my father and aunt?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then I could trust you?" she asked, with considerable eagerness, and with a voice that

trembled with suppressed emotion. "You will be on my side, not on theirs? If they were hard and oppressive, and unfair, you would sympathize with *me*—take my part; be my real true friend?"

"I would be your real, true friend if I could," repeated Mary Smith.

"Miss Smith, I——"

"But pray do not misunderstand me," she went on. "To be your true friend would be to advise you, to put you on your guard, to tell you what is right and what is wrong."

"Oh! You mean to preach to me!" she answered scornfully. "I know what that means."

"No; I am a bad preacher, and I should not have too much faith in the power of my own sermon," said Mary Smith, thoughtfully.

"Miss Smith, I will be frank with you," Verity said, as they stood together at the bottom of the steps, both reluctant, as it were, to advance towards the higher level, where the light was streaming from the unfastened and open windows of the great house. "I thought, when I first saw you, I should like you very much. My heart went out towards you because your face was young and kindly; because, like myself, you were a motherless girl, and had known the agony of a mother's loss, and wept and grieved like me, and took no comfort from the shallow friends about you, whose loss was not yours, and yet who talked as if it were. I said I might like you—that it depended upon yourself—that yours was a face that said, 'Trust me.' Do you remember all this?"

"Oh, yes! very well."

"And—I was deceived. I don't think," she said, hesitatingly, "that I shall ever trust you now."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid of you," she confessed. "You—talk of advising me, and I have had so much advice already," was the dry addition here;

"and it does so little good and so much harm, and sets me against you all."

It was an open, if a wild, confession—outburst such as a wilful girl driven to bay might very naturally exhibit. And it did not set Mary Smith against her—on the contrary, drew her towards her.

"Do you remember, also, what I said on the night of our first meeting," she asked of the excited girl, "and in reply to you?"

"N—no," was the hesitative answer.

"That I should not be in too great a hurry to run away from you," said Mary Smith, "because—though I did not tell you this—I should not form my judgment hastily, and should feel entitled, on my side, to a fair trial—because I do not take offense too readily, and because——" She paused, and Verity Lovett looked at her and wondered why she paused.

"And because," she continued, speaking very rapidly now, "you remind me of a dear one whom I loved, and whom I lost—who went away from me—forever away—and whom I shall never, never see again."

"I—I don't understand," said Verity, bewildered by this sudden animation.

"I will tell you some other time—when we have confidence in each other," replied Mary. "Let us go in now. They are speculating where we are by this time."

As they ascended the steps to the terrace, Verity Lovett put her hand into that of Mary Smith's, as a child might do who needed guidance and a stronger touch. "I think, after all, I shall like you," she murmured, as she pressed her hand.—*The Courting of Mary Smith.*

ROBINSON, HENRY CRABB, an English diarist, born at Ilchester, in 1775; died at London, in 1867. His parents were in very moderate circumstances, and he was apprenticed to an attorney. When a young man he went up to London, where he became a sort of assistant sub-editor of the *Times*. His literary tastes and genial nature gained for him admittance to the most select literary and artistic circles, and a high estimate was formed of his capacities. But, as he tells us he did not recognize in himself qualities which would secure a high place in letters. He abstained almost absolutely from authorship, and although he occasionally wrote an anonymous article for some periodical, only the short pieces were published with his signature during a long lifetime of more than ninety years. These were a paper in the *Times* signed with his initials; an essay on *The Etymology of the Mass*, originally read in 1833 before a learned society; and a pamphlet, in 1840, in reply to some misrepresentations made against his friend Thomas Clarkson. He was, however, most industrious with his pen, leaving behind him more than a hundred large volumes of manuscript, comprising, besides a voluminous *Correspondence*, a *Journal*, coming down to the year 1810; a *Diary* begun in 1811, and regularly continued down to four days before his death —a period of forty-six years; *Reminiscences*, especially of men of letters, down to 1843; and *Journals* of several continental tours. To these records, made at the time, he was wont to add memoranda and afterthoughts, always carefully indicating their date. This mass of material was placed in the

hands of his friend, Mr. Thomas Sadler, who, in 1869, put forth a selection of the more notable passages, under the title, *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

Probably no man was so intimate personally with Wordsworth as was Robinson, and to him we owe, more than to any other, what we really know of Wordsworth —the man, in whom he was among the first to recognize the great poet.

FIVE POETS AT ONE DINNER-TABLE.

April 4, 1823.— Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a very different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health, and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed to Wordsworth on points of metaphysical criticism Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the party who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed not to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

[*Mem. added some years later.*] Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly: "Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?" suiting the action to the word, and then hob-nobbing. Then he went on: "Mister Moore, until now I have always felt an antipathy to you; but now that I have seen you, I shall like you ever after." I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort. For many years he had been the most brilliant man of

his company. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme. But he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb's humor.

Besides these four bards were no one but Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary Lamb, and Mrs. Gillman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

In after years Robinson was wont to spend the Christmas holidays with Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. He notes this in his Diary for 1835, making an addition to the entry eighteen years after, when Wordsworth had been dead three years.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER AND WIFE.

December 25, 1835.—This year's visit to Wordsworth, at a season when most persons shun the Lakes, was succeeded by many others. Indeed, there were few interruptions until old age and death put an end to this and other social enjoyments. The custom began in consequence of a pressing invitation from Mrs. Wordsworth who stated—and I have no reason to doubt her perfect sincerity—that she thought it would promote *his* health; my "buoyant spirits"—to borrow her own words—"producing a cheering effect on him." I gladly accepted the invitation; but insisted on this condition, that lodgings should be taken for me in the neighborhood of Rydal Mount. In these lodgings I was to sleep and breakfast; the day I was to spend with the Wordsworths, and I was to return in the evening to my lodgings.

I soon became known in the neighborhood, and was considered as one of the family. This family then consisted, besides themselves, of Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy, the sister "Emily" of the Poems, and our companion in the Swiss tour of 1820); but her health had already broken down. In her youth and middle age she stood in somewhat the same relation to her

brother William as dear Mary Lamb to her brother Charles. In her long illness she was fond of repeating the favorite small poems of her brother, as well as a few of her own. And this she did in so sweet a tone as to be quite pathetic. The temporary obscuration of a noble mind can never obliterate the recollections of its inherent and essential worth. There are two fine lines in Goethe's *Tasso* which occur perpetually to my mind, as peculiarly applicable to her. I can only give them in this shape: "These are not phantoms bred within the brain; I know they are eternal, for they *are*."—Wordsworth's daughter, Dora ("Dorina" I called her by way of distinction), was in better health than usual; but generally her state of health was a subject of anxiety. She was the apple of her father's eye.—Mrs. Wordsworth was what I have ever known her; and she will ever be, I have no doubt, while life remains, perfect of her kind. I did not know her when she was a "phantom of delight;" but since I have known her she has been

> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command."

Mr. Crabb Robinson, as he was usually designated, had passed his ninetieth birthday before any notable decline was observable in his physical or mental powers. He still kept up his *Diary;* but a sombre air pervades it, especially during the last Christmas season and New Years which he was to see on earth. The last entry bears date on the last day of January, 1867. The entry is brief, and breaks off abruptly. Two days after, the beginning of the end came; and in two days more he passed quietly away.

ROBINSON, THERESE ALBERTINE LOUISE VON JAKOB, a German author, born at Halle, Germany, in 1797; died in 1870. In 1807 she accompanied her father, Ludwig Heinrich von Jakob, to Russia, where she studied Slavic language and literature and wrote poems. In 1828 she was married to Prof. Edward Robinson, an American biblical scholar. She wrote for the *Biblical Repository* a *Historical View of the Slavic Languages*, which was revised and published in 1860. Her works include: Translations from the Servian *Volkslieder der Serben* (2 vols. 1825–6), *Versuch einer geschichtlichen Charakteristik der Volkslieder germanischer Nationen* (1840), *Untersuchung über die Authenticität des Ossian* (1840), *Geschichte Capt. John Smith* (1845), *Die Colonisation von New England* (1847), and several novels published in Germany and translated into English by her daughter, including: *Heloise, or the Unrevealed Secret* (1850), *Life's Discipline* (1851), and *The Exiles* (1853), republished as *Woodhill*. Her last work was *Fifteen Years, a Picture from the Last Century*. She wrote under the signature of Talvj (Talvi), the initial letters of her maiden name.

A MESSAGE.

Thus the summer had passed away, and a part of winter. The peaceful quiet of this year had only been interrupted by the terrible news from Hungary, which announced to Mary the bloody ruin of her country, and named her own husband as its principal tool. At length the coronation of King Joseph put an end to the executions. The Hungarians resigned their freedom of election, and the stage of Eperies was taken down. Shortly after, the revolution of the year brought back to Mary the day on

which she had once left Samosko. She still observed it, with the most painful reminiscences, and it seemed to her a cruel freak of accident, when a servant announced that a gypsy-woman wished to see her.

But quickly the thought of Kossanya flashed across her mind. "Let her come in," she said, and her voice trembled. The woman entered, but it was not the young, blooming Kossanya. Could she have changed, in three short years, to this careworn figure, on which grief had stamped its seal? Yellow and withered, the skin of the cheeks hung around the bone, a gloomy and sickly glance was in her eye. The black braids had been cut off, and a tattered garment hardly covered the limbs, bent by sorrow. In the dim evening twilight, Mary did not recognize poor Kossanya under this terribly altered form.

"What do you wish, my good woman?" asked Mary, in a gentle tone.

"Did I not think so?" said Kossanya, and a bitter smiled played around her mouth. "But I still know you, Countess Szentirany. You are just as milk-white and beautiful yet as when you once stood before me, in the Carpathian mountains, as the wife of Emmeric Barcoczy."

"Kossanya!—you!" cried Mary, turning pale. . . .

"And what do you want of me, Kossanya!" inquired Mary. "Can I serve you, poor woman? Tell me—or do you bring news of——"

"Of Emmeric, mean you? You have guessed well. That I have sought you everywhere among men, and without resting, when I had rather hidden myself in the thick forest or under the ground in the cold grave—think you that I did it for my own pleasure? No! by the prophet! Fair as you are and gentle, the sight of you is loathsome to me! The glance of your eye wounds me like a dagger; poison breathes on me from your sweet lips,

when you open them. But I have promised it to Emmeric! he made me swear to him by my gods and his that I would follow you to the ends of the earth."

"You come in Emmeric's name, unhappy creature?" asked Mary, trembling, and sinking into a chair. "Tell me, what do you bring me!"

"This I bring you!" replied the gipsy, taking from her bosom an embroidered handkerchief, which had once been white, but now was thickly dyed with dark blood.

"Take it," she said, in a penetrating tone—"take it, Countess! Emmeric sends it to you as a last love-token. It is Emmeric's heart's blood that has dyed the kerchief. When his head rolled in the dust to the other heads, and the thick, hot blood sprang up in a jet from the body, I dipped it in for you. For so he would have it!"

"Day of judgment!" murmured Mary's trembling lips. But her benumbed hands had not the power to take the handkerchief. The gipsy threw it into her lap. "My errand is fulfilled," she continued. "Do you shudder? Does terror seize you? Weep you tears for him whom you alone have sacrificed?—Rejoice now at your work, with that villain, your infamous husband, whom the curse of thousands rests upon!—If only he lives long enough!" . . .

"Woman! thou art terrible!" said Mary, rousing herself from partial unconsciousness. "The All-Merciful, who has long since looked into my broken and contrite heart, may judge between thee and me! Happy am I that He is more merciful than you, my fellow-mortals!"

The gipsy looked perplexed; but she quickly turned, with firm steps, and was about to leave the room.

"I will not let thee go!" cried Mary, starting up. "Oh, Kossanya, if thou art human—if thou art a woman—I beseech thee, tell me more—tell me all!"

Kossanya looked wildly around her;—

"Here," she cried, "on these silken carpets, within these walls of splendor they are to rest, the wearied, broken limbs! Let me go out into the forest, let me hide in the tents of my people! There I can sob and shriek, there I can roll on the ground and howl! But I will not do it any more!—oh, I am free now!—oh!"

"Poor maiden!" said Mary, forgetting for a few moments her own fate in that of Kossanya, —"poor maiden!—oh, remain here!—go not from me in anger, Kossanya; collect thy spirits. I will not let thee go until thou hast learned to forgive my wretched heart!" With these words hot tears dropped from her eyes on the maiden's hands, which she had lovingly grasped. Kossanya fixed on her immovably the most disconsolate gaze, and the unaccustomed sympathy at length melted her frozen heart. The hard features, the convulsive quivering of grief, were dissolved in scalding tears, which gradually grew more and more gentle.

Before long the two weeping women were seated opposite each other, and Kossanya related her sad story. Anxiously did Mary listen for a word about Emmeric, but she had not the courage to interrupt the poor girl, when she devoted also to her own sufferings a few words of lament.—*Life's Discipline: A Tale of the Annals of Hungary.*

ROCHEFOUCAULD, FRANÇOIS DE LA, DUC DE, a French author, born at Paris in 1613; died in 1680. He was of a noble family and hereditary Prince de Marsillac. In his youth he served with distinction in the army; took part with Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII., in her contest with Cardinal Richelieu, and was banished by the Cardinal, but was recalled by Anne after his death. Subsequently he took part in the civil war of the Fronde. In his later years he withdrew from politics, and devoted himself to literature and literary society. He wrote *Memoirs of the Reign of Anne of Austria* (1662), and *Reflections and Maxims* (1665). The last work, be which he is almost entirely known, consists of about 550 detached pieces, many of them being of not more than a couple of lines, and few of more than as many pages. The following is the last and one of the longest of the *Reflections*.

ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

After having spoken of the falsity of so many apparent virtues, it is reasonable to say something of the falsity of the Contempt of Death: I mean that contempt of death which the Pagans boast of deriving from their own strength, without the hope of a better life.

There is a difference between enduring death with firmness, and despising it. The first is common enough; but the other, in my opinion, is never sincere. Everything, however, has been written which could by any possibility persuade us that death is not an evil, and the weakest men, as heroes, have given a thousand examples to support this opinion. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any man of good sense ever believed it; and the pains men take to persuade others, and them-

selves of it, lets us see that the task is by no means easy. We may have many causes of disgust with life, but we never have any reason for despising death. Even those who destroy their own lives do not think it is such a little matter, and are as much alarmed at, and recoil as much from it as others when it comes upon them in a different way from the one they have chosen. The inequality remarkable in the courage of a vast number of brave men arises from the fact of death presenting itself in a different shape to the imagination, and appearing more instant at one time than another. Thus it results that, after having despised what they know nothing of, they end by fearing what they do know.

If we would not believe that death is the greatest of all evils, we must avoid looking at it and all its circumstances in the face. The cleverest and bravest are those who take the most respectable pretexts to prevent themselves from reflecting on it; but any man who is able to view it in its reality finds it a horrible thing. The necessity of dying constituted all the firmness of the philosophers. They conceived they should go through with a good grace what they could not avoid; and as they were unable to make themselves eternal, they had nothing left for it but to make their reputations eternal, and preserve all that could be secured from the shipwreck.

To put a good face on the matter, let us content ourselves with not discovering to ourselves all that we think of it; and let us hope more from our constitutions than from those feeble reasonings which would make us believe that we can approach death with indifference. The credit of dying with firmness; the hope of being regretted; the desire of leaving a fair reputation; the certainty of being freed from the miseries of life, and of no longer depending upon the caprices of fortune, are remedies which we should not reject. But at the same time we should not believe that they are infal-

lible. They do as much to assure us as a simple hedge in war does to assure those who have to approach a place to the fire of which they are exposed. At a distance it appears capable of affording a shelter; but when near, it is found to be a feeble defence. It is flattering ourselves to believe that death appears to us, when near, what we fancied it at a distance; and that our sentiments—which are weakness itself—are of a temper so strong as not to suffer from that aspect of terror. It is but a poor acquaintance with the effects of self-love to think that it can aid us in treating lightly what must necessarily destroy itself; and reason, in which we think to find so many resources, is too weak in this encounter to persuade us of what we wish.

On the contrary, it is reason which most frequently betrays us; and, instead of inspiring us with the contempt of death, serves to reveal to us all that it has dreadful and terrible. All that reason can do for us is to advise us to turn away our eyes from death, to fix them on other objects. Cato and Brutus chose illustrious ones; a lackey a short time since amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold on which he was about to be executed. Thus, though motives may differ, they often produce the same effects. So that it is true that whatever disproportion there may be between great men and common people, both the one and the other have been a thousand times seen to meet death with the same countenance; but it has been with this difference, that in the contempt which great men show for death, it is the love of glory which hides it from their view; and in the common people it is an effect of their want of intelligence, which prevents their being acquainted with the greatness of their loss, and leaves them at liberty to think of other things.

ROE, EDWARD PAYSON, an American author, born at New Windsor, N. Y., in 1838; died at Cornwall, N. Y., in 1888. He was educated at Williams College, but not graduated, owing to an affection of the eyes, and in later years the college gave him the degree of B. A. He afterwards studied theology at Auburn and at New York city. In 1862 he became chaplain in the volunteer army, and served throughout the civil war. From 1865 to 1874, he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. He then settled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he gave his time to literature and to the cultivation of small fruits. His first book, *Barriers Burned Away*, written after he visited the ruins of Chicago's great fire, was first published as a serial in the New York *Evangelist*, and met with enormous success when it was issued in book-form in 1872. His other works are: *Play and Profit in My Garden* (1873), *What Can She Do?* (1873), *Opening a Chestnut Burr* (1874), *From Jest to Earnest* (1875), *Near to Nature's Heart* (1876), *A Knight of the Nineteenth Century* (1877), *A Face Illumined* (1878), *A Day of Fate* (1880), *Success with Small Fruits* (1880), *Without a Home* (1880), *His Sombre Rivals* (1883), *A Young Girl's Wooing* (1884), *Nature's Serial Story* (1884), *An Original Belle* (1885), *Driven Back to Eden* (1885), *He Fell in Love with His Wife* (1886), *The Earth Trembled* (1887), *Miss Lou* (1888), *The Home Acre* (1889), *Taken Alive* (1889).

"CHRISTINE, AWAKE FOR YOUR LIFE!"

For a block or more Dennis was passively borne along by the rushing mob. Suddenly a

voice seemed to shout almost in his ear, "The north side is burning!" and he started as from a dream. The thought of Christine flashed upon him, perishing, perhaps, in the flames. He remembered that now she had no protector, and that he for the moment had forgotten her; though in truth he had never imagined that she could be imperilled by the burning of the north side.

In an agony of fear and anxiety he put forth every effort of which he was capable, and tore through the crowd as if mad. There was no way of getting across the river now save by the La Salle street tunnel. Into this dark passage he plunged with multitudes of others. It was indeed as near Pandemonium as any earthly condition could be. Driven forward by the swiftly pursuing flames, hemmed in on every side, a shrieking, frenzied, terror-stricken throng rushed into the black cavern. Every moral grade was represented there. Those who led abandoned lives were plainly recognizable, their guilty consciences finding expression in their livid faces. These jostled the refined and delicate lady, who, in the awful democracy of the hour, brushed against thief and harlot. Little children wailed for their lost parents, and many were trampled underfoot. Parents cried for their children, women shrieked for their husbands, some praying, many cursing with oaths as hot as the flames that crackled near. Multitudes were in no other costumes than those in which they had sprung from their beds. Altogether it was a strange, incongruous, writhing mass of humanity, such as the world had never looked upon, pouring into what might seem, in its horrors, the mouth of hell.

As Dennis entered the utter darkness, a confused roar smote his ear that might have appalled the stoutest heart, but he was now oblivious to everything save Christine's danger. With set teeth he put his shoulder against the living mass and pushed with the strongest till he emerged into the glare of the north side.

Here, escaping somewhat from the throng, he made his way rapidly to the Ludolph mansion, which to his joy he found was still considerably to the windward of the fire. But he saw that from the southwest another line of flame was bearing down upon it.

The front door was locked, and the house utterly dark. He rang the bell furiously, but there was no response. He walked around under the window and shouted, but the place remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He pounded on the door, but its massive thickness scarcely admitted of a reverberation.

"They must have escaped," he said; "but merciful heaven! there must be no uncertainty in this case. What shall I do?"

The windows of the lower story were all strongly guarded and hopeless, but one opening on the balcony of Christine's studio seemed practicable, if it could be reached. A half-grown elm swayed its graceful branches over the balcony, and Dennis knew the tough and fibrous nature of this tree. In the New-England woods of his early home he had learned to climb for nuts like a squirrel, and so with no great difficulty he mounted the trunk and dropped from an overhanging branch to the point he sought. The window was down at the top, but the lower sash was fastened. He could see the catch by the light of the fire. He broke the pane of glass nearest it, hoping that the crash might awaken Christine, if she were still there. But, after the clatter died away, there was no sound. He then noisily raised the sash and stepped in. . . .

There was no time for sentiment. He called loudly: "Miss Ludolph, awake! awake! for your life!"

There was no answer. "She must be gone," he said. The front room, facing toward the west, he knew to be her sleeping-apartment. Going through the passage, he knocked loudly, and called again; but in the silence that followed he heard his own watch tick, and his

heart beat. He pushed the door open with the feeling of one profaning a shrine, and looked timidly in. . . .

She lay with her face toward him. Her hair of gold, unconfined, streamed over the pillow; one fair, round arm, from which her night-robe had slipped back, was clasped around her head, and a flickering ray of light, finding access at the window, played upon her face and neck with the strangest and most weird effect.

So deep was her slumber that she seemed dead, and Dennis, in his overwrought state, thought she was. For a moment his heart stood still, and his tongue was paralyzed. A distant explosion aroused him. Approaching softly he said, in an awed whisper (he seemed powerless to speak louder), "Miss Ludolph!—Christine!"

But the light of the coming fire played and flickered over the still, white face, that never before had seemed so strangely beautiful.

"Miss Ludolph!—O Christine, awake!" cried Dennis, louder.

To his wonder and unbounded perplexity, he saw the hitherto motionless lips wreathe themselves into a lovely smile, but otherwise there was no response. . . .

A louder and nearer explosion, like a warning voice, made him wholly desperate, and he roughly seized her hand.

Christine's blue eyes opened wide with a bewildered stare; a look of the wildest terror came into them, and she started up and shrieked, "Father! father!"

Then, turning toward the as yet unknown invader, she cried piteously: "Oh, spare my life! Take everything; I will give you anything you ask, only spare my life!"

She evidently thought herself addressing a ruthless robber.

Dennis retreated towards the door the moment she awakened; and this somewhat reassured her.

In the firm, quiet tone that always calms

excitement, he replied, "I only ask you to give me your confidence, Miss Ludolph, and to join with me, Dennis Fleet, in my effort to save your life."

"Dennis Fleet! Dennis Fleet! save my life! O ye gods, what does it all mean?" and she passed her hand in bewilderment across her brow, as if to brush away the wild fancies of a dream.

"Miss Ludolph, as you love your life, arouse yourself and escape! The city is burning!"

When Dennis returned, he found Christine panting helplessly on a chair.

"Oh, dress! dress!" he cried. "We have not a moment to spare."

The sparks and cinders were falling about the house, a perfect storm of fire. The roof was already blazing, and smoke was pouring down the stairs.

At his suggestion she had at first laid out a heavy woolen dress and Scotch plaid shawl. She nervously sought to put on the dress, but her trembling fingers could not fasten it over her wildly throbbing bosom. Dennis saw that in the terrible emergency he must act the part of a brother or husband, and, springing forward, he assisted her with the dexterity he had learned in childhood.

Just then a blazing piece of roof, borne on the wings of the gale, crashed through the window, and in a moment the apartment, that had seemed like a beautiful casket for a still more exquisite jewel, was in flames.

Hastily wrapping Christine in the blanket shawl, he snatched her, crying and wringing her hands, into the street.

Holding his hand she ran two or three blocks with all the speed her wild terror prompted; then her strength began to fail, and she pantingly cried that she could run no longer. But this rapid rush carried them out of immediate peril, and brought them into the flying throng pressing their way northward and westward.
—*Barriers Burned Away.*

ROGERS, HENRY, an English theologian, born in 1806; died in 1877. He was for some time minister of an Independent congregation, but resigned on account of ill health, and was, in 1858, appointed Principal of the Independent College at Birmingham. He contributed largely to the *Edinburgh Review*, and a collection of his articles has been published (3 vols. 1850–55.) He published an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Thomas Fuller* (1856), and wrote several biographical sketches for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His most important work is *The Eclipse of Faith*, published anonymously in 1852. This was written in reply to Francis W. Newman's *Phases of Faith*. Newman answered in his *Reply to the Eclipse of Faith* (1854), to which Rogers rejoined in his *Defence of the Eclipse of Faith*.

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

And now what, after all, does this carping criticism amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes. It is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the "gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying, "Never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper chamber" where He instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate his memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of his love; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit

of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which he well earned for himself—from self-righteous pride and from censorious hypocrisy—the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity; and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisping Infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them Age, with its gray locks, bends in devoted reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful!

Ah, what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But, if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears. They must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "Remembered by Him when He came into his kingdom." They must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at his feet, and "in their right mind." They must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom he was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriads of desolate mourners who could not, with Mary, fly to Him and say

"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!" They must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of his mission, and guarantees of the truth of his doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of his character, and are types of the spiritual cures his gospel can yet perform. They must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him "who brought life and immortality to light." They must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side; type of ten thousand times ten thousand who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in Him "whom, though unseen, they loved." They must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many despairing souls with patience and with triumph. They must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares himself "the resurrection and the life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust. . . .

It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, every variety of experiment proves it to be inveterate; and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans. *Probatum est.* At his feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there; and have invested Him with veneration, love and gratitude which will never, never be paid to any other name than his.

ROGERS, SAMUEL, an English poet, born at Stoke Newington, in 1763; died at London, in 1855. His father was an eminent banker, into whose counting-house the son was early entered. The father, dying in 1793, left an ample fortune to his son, who retired from active participation in the business of the house, but retained an interest in it as partner. Ten years afterwards Rogers established his residence in London, and his "breakfasts" were for half a century frequented by all men noted in literature and art who could obtain an invitation to them. Rogers commenced writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the age of eighteen. His principal poems are: *The Pleasures of Memory* (1792), *Jacqueline*, published in the same volume with Byron's *Lara* (1814), *Human Life* (1819), *Italy* (Part I., 1822; Part II., 1828). He also, from time to time put forth small volumes of *Poems*. In his *Italy* he gives the following quite just estimate of himself:

ROGERS UPON HIMSELF.

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry—the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And—what transcends them all—a noble action.

REMEMBRANCE AND ANTICIPATION.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view.

Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please,
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
O thou, with whom my heart was wont to share, [care,
From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below,
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content,
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone—
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light,

And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest
Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.
The Pleasures of Memory.

GRAVE-YARD MUSINGS.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone,
Like those of old, in that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, "Know, He is not here;
He is risen!"
But the day is almost spent;
And stars are twinkling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance:
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves within, without inquire;
At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that the world reveals of good and fair;
And as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out the journey through their little day,
And fondly dream an idle hour away.
Human Life.

VENICE.

There is a glorious City in the Sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;

By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some—though time had shattered them—
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.
Italy.

REGENERATION FOR ITALY.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift—the gift of beauty.
Would thou had less, or went as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven: and shalt again. The hour shall come
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit
Who, like the eagle lowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon were Themselves,
Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead—
They of that sacred shore—have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were; instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

ROHLFS, ANNA KATHARINE (GREEN), an American author, born at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1846. After graduation at Ripley College, Va., in 1867. she lived in Buffalo. In 1884 she was married to Charles Rohlfs of Brooklyn. She has published several detective stories, including: *The Leavenworth Case* (1878), *A Strange Disappearance* (1879), *The Sword of Damocles* (1881), *X. Y. Z.* (1883), *Hand and Ring* (1883), *The Mill Mystery* (1886), *7 to 12* (1887), *A Matter of Millions*, *The Forsaken Inn* (1890), *The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock* (1895), *Dr. Izard* (1895). Mrs. Rohlf is also the author of the *Defence of the Bride, and Other Poems* (1882), and *Risifi's Daughter*, a dramatic poem (1886).

A TRUE BILL.

The town of Sibley was in a state of excitement. About the court-house, especially, the crowd was great, and the interest manifested intense. The Grand Jury was in session, and the case of the Widow Clemmens was before it. . . .

But what is the curiosity of the rabble to us? Our interest is in a little room far removed from this scene of excitement, where the young daughter of Professor Darling kneels by the side of Imogene Dare, striving, by caress and entreaty, to win a word from her lips or a glance from her heavy eyes.

"Imogene," she pleaded,—"Imogene, what is this terrible grief? Why did you have to go to the court-house this morning with papa, and why have you been almost dead with terror and misery ever since you got back? Tell me, or I shall perish of mere fright. For weeks now, ever since you were so good as to help me with my wedding-clothes, I have seen that something dreadful was weighing upon your mind, but this which you are suffering now is awful; this I cannot bear. Can not you speak, dear? Words will do you good."

"Words!"

Oh, the despair, the bitterness, of that single exclamation! Miss Darling drew back in dismay. As if released, Imogene rose to her feet and surveyed the sweet and ingenuous countenance uplifted to her own, with a look of faint recognition of the womanly sympathy it conveyed.

"Helen," she resumed, "you are happy. Don't stay here with me, but go where there are cheerfulness and hope." . . .

She sank back, but the next moment started again to her feet: a servant had opened the door.

"What is it!" she exclaimed; "speak, tell me."

"Only a gentleman to see you, miss."

"Only a——" But she stopped in that vain repetition of the girl's simple words, and looked at her as if she would force from her lips the name she had not the courage to demand; but, failing to obtain, turned away to the glass, where she quietly smoothed her hair and adjusted the lace at her throat, and then, catching sight of the tear-stained face of Helen, stooped and gave her a kiss, after which she moved mechanically to the door and went down those broad flights, one after one, till she came to the parlor, when she went in and encountered—Mr. Orcutt.

A glance at his face told her all she wanted to know.

"Ah!" she gasped, "it is then——"

"Mansell."

It was five minutes later. Imogene leaned against the window where she had withdrawn herself at the utterance of that one word. Mr. Orcutt stood a couple of paces behind her.

"Imogene," said he, "there is a question I would like to have you answer."

The feverish agitation expressed in his tone made her look around.

"Put it," she mechanically replied.

But he did not find it easy to do this, while

her eyes rested upon him in such despair. He felt, however, that the doubt in his mind must be satisfied at all hazards; so choking down an emotion that was almost boundless as her own, he ventured to ask: "Is it among the possibilities that you could ever again contemplate giving yourself in marriage to Craik Mansell, no matter what the issue of the coming trial may be?"

A shudder, quick and powerful as that which follows the withdrawal of a dart from an agonizing wound, shook her whole frame for a moment, but she answered, steadily: "No; how can you ask, Mr. Orcutt?" A gleam of relief shot across his somewhat haggard features.

"Then," said he, "it will be no treason in me to assure you that never has my love been greater for you than to-day. That to save you from the pain which you are suffering I would sacrifice everything, even my pride. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show you, any deed I can perform for you sake, I am ready to attempt it, Imogene."

"Would you—" she hesitated, but gathered courage as she met his eye—"would you be willing to go to *him* with a message from me?"

His glance fell, and his lips took a hue that startled Imogene, but his answer, though given with bitterness, was encouraging.

"Yes," he returned; "even that."

"Then," she cried, "tell him that to save the innocent, I had to betray the guilty, but in doing this I did not spare myself; that whatever his doom may be I shall share it, even though it be that of death."—*Hand and Ring.*

ROLAND, CHANSON DE, the most noted of the French poems of chivalry. It has been styled "the French national epic;" and Steinthal recognizes it as one of the world's four great national epics, the others being the Hellenic *Iliad*, the Finnish *Kalevala*, and the German *Nibelungenlied*. The date of the poem is placed approximately about the year 1100. About half a century later it was translated into German by Konrad, a Swabian ecclesiastic, and the *Rolandslied* became nationalized in Germany as well as the *Chanson de Roland* in France. The poem sets forth the exploits and death of Roland, the most doughty of the paladins of Charlemagne, in the partly mythical expedition of the great emperor against the Moors of Spain. Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles and many another battlefield, is, through the treachery of Ganelon, set upon by an overwhelming force in the pass of Fontarabia. His comrades are slaughtered around him, and he himself is wounded unto death. With his expiring breath he blows such a blast upon his horn that it reaches the ears of Charlemagne, who hurries to the spot. He finds the hero dead, but takes fearful vengeance upon the Moors and their traitorous accomplice.

DEATH OF THE MARTIAL ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battlefield his knee was bent,
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went;
Straight was his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And torn the shining hauberk from his breast;

Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire!" he cried, "for rest thy suffering needs."
The Priest replied: "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife;
But death steals on—there is no hope of life;
In Paradise, where almoners live again,
There are our couches spread—there shall we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why bringing death to lay me in my grave?
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend, what parley full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who didst save from realms of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;
No heart had he to smile, but weeping sore,
He blest them in God's name, with faith that He
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The Archbishop then—on whom God's benison rest—
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore;
And many a wound his swollen visage bore;
Slow beats his heart—his panting bosom heaves;
Death comes apace—no hope of cure relieves;

Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and
prayed
That God—who for our sins was mortal made,
Born of the Virgin, scorned and crucified—
In Paradise would place him by his side.

Thus Turpin died in service of Chalon—
In battle great, and eke great in orison,
'Gainst pagan host alway strong champion:—
God grant to him his holy benison.

Transl. of LONGFELLOW.

ROLLIN, CHARLES, a French author, born in 1661; died in 1741. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the College of Plessis in 1687; Professor of Eloquence in the Royal College of France in 1687; Principal of the University of Paris in 1694. His chief works are: *On the Study of Belles-Lettres* (1726), *Ancient History* (12 vols. 1730–1738), *History of Rome* (1738). His *Ancient History*, both in the original and in translations, was held in the highest repute for nearly a century; but has since been wholly superseded by later works. His *Study of Belles-Lettres* is still regarded, says Villemain, "as a monument of good sense and taste."

ON GOOD TASTE.

Good taste, as it now falls under our consideration—that is, with reference to the reading of authors, and composition—is a clear, lively, and distinct discerning of all the beauty, truth and justness of the thoughts and expressions which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and suitable in different circumstances. And whilst, with a delicate and exquisite sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions most likely to please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the effect of genius than of judgment, and is a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understanding. It makes use of the imagination, but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows it step by step, and

is a faithful image of it. Reserved and sparing in the midst of abundance and riches, it dispenses the beauties and graces of discourse with temper and wisdom. It never suffers itself to be dazzled with the false, how glittering a figure soever it may make. It is equally offended with too much and too little. It knows precisely where it must stop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and the perfect. It is the want of this quality which occasions the various species of bad style—as bombast, conceit, and witticism—in which as Quintilian says, the genius is void of judgment, and suffers itself to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quoties engenium judicio cavet*, and *specie boni fallitur*.

Taste, simple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways; yet so as under a thousand different forms, in prose or verse, in a declamatory or concise, sublime or simple, jocose or serious style, it is always the same; and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all persons of judgment. We cannot say the style of Terence, Phædrus, Sallust, Cæsar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, and Horace is the same. And yet they have all—if I may be allowed the expression—a certain tincture of a common spirit, which in that diversity of genius and style makes an affinity between them, and the sensible difference also between them and the other writers who have not the stamp of the best age of antiquity upon them.

I have already said that this distinguishing faculty was a kind of natural reason wrought up to perfection by study. In reality all men bring the first principles of taste with them into the world, as well as those of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this we may urge that every good orator is almost always infallibly approved of by the people; and that there is no difference upon this point, as Tully

observes, between the ignorant and the learned. The case is the same with music and painting. A concert that has all its parts well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases universally. But if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find something in it grating to their ears. And this proceeds from the taste and harmony transplanted in them by nature. In like manner a fine picture charms and transports a spectator who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reasons; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use in connoisseurs.

The like observations will hold good as to the taste we are here speaking of. Most men have the first principles of it in themselves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant, in a manner, for want of instruction or reflection, as they are often stifled or corrupted by vicious education, bad customs, or reigning prejudices of the age and country. But, how depraved soever the taste may be, its power is never absolutely lost. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the understanding, wherein all men agree. Where these secret seeds are cultivated with care, they may be carried to a far greater height of perfection. And if it so happens that any fresh light awakens these first notions, and renders the mind attentive to the immutable rules of truth and beauty, so as to discover the natural and necessary consequences of them, and serves at the same time as a model to facilitate the application of them, we generally see that men of the best sense gladly cast off their ancient errors, correct the mistakes of their former judgments, and return to the justness and delicacy which are the effects of a refined taste,

and by degrees draw others after them into their way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only look upon the success of certain great orators and celebrated authors who, by their natural talents, have recalled these primitive ideas, and given fresh life to these seeds which lie concealed in the mind of every man. In a little time they united the voices of those who made the best use of their reason in their fervor; and soon after gained the applause of every age and condition both ignorant and learned. It would be easy to point out amongst us the date of the good taste which now reigns in all arts and sciences. By tracing each up to its original we should see that a small number of men of genius have acquired for the nation this glory and advantage.—*Study of Belles-Lettres.*

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF LUXURY.

The most judicious historians, the most learned philosophers, and the profoundest politicians, all lay it down as a certain indisputable maxim, that wherever luxury prevails, it never fails to destroy the most flourishing states and kingdoms; and the experience of all ages, and all nations, does but to clearly demonstrate the truth of this maxim.

What is this subtle, secret poison, then, that thus lurks under the pomp of luxury and the charms of pleasure, and is capable of enervating, at the same time, both the whole strength of the body, and the vigor of the mind? It is not very difficult to comprehend why it has this terrible effect. When men are accustomed to a soft and voluptuous life, can they be very fit for undergoing the fatigues and hardships of war? Are they qualified for suffering the rigor of the seasons; for enduring hunger and thirst; for passing whole nights without sleep upon occasion; for going through continual exercise and action, for facing danger and despising death?—*Ancient History.*

ROLLINS, ALICE MARSLAND (WELLINGTON), an American author, born at Boston, Mass., in 1847. She was educated by her father, Ambrose Wellington, and completed her studies in Europe. In 1876 she was married to Daniel M. Rollins of New York City. She is the author of *The Ring of Amethyst*, poems (1878). *The Story of a Ranch* (1885), *All Sorts of Children* (1886), *The Three Tetons* (1887), *Uncle Tom's Tenement* (1888), *From Snow to Sunshine* (1889), *From Palm to Glacier* (1892).

NATURE'S PAINT-POTS.

The Man of Sense and the Maiden would ride that morning. The day before it had been too hot, and the saddle-horses had been allowed to plod along by the wagons. In the afternoon it would be again too hot, perhaps; but at eight o'clock nothing could be more tempting than a ride as far as the Paint Pots. The road led them by the field of geysers, looking strangely different in the bright morning air. More than a hundred of them seemed to be "up and at it," sending up their light curling wreaths of steam with a zeal that never flags, even with the thermometer about them at forty degrees below zero. . . . .

Two hours later they entered the curious grove, about a mile from the main road, where the Paint Pots are. There are more than five hundred of them, and they are admirably named. The little pools are like nothing so much as great paint-pots, and the bubbling, boiling, gurgling mass seething within them is like nothing so much as paint. It is soft, smooth, and satiny to the touch, though it turns hard later in lovely coral work around the basin, only to crumble away if you try to preserve it. Not that we did break it off and try to preserve it. O Mr. Government Detective! No, indeed; but we have read in the guide-books that it crumbles.

But the wonder of these hot paint-pots is the

coloring. Because I have been quite frank in acknowledging that the Yellowstone is not a "pretty place" through its whole three thousand square miles, I shall expect you to trust me when I tell you where it is pretty, and to believe me when I say that these colored paint-pots are alone worth a journey of many miles to see. It had been curious to see pools of so many different colors far apart from each other at the Norris Basin; but, within two or three feet of each other, were pools some of which were blood-red, some sulphur-orange, some delicate rose-color, and some looking as if filled with hot cream.

Here, too, is the one great joke of the park. How seldom nature jests. She is awful, beautiful, bewitching; but when is she funny? It is Hamilton Gibson, I think, who makes a pretty picture of the comical witch-hazel; but the witch-hazel does not know that she is smiling; she is not trying to amuse you. It is the human element which catches the funniness and laughs. Only a man of imagination would interpret the joke and smile.

But there is one paint-pot at the Yellowstone that is a genuine joke. It is a great pool, apparently full of white paint. The effort of this thick white paint to be a geyser, resulting in a sputter, sputter, sputter,—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,—blob, blob, blob—and then for a moment silence—is something so ludicrous that no one can stand beside it and not laugh aloud in sympathy. It is not the seething of the hot spring, nor the bubbling of the boiling pool, nor the hiss of steam rushing from subterranean caverns, nor the roar of the geyser; it is sputter sputter, sputter,—gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,—blob, blob, blob—till the spectator is convulsed with merriment.—*The Three Tetons.*

OCTOBER.

The very air
Has grown heroic; a few crimson leaves
Have fallen here; yet not to yield their breath

In pitiful sighing at so sad a fate,
But royally, as with spilt blood of kings.
The full life throbs exultant in my veins,
Till half ashamed to wear so high a mood,
Not for some splendid triumph of the soul,
But simply in response to light and air,
Slowly I let it fall.
And later, steal
Down the broad garden-walk, where cool and clear
The sharp-defined, white moonlight marks the path.
Not the young moon that, shy and wavering down,
Trembled through leafy tracery of boughs
In happy nights of June; the peace that wraps
Me here is not the warm and golden peace
Of summer afternoons that lull the soul
To dreamy indolence; but strong white peace—
Peace that is conscious power in repose.
No fragrance floats on the autumnal air;
The white chrysanthemums and asters star
The frosty silence, but their leaves exhale
No passion of remembrance or regret.
The perfect calmness and the perfect strength
My senses wrap in an enchanted robe
Woven of frost and fire; while in my soul
Blend the same mingled sovereignty and rest;
As if indeed my spirit had drained deep
Some delicate elixir of rich wine,
Ripened beneath the haughtiest of suns,
Then cooled with flakes of snow.

The Ring of Amethyst.

RONSARD, PIERRE DE, a French poet, born near Couture, in the province of Vendômois, in 1524; died in 1585. In his tenth year he was placed in the Collége de Navarre, but was soon withdrawn to enter the royal household as page, first to the dauphin, and, at his death, to the duke of Orleans, the second son of Francis I. On the marriage of Marie of Lorraine to James V, of Scotland he accompanied the bride to Scotland, and remained for more than three years in Great Britain. He then returned to France, reëntered the service of the duke of Orleans, and was sent on courtly errands to Flanders and elsewhere. His career was checked by deafness which followed a serious illness. Ronsard quitted Court, and for several years applied himself to study at the Collége de Coqueret, Paris. Here, with Du Bellay and others, he formed a society styled the *Pléiade*, whose object was the reformation of French poetry on classic models. Du Bellay's *Illustration de la Langue Française* (1549), was the first warnote It was followed in the next year by Ronsard's *Amours* and *Quatre Livres d' Odes*. The literary world of France rose in arms, but the classicists triumphed. Ronsard was applauded as the "prince of poets"; he received from Mary of Scotland a set of plate inscribed: *A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la Source des Muses*, and from Elizabeth of England a set of diamonds. Pensions and honors were heaped upon him in France. He published two volumes of *Hymnes* (1555–56), and in 1572 four books of an epic entitled *La Françiade*, which gained him as a testimonial of royal approval the abbeys of Croix-

Val and Bellozane, and the priories of Saint-Cosme and Evailles. He did not complete the epic, which was to have consisted of twenty-four books. In 1584 he published his works collectively, in one volume.

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs,—"Ah, well! ah, well-a-day!
When I was young of me did Ronsard sing."
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,
Albeit with her weary task foredone,
But wakens at thy name, and calls you One
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,
While you beside the fire, a granddame gray,
My love, your pride, remember and regret.
Ah love me, Love! we may be happy yet;
And gather roses while 'tis call'd to-day.

TO HIS LYRE.

O golden lyre, whom all the Muses claim,
And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
My solace in all woes that Fate hath sent!
At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
The dance springs gaily at thy jocund call,
And with thy music echo bower and hall.
When thou art heard, the lightnings cease to play,
And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away;
Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
His eagle droops his wing and sleeps resigned,
As at thy power, his all-pervading eye
Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.
To him may ne'er Elysian joys belong
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song!
Pride of my youth, I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy godlike tone;

I tuned thee first,—for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound;
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.
Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorned of men
Who once at monarchs' feasts, so gayly dight,
Filled all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought, Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.
Then forth, through lovely France we took our way,
And Loire resounded many an early lay:
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And poured the exulting song of victory.
He, who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou my forest, and each pleasant wood
Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
Where Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose;
Ye sacred choir, whom Bray's fair walls inclose,
Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
That through the universe shall spread his fame,
His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
And all be subject to his sounding lyre!
Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise,
Even now the sons of France applaud thy lays:
Me as their bard above the rest they choose.
To you be thanks, O, each propitious Muse,
That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
To celebrate my country and my king!

O, if I please, O, if my songs awake
Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
If I the harper of fair France may be,
If men shall point and say, "Lo! that is he!"
If mine may prove a destiny so proud
That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
If on my head I place a starry crown,
To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown!

Transl. of COSTELLO.

LOVES.

My sorrowing Muse, no more complain!
'Twas not ordained for thee,
While yet the bard in life remain,
The meed of fame to see.
The poet, till the dismal gulf be past,
Knows not what honors crown his name at last.
Perchance, when years have rolled away,
My Loire shall be a sacred stream,
My name a dear and cherished theme,
And those who in that region stray
Shall marvel such a spot of earth
Could give so great a poet birth.
Revive, my muse! for virtue's ore
In this vain world is counted air,
But held a gem beyond compare
When 'tis beheld on earth no more:
Rancor the living seeks,—the dead alone
Enjoy their fame, to envy's blights unknown.

—*Transl. of* COSTELLO.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, an American author, born in New York City, in 1858. He graduated at Harvard in 1880. in 1881 was elected to the New York Legislature, and was re-elected in 1883. He was chairman of the New York delegation to the National Republican Convention in 1884. He is a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, serves on the board of the State Charities Aid Association, and also continues his father's work in the Newsboys' Lodging House. His books include: *History of the Naval War of* 1812 (1882), *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* (1883), *Life of Thomas H. Benton* (1887), and *Life of Gouveneur Morris* in the *American Statesmen Series* (1888); also *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail* (1888), *Winning of the West* (1889–95), *History of New York City* (1891), *The Wilderness Hunter* (1893), *American Big-Game Hunting* (1893).

THE ROUND-UP.

On another occasion while with the round-up we were spared an excessively unpleasant night only because there happened to be two or three great corrals not more than a mile or so away. All day long it had been raining heavily, and we were well drenched; but towards evening it lulled a little, and the day herd, a very large one, of some two thousand head, was gathered on an open bottom. We had turned the horses loose, and in our oil-skin slickers cowered, soaked and comfortless, under the lee of the wagon to take a meal of damp bread and lukewarm tea, the sizzling embers of the fire having about given up the ghost after a fruitless struggle with the steady down-pour. Suddenly the wind began to come in quick, sharp gusts, and soon a regular blizzard was blowing, driving the rain in stinging level sheets before it. Just as we were preparing to turn into bed, with the certainty of a night of more or less chilly misery ahead of us, one of my men, an iron-faced personage, whom no one would ever have dreamed

had a weakness for poetry, looked towards the plain where the cattle were and remarked, "I guess there's 'racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,' now, sure." Following his gaze, I saw that the cattle had begun to drift before the storm, the night guards being evidently unable to cope with them, while at the other wagons riders were saddling in hot haste and spurring off to their help through the blinding rain. Some of us at once ran out to our own saddle-band. All of the ponies were standing huddled together, with their heads down and their tails to the wind. They were wild and restive enough usually; but the storm had cowed them, and we were able to catch them without either rope or halter. We made quick work of saddling; and the second each man was ready, away he loped through the dusk, splashing and slipping in the pools of water that studded the muddy plain. Most of the riders were already out when we arrived. The cattle were gathered into a compact, wedge-shaped, or rather fan-shaped mass, with their tails to the wind—that is, towards the thin end of the wedge or fan. In front of this fan-shaped mass of frightened, maddened beasts, was a long line of cow-boys, each muffled in his slicker and with his broad hat pulled down over his eyes, to shield him from the pelting rain. When the cattle were quiet for a moment every horseman at once turned round with his back to the wind, and the whole line stood as motionless as so many sentries. Then, if the cattle began to spread out and overlap at the ends, or made a rush and broke through at one part of the lines, there would be a change into wild activity. The men, shouting and swaying in their saddles, darted to and fro with reckless speed, utterly heedless of danger—now racing to the threatened point, now checking and wheeling their horses so sharply as to bring them square on their haunches, or even throw them flat down, while the hoofs ploughed long furrows in the slippery soil, until, after some minutes of this

mad galloping hither and thither, the herd, having drifted a hundred yards or so, would be once more brought up standing. We always let them drift a little to prevent their spreading out too much. The din of the thunder was terrific, peal following peal until they mingled in one continuous rumbling roar; and at every thunder-clap louder than its fellows, the cattle would try to break away. Darkness had set in, but each flash of lightning showed us a dense array of tossing horns and staring eyes. It grew always harder to hold in the herd; but the drift took us along to the corrals already spoken of, whose entrances were luckily to windward. As soon as we reached the first we cut off part of the herd, and turned it within; and after again doing this with the second, we were able to put all the remaining animals into the third. The instant the cattle were housed, five-sixths of the horsemen started back at full speed for the wagon; the rest of us barely waited to put up the bars and make the corral secure before galloping after them. We had to ride right in the teeth of the driving storm; and once at the wagons we made small delay in crawling in under our blankets, damp though the latter were, for we were ourselves far too wet, stiff and cold not to hail with grateful welcome any kind of shelter from the wind and rain.

In 1895 Mr. Roosevelt was appointed President of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City, and by his rigid enforcement of the Excise Laws incurred the displeasure of the liquor element. To this cause, together with party complications, may be ascribed in part a resuscitation of Tamanny sympathy, as evidenced in the November election. 1895.

GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT—

ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK, an American composer and musical publisher, born at Sheffield, Mass., Aug. 30, 1820; died, Aug. 6, 1895. He received only a common-school education, and while working on a farm devoted his spare moments to the study of music. In his eighteenth year he began teaching music in Boston, and in 1844 he went to New York and was engaged as teacher of music in several musical institutions. He spent a year in Paris, studying music, and in 1860 went to Chicago where he founded the well-known musical firm of Root & Cady, which was brought to a close by the great Chicago fire. His first song "*Hazel Dell*" appeared in 1853 and was followed by "*The Battle Cry of Freedom*" (first sung by the Hutchinson Family at a New York mass-meeting); *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching;* and *Just Before the Battle Mother.*

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

ROSCOE, WILLIAM, an English merchant and historian, born at Liverpool in 1753; died there in 1831. He entered the office of an attorney as clerk, and during his apprenticeship he acquired a good knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian. After practising as a barrister for a short time, he entered successfully into mercantile business, at the same time making Italian history and literature a special study. He was also active in promoting the welfare of the city of his birth and residence, and in general philanthropic movements, those especially looking to the abolition of the slave-trade. In 1815 the banking-house with which he was connected failed; and Roscoe was obliged to dispose of his valuable library and his extensive collection of works of art. In 1827 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, in recognition of his merits as a historian. Roscoe's principal works are: *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent* (1796), and *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* (1805).

Three sons and a grandson of William Roscoe became distinguished as authors. ROBERT ROSCOE (1790–1850), wrote poems, and completed his friend, Mr. Fitchett's, epic of *Alfred*.—THOMAS ROSCOE (1791–1871), besides numerous works of his own, translated the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini* (1822), *Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe* (1823), *Specimens from Italian Novelists* (1825), *Specimens from German Novelists* (1826), *Specimens from Spanish Novelists* (1832), Lanzi's *History of Painting* (1828), *Memoirs of Scipio Ricci* (1833).—HENRY ROSCOE (1799–1836), became a barrister in London,

wrote several legal works, a *Life of William Roscoe*, and *Lives of Eminent Lawyers* in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia."—HENRY ENFIELD ROSCOE, son of Henry, born in 1833, became eminent as a scientist. In 1857 he was chosen Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester. He has published *Elementary Lessons in Chemistry* (1866), and *Lectures on the Spectrum Analysis* (1869). In 1873 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society.

CHARACTER OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

In the height of his reputation, at a premature period of his life—he was but forty-four—died Lorenzo de' Medici; a man who may be selected from all the characters of ancient and modern history as exhibiting the most remarkable versatility of talent and comprehension of mind. Whether genius be a predominant impulse, directed towards some particular object, or whether it be an energy of intellect that arrives at excellence in any department in which it may be employed, it is certain that there are few instances in which a successful exertion in any human pursuit has not occasioned a dereliction of many other objects, the attainment of which might have conferred immortality. If the powers of the mind are to bear down all obstacles that oppose their progress, it seems necessary that they shall sweep along in some certain course, and in one collected mass.

What, then, shall we think of that rich fountain which, while it was poured forth by so many different channels, flowed through each with a full and equal stream? To be absorbed in one pursuit, however important, is not the characteristic of the higher class of genius, which, piercing through the various combinations and relations of surrounding circumstances, sees all things in their just dimensions, and attributes



AT THE COURT OF LORENZO DE MEDICI.

Painting by Hans Makart.

to each its due. Of the various occupations in which Lorenzo engaged, there is not one in which he was not eminently successful; but he was most particularly distinguished in those which justly hold the first rank in human estimation. The facility with which he turned from subjects of the highest importance to those of amusement and levity, suggested to his countrymen the idea that he had two distinct souls combined in one body. Even his moral character seems to have partaken in some degree of the same diversity, and his devotional poems are as ardent as his lighter poems are licentious. On all sides he touched the extremes of human character; and the powers of his mind were only bounded by that impenetrable circle which prescribes the limits of human nature.

As a statesman Lorenzo de' Medici appears to peculiar advantage; uniformly employed in securing the peace and promoting the happiness of his country by just regulations at home and wise precautions abroad; and teaching to the surrounding governments these important lessons of political science on which the civilization and tranquillity of nations have since been found to depend. Though possessed of unusual talents for military exploits, and of sagacity to avail himself of the imbecility of neighboring powers, he was superior to that avarice of dominion which, without improving what is already acquired, blindly aims at more extensive possessions. The wars in which he engaged were for security—not for territory; and the riches produced by the fertility of the soil, and the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants of the Florentine republic, instead of being dissipated in imposing projects and ruinous expeditions, circulated in their natural channels, giving happiness to the individual and respectability to the state. If he was not insensible to the charms of ambition, it was the ambition to deserve rather than to enjoy; and he was always cautious not to exact from

the public favor more than it might be ready voluntarily to bestow.

The approximating suppression of the liberties of Florence under his descendants may induce suspicions unfavorable to his patriotism; but it will be difficult—not to say impossible—to discover, either in his principles or his conduct, anything which ought to stigmatize him as an enemy to the freedom of his country. The authority which he enjoyed was the same which his ancestors had enjoyed, without injury to the republic, for nearly a century, and had descended to him as inseparable from the wealth, the respectability, and the powerful foreign connections of his family. The superiority of his talents enabled him to avail himself of these advantages with irresistible effect; but history suggests not an instance in which they were devoted to any other purpose than that of promoting the honor and independence of the Tuscan state. It was not by the continuance, but by the dereliction of the system which he had established, and to which he adhered to the close of his life, that the Florentine republic sunk under the degrading yoke of despotic power; and to his premature death we may unquestionably attribute not only the destruction of the commonwealth, but all the calamities that Italy soon afterwards sustained.—*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.*

ROSCOMMON (WENTWORTH DILLON), Earl of, British versifier, born in Ireland in 1634; died at London in 1684. He deserves the praise awarded by Pope that in the age in which he lived, "Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays." He made one of the best translations which we have of the *Dies Iræ*. His metrical *Essay on Translated Verse* contains some vigorous lines.

POETIC DECENCY.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
Take, then, a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice;
And such applause it must expect to meet
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view—
As many old have done, and many new—
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things;
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend; Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, an English poet, born at London in 1830, died Dec. 30, 1894; she was a sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Their father, GABRIELE ROSSETTI (1783–1854) was from 1814 to 1821 director of the Museum at Naples, but was exiled on account of his political opinions. In 1824 he settled in England, and in 1831 was made Professor of Italian Literature in King's College, London. Having become blind he resigned the Professorship in 1845. He wrote several poems in Italian; but is specially notable as a commentator upon Dante. The daughter has written several volumes in verse and prose. Among her poems are: *Goblin Market* (1862), *The Prince's Progress* (1866), *Sing-Song* (1872), *Annus Domini*, a Prayer and a Text for each day of the year (1874), *A Pageant* (1881), *Letter and Spirit* (1883), *Time Flies* (1886), and *The Face of the Deep* (1892).

CONSIDER.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air, of small account;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount:
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:
What profits all this care,
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food:—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Oh why is heaven built so far,
Oh why is earth set so remote?
I cannot reach the nearest star
That hangs afloat.

I would not care to reach the moon,
One round monotonous of change;
Yet even she repeats her tune
Beyond my range.

I never watch the scattered fire
Of stars, or sun's far-trailing train,
But all my heart is one desire,
And all in vain:

For I am bound with fleshly bands,
Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope;
I strain my heart, I stretch my hands,
And catch at hope.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, an English painter and poet, born at London in 1828; died at Birchington-on-Sea, on Easter Day, 1882. He studied art, and became one of the founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting, and was noted for the imaginative character of his designs, and for the exquisiteness of his coloring. Among his paintings are designs for Tennyson's Poems; "The Girlhood of the Virgin" (1849), "Dante's Dream on the Day of the Death of Beatrice" (1858), "Fair Rosamond" (1860). He published *The Early Italian Poets*, being translations from Dante and his predecessors (1861), *Dante and his Circle* (1874), *The Blessed Damozel* (1870), and two volumes of *Ballads and Sonnets*, the last about a year before his death.

His brother, WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, born at London in 1829, was educated at King's College School, London, and in 1845 received an appointment as clerk in the London excise office, of which he was made assistant-secretary in 1869. He became an art-critic as early as 1850; published a translation, in blank verse, of *Dante's Comedy, the Hell* (1865), an edition of Shelley, with *Notes* and a *Memoir* (1870), and has edited several collections of poems, one of which includes two volumes of *American Poems* (1875).

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this Earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like their flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side,
Down all the echoing stair ?)

" I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
" Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

" When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

" We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

" We two will be i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

("Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul,
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two!" she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear haply, and be dumb:
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased
The light thrilled through her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight,
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE NEVERMORE.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead sea-shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.
Mark me, how still I am! But should thou dart
One moment through my soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shall thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at my heart
Sleepless with old commemorative eyes.

ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES, a French author; born at Geneva in 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, in 1778. Left motherless in infancy, he was reared by an aunt until his eleventh year, when he was placed with a Protestant pastor at Bossey. Here he remained for two years. It was then decided that he should study law, but the attorney to whom he was sent soon reported him unfit for the profession, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom, after three years of ill-treatment, he ran away. Henceforth he led an unsettled life, making many friends who provided him with homes, and many enemies who, he conceived, drove him from every refuge. It is not necessary to enter into the details of his melancholy and erring existence. He was a sentimentalist who could talk of the sacredness of love, and pass from one unworthy amour to another; who could plead with parents the right of children to happiness and love and "the sweetness of living," and send his own five offspring to the foundling hospital; who talked of despising the world, while writhing at the world's neglect; yet was he a man of genius whose eloquence took captive those whom it could not convince, and whose flaming darts of invective cast against the fabric of society helped to kindle the fire of the French Revolution. In his *Discours sur l' Origine et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes* (1755), he declaims against the rights of property. *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloise*, a novel, appeared in 1760. *Du Contrat Social, ou Principes du Droit Politique*, in 1762, *Emile ou de l'Education*, in 1762 and *Les Confessions*,

suivies des Réveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire, in 1782. Besides these are a *Lettre à d'Alembert sur les Spectacles*, *Lettre à l'Archevêque de Paris*, and Rousseau's *Correspondance*. *Emile*, whatever may be thought of the logical outcome of its system, deserves the attention of every teacher. In the following extract from a letter written in his fiftieth year, and addressed to M. de Malesherbes, he pictures himself as he wished others to regard him.

DELIGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

Oh, why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to all the world! Every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot; peace would reign upon the earth; man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what did I enjoy when I was alone? Myself; the entire universe; all that is, all that can be; all that is beautiful in the world of sense; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart; my desires were the limits of my pleasures. Never have the voluptuous known such enjoyments; and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from their realities. . . .

What period do you think I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth; they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks; of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my good and simple housekeeper, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all Nature, and her inconceivable Author.

In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden when a beautiful

day was commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties, that I fulfilled with pleasure because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and ensure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faithful Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that some one would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe; and I said, "Here now I am my own master for the rest of the day!"

I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power—some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever-new magnificence. The gold of the broom and the purple of the heather struck my sight with a splendor that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humor, and often made me repeat, to myself: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart; and, dismissing opinion, prejudice, and all

factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of Nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society, of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a Golden Age according to my fancy; and, filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity—pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men. If in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author-vanity, disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I drove them instantly away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. . . .

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the Universal System of Things—to the incomprehensible Being who enters into all. Then as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophize. I felt, with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space. My heart, confined within the limits of the mortal, found not room; I was stifled in the universe; I would have sprung into the Infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of Nature, my sensations would have been less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, "O Great Being! O Great Being!" without being able to think or say more.

Thus glided on in continued rapture the most charming days that ever human being passed, and, when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day. I fancied I might have

enjoyed it more; and, to regain the lost time, I said. "I will come back to-morrow!" I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on my return, abandoning myself to the impression of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. Lastly, after having taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung a few airs to my spinnet, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself.

These were the days that have made the true happiness of my life—a happiness without bitterness, without weariness, without regret; and to which I would willingly have limited my existence. Yes, let such days as these fill up my eternity! I do not ask for others, nor imagine that I am much less happy in these exquisite contemplations than the heavenly spirits. But a suffering body deprives the mind of its liberty. Henceforth I am not alone, I have a guest who importunes me, I must free myself of it to be myself. The trial that I have made of these sweet enjoyments serves only to make me with less alarm await the time when I shall taste them without interruption.

ROWSON, SUSANNA (HASWELL), an Anglo-American author, born at London in 1761, died at Boston in 1824. Her father, a British naval officer, with whom was his young daughter, was in 1769 wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts. He settled at Nantasket, where he remained until the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, when he returned to England. The daughter was, in 1786, married to William Rowson, a musician. In that year she published *Victoria*, a novel, which was followed by several others, among which was *Charlotte Temple*. In this are narrated the misfortunes of a girl who had been seduced by a British officer, brought by him to America, and there deserted; this tale was highly popular in its day, and still finds readers. Mrs. Rowson also appeared on the stage, with good success in light comedy and musical pieces. In 1793 she and her husband came to America, under engagement with the manager of the Philadelphia theatre, and acted in various cities until about 1797, when she opened a Ladies' Seminary, which she conducted for the remainder of her life, first at Meday, Mass., then at Newton, and finally at Boston. During this period she wrote several novels and dramas. Among the latter was the comedy, *Americans in England*, which was acted for her benefit upon her retirement from the stage. In 1804 was published a volume of her *Miscellaneous Poems*, which are usually of a gentle and tender tone, although a few of them—such as *The Standard of Liberty*, and *America, Commerce, and Freedom*—are of a stirring character. She was busy with her pen down to the close of her life. Among

her educational works are a *Dictionary*, a *System of Geography*, *Historical Exercises*, and *Biblical Dialogues*.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest a life the sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
When tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then, under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And, though landsmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass to a favorite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends, delighted, greet us;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full flowing bowl has enlivened the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em;
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And if we meet a brother Tar
Who wants, we freely give it.
No freedom sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it,
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more;
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys; 'tis the first of our joys
To relieve the distressed, clothe and feed 'em;

'Tis a task which we share with the brave and the fair
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

AFFECTION.

Touched by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear;
A flower, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper will become most dear.

And is that being happy whose cold heart
Feels not, nor comprehends this source of joy?
To whom a trifle can no bliss impart,
Who throw them careless by, deface, destroy?

Yes, they are happy—if the insensate rocks,
Which the rude ocean beats, or softly laves,
Rejoice that they are moved not by the shocks
Which hurl full many to untimely graves:—

Not else.—Though hearts so exquisitely formed
Feel misery a thousand different ways,
Yet when by love or friendship's power warmed,
One look whole days of misery repays.

True, when we're forced to part from those we love,
'Tis like the pang when soul and body's riven;
But when we meet, the spirit soars above,
And tastes the exquisite delights of heaven.

Mine be the feeling heart! For who would fear
To pass the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain, at the and, they should be near,
And feel the smile of a benignant God?

RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH ("Freimund Raimar," pseud.), a German poet, born at Schweinfurt, Germany, in 1788; died near Coburg, in 1866. He was educated at the University of Jena, where he devoted himself to philology and literature, edited the *Morgenblatt* in Stuttgart from 1815 till 1817, and in 1826 was appointed professor of oriental languages in the University of Erlangen, which post he held until 1841, when he was called to the University of Berlin. He frequently wrote under the pen-name of Freimund Raimar. His works include translations and original poems. They are: *Die Weisheit der Brahmanen*, a didactic poem (1836–9), *Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Sarug, oder die Makamen des Hariri* (1826), and several posthumous works, including one on the Coptic language (1875). His life has been written by Fortlage (1867), and by Beyer (1868). "The Twenty Books of the Wisdom," says Dr. Beyer in his *Life of Rückert*, "are a sea of thoughts and contemplations full of Brahminic tranquillity and German depth and fullness, in simple gnomes, sentences, epigrams, parables, fables, and tales." An English translation of *The Wisdom of the Brahmins* was published by Charles T. Brooks in 1882.

THE SUN AND THE BROOK.

The Sun he spoke
To the Meadow-Brook,
And said,—"I sorely blame you;
Through every nook
The wild-flower folk
You hunt, as naught could shame you.
What but the light
Makes them so bright,—

The light from me they borrow?
Yet me you slight,
To get a sight
At them, and I must sorrow!
Ah! pity take
On me, and make
Your smooth breast stiller, clearer;
And, as I wake,
On the blue sky-lake
Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!"
The Brook flowed on,
And said anon—
"Good Sun, it should not grieve you
That, as I run,
I gaze upon
The motley flowers, and leave you.
You are so great
In your heavenly state,
And they so unpretending.
On you they wait,
And only get
The graces of your lending,
But when the sea
Receiveth me,
From them I must me sever;
I then shall be
A glass to thee,
Reflecting thee forever."

WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN.

When first on the Sublime, man's young eye gazes awed,
In ecstasy he cries: That is the work of God!
And then, when Beauty's charm dawns on his wakened thought,
With rapturous pride he owns: By man all this is wrought.
One day, when ripe for truth, he reverently will own [alone.
'Tis God works all in man, who can do naught

A scaling ladder leads from darkness up to light, [bright;
'Tis gloomy at the foot, and at the summit,

The shadow hides from thee how high up thou
hast gone,
Yet climbs't thou toward the light; O soul,
climb bravely on.
When thou in light shalt know by what neces-
sity
The darkness rose from light, the world is
clear to thee.
If darkness once was light, once more 'twill
be light, then,
When that which has sprung forth turns to
its spring again.
Each victory in man's weak spirit won by
light,
Foretells the spirit-realm's clear victory over
night.
That prophecy the Sun proclaims each dawn-
ing day,
Routing the hosts of night with a victorious
ray,
At evening, as he sinks, he burns with shame
and scorn,
And sees all night in dreams the great eternal
morn.

What Understanding builds needs many a
joist and beam;
Nature's and Fancy's work has neither joint
nor seam;
The props and stays are there, only they are not
seen,
And on itself that stands, that seems on
naught to lean.
What thou canst comprehend stands outlined
fair and well;
Beauty and greatness are incomprehensible.

I scatter pearls abroad, but no one heeds or
sees,
Soon I shall strew no more—then ye will
gather these.
When thou hast once discerned how manifold
the One, [gone.
Then is the seeming world of manifoldness

The One is Two—the one and second-one are they;
The Two are One—that wars against itself for aye.
One of the Ones is here, the other One is there;
Each other's name and place alternately they share.
Look in the glass: thou there thy double wilt discern;
Now look away, and lo! two selves to one return.
The glass thy image shows; thyself the glass, I call,
That images the One Great Archetype of all.
Within His looking-glass, His glance of love sees rise
A picture-world that melts if He takes off His eyes.
Then praise the Love that holds the mirror still in view,
Where He, the One, is pleased to see Himself as two!
Oneness is twofold: here, unbroken unity,—
There, unity restored out of duality.
Centre, circumference—two; and, to complete the three,
The space between the two, divisible endlessly.
A circle—'tis a point that round itself rotates,
And orbs its house, as soul its earthly form creates.

Transl. of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

RUFFINI, GIOVANNI (1807–1881), an Italian author. He became interested in the society known as Young Italy, took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1833, and was obliged to leave his country. Beginning in 1836, he was for many years in England, and composed many successful English works. In 1842, he went to Paris, and wrote much, giving interesting details of the manners of Italy. His *Lorenzo Benoni*, recollections of an Italian refugee (1859), is to some extent an autobiography; the same was given under the title *Memoirs of a Conspirator* (1855), *Doctor Antonio* appeared in 1858, and *Lavinia* in 1863. In the former, besides an interesting fiction, there are details of the outrageous trials of political prisoners at Naples, in 1850, and their inhuman treatment before the sitting of the Court.

NEAPOLITAN JUSTICE IN 1850.

A more wronged, more ill-used party of honorable citizens, never cried to Heaven for vengeance, if precedents and presumptive evidence go for anything in this world. Is it among men of such public and private characters as Carlo Poerio, Settembrini, and Pironti—among such historical names as that of Carafa—or among such gentlemen of education and fortune as Nisco, Gualtieri, Bracio, etc.—such dignitaries of the church as the archpriest Miele, that anarchy recruits its supporters, and crime its abettors?

What would you say, O English reader, to a charge of treason brought against some of your most eminent and respected statesmen, leading members of your Houses of Parliament,—judges, nobles, churchmen, and gentlemen? Well, the names I have just written down, and whom you see introduced into this gloomy hall of the

Palace of the Vicaria manacled and escorted by gendarmes, these men stand as high as to charactor and position, as any of your English statesmen, members of Parliament, magistrates, nobles, and gentry.

This is the famous State prosecution of the sect of Italian Unity, which wrung from a noble-souled English statesman a cry of indignation, soon re-echoed by all Europe. The Court that sits is the Grand Criminal Court of Justice, the highest tribunal in the kingdom. It sits not as an ordinary, but as a special Court, with a view to dispatch—by which is meant, that any of the forms, invaluable for the defence, may be dispensed with at the pleasure of its President, Navarro—"the delicate, scrupulous, impartial, and generous Navarro." The lugubrious drama is about to begin. The scanty space allotted to the public is crowded, and so is the hemicycle, reserved for privileged spectators, among whom we perceive a closely-veiled lady. The Judges are in their seats; in front of them, on a raised platform, sit the accused. They look pale and worn. The place they have been brought from, truth to say, is none of the healthiest, especially at this time of the year, in Naples, the month of June. No less than one thousand three hundred and eighty human beings are cooped up, one upon another, without air or light, amidst beastly filth, in the contiguous prison of the Vicaria, where our forty-two are confined. We must also take into account a previous detention, for none less than ten months,—for many much longer,—which they have already undergone. Nor must we forget the proper degree of wholesome discipline applied to body and mind, with which imprisonment on a political charge is invariably seasoned at Naples,—a double treatment, for the praiseworthy purpose of eliciting truth, whereof we may hear enough by and bye for our edification. Evil-minded people might call it "torture," but torture is abolished, we know,

—at any rate the name is. No wonder, then, if the accused look worn and sickly. But if the flesh be infirm, the spirit that dwells within is full of strength and energy ; at least the air of quiet determination about them—the quiet determination of a garrison who are aware they have no quarter to expect, and prepare to sell their lives dearly—would seem to intimate as much.

On the names of the prisoners being called over, one of them, Margherita (a custom-house officer), rises to retract his former declaration, extorted he says, through physical and moral coercion, and suggested by the Judge *Inquisitore* himself. Another, Pitterà (a writing master), declares that when taken out of a *criminale* (an underground cell almost wholly without light) to be examined in the Castello dell'Uoro, he was, in consequence of constant privations and repeated menaces, overcome by mental stupor. A third, Antonietti (a custom-house agent), follows, saying that, when interrogated he was so exhausted in mind and body he would willingly have signed his own sentence of death. If any wish to know more distinctly what kind of pressure it was that could thus unnerve and unman far from sensitive weakly persons, Pironti, a late deputy and magistrate, relates having been in solitary confinement in a dungeon, where he had to lie on the naked ground, amid every sort of vermin, for forty-two days. His hair and beard, by special orders, were shaved by a galley-slave. He then underwent an insidious examination from the commandant of the castle, who tried first threats, then wheedling, promising him the royal clemency, to induce him to make revelations, *i. e.*, turn king's evidence. De Simone, (a perfumer), was threatened two hundred blows of sticks soaked in water. Fancitano (a contract-builder) was dragged to the Prefecture of Police by twenty Swiss guards, six police-inspectors and twelve *sbirri*, who beat him, spat on him, tore his clothes, hair and beard.

He was kept two hours at the police-office bound with wet ropes, then conducted to the castle, thrust down into a dark, damp *criminale*, without even a handful of straw to lie on, and detained there for nine days with no food but musty bread, no drink but fetid water. His first deposition was forced from him by the alternative of receiving two hundred blows. Muro (a servant) was kept five days in complete darkness, and when on his way to be examined, a lieutenant in the army, who knew him, told him, as if out of compassion, that unless he put his name to whatever the Commissary desired him to sign, he would be ruined for life. On being asked how it happens that he now maintains that he does not know Pironti, after having, when first confronted with that gentleman, at first recognized his person, Muro replies that the Commissary had told him beforehand to lay his finger on the one of the four individuals standing in a row who had no moustache; and he had obeyed. Sersale, a merchant, underwent such prolonged fasting, that his health is incurably undermined; the voice of the prisoner is faint, and he can scarcely stand. His wife was kept in prison five days on bread and water, in order to frighten her into deposing to the truth of the charge against him. Cocozza, a solicitor, signed his interrogatory without reading it over,—that being the condition of his release from a horrible *criminale*. The Commissary required him to depose to Nisco (one of his co-accused) being cashier of the sect of the Italian Unity. . . . Carafa, of the Dukes of d'Andria, rises to tell a sad tale. When first arrested, his mother was seriously ill. From that time he had received no news of her. He had even been given to understand that all his relations had renounced him. Signor Beccheneda, a cabinet Minister and director of Police, had come to visit him in prison, and assured him that his matter could be easily arranged, if he would only give testimony against his co-accused,

Poerio, on a certain point. On Carafa's refusal, the Minister had taken leave of him with these words—"Very well, sir, you wish to destroy yourself—I leave you to your fate!" One night the unfortunate young man had fainted away, and in falling to the ground, had injured his right eye. He called for help, but no one came to his assistance. It was whispered about that he was to be transferred to a *criminale*, full of most filthy vermin, and that his doom was irrevocable. After a month's imprisonment, under the combined influence of moral torture and of feverish impatience to hear of his mother, his heart failed him, and he wrote a letter, wherein he deposed against some of the accused—wrote it at the suggestion of the Judge *Inquisitore* in the house of the commandant of the castle, under the eye of the Commissary. He now retracts all he had written in that letter; nor does this public recantation suffice to set his conscience at rest. He feels the desire and necessity of making further amends for his fault. He wishes to ask for forgiveness, which he now does, in the presence of the Judges and the public,—of his dear friends, pointing to the other prisoners. His voice thrills with an emotion that touches the heart of all present.

So much for the fair and humane treatment of prisoners, accused of political offences, *before* their trial.—*Doctor Antonio*

RUNEBERG, JOHANN LUDVIG, a Swedish poet and educator, born at Jacobstad, Finland, in 1804; died in 1877. He was the eldest of six children of Capt. Ulrik Runeberg. His schooling was at Wasa and the university at Abo, ending at the latter, in 1827, with a degree in philosophy. Through all he was obliged to support himself in part by teaching. A residence, next, in the interior of the country led to the writing of a notable poem, the *Elk Hunters*, and other productions that pertain to Finnish scenery and peasant life. In 1830, he became docent of Roman literature in the university (which had been removed from Abo to Helsingfors) and published his first poems. The next year he wrote an historical poem, the *Grave in Perrho*, which won a prize from the Swedish Academy. From 1832 to 1837, he edited the *Helsingfors Morgonblad*, and produced largely in nearly every field of literature. He then became professor in the Borgå gymnasium. Among his greater poems are *Nadeschda* (1841), and *King Fjalar* (1844), His stirring patriotic *Ensign Stal's Stories* appeared in 1848. Visiting Stockholm and Upsala in 1851, he was highly honored by eminent Swedes. Two years later he contributed much to a psalm-book for Finnish Lutherans, and the same year retired on a pension. In his latter years he was a paralytic. He received decorations and degrees from Sweden and Russia, and the most of his works have been translated into the languages of northern Europe. His widow, Frederika Tengström Runeberg, was the author of successful novels, such as *Fru Catherina Boye* and *Sigrid Liljeholm*, and died at Helsingfors in 1879.

THE PEASANT PRINCESS.

A moment's pause, and then
The door was opened boldly by Miljutin;
The patriarch stepped in,
The lackeys vainly trying to deter him;
But, when the prince's glance
He met, stopped instantly in silent homage,
And bent his knee, and bowed
His lofty forehead to the floor, not speaking.

From Woldmar's countenance [there,
Soon fled the angry glimpse at first revealed
And kindly to the serf
With years weighed down, he then his hand extended:
"Miljutin," were his words,
"Why dost thou storm thy prince in this strange fashion?
Arise, what is thy wish?
To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

The old man heaved a sigh:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble;
A lark I once possessed;
Thy hawk hath robbed me of her in my cottage."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrows;
I have a nightingale,
That will I give thee for thy lark regretted."

Miljutin sighed again:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By pleasant sounds and nightingales' sweet trilling.
"An image-saint I had,
A frail and perishable one of elm-wood,
The treasure of my cot;
A robber, some one from thy castle, stole it."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrow;
For one of gold have I
To give to thee in place of thy elm-image."

The old man only sighed:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By promises and golden treasure's glitter.

A daughter did I have;
She was my lark, she was my saintly image;
She was a serf, alas!
Thy hand hath taken her from my affections."

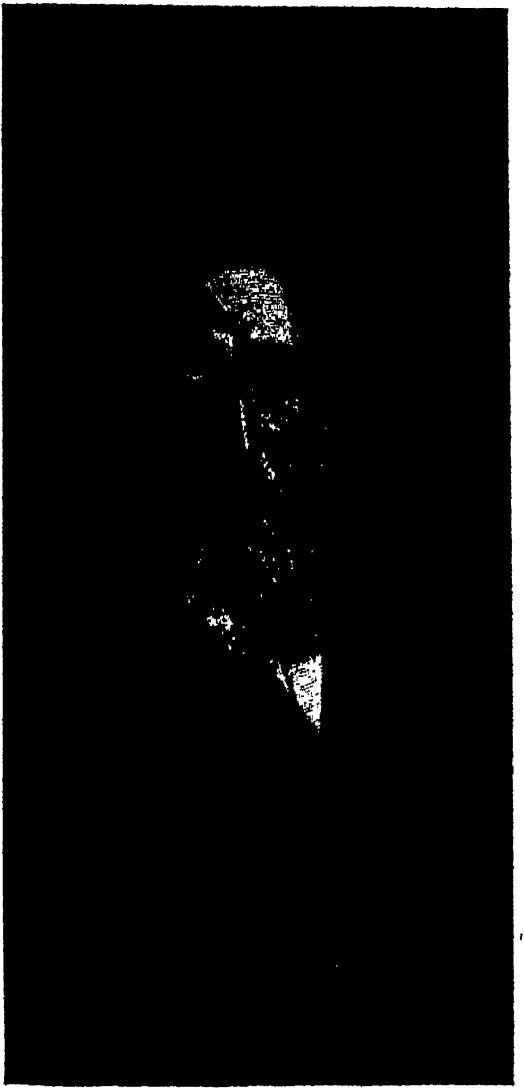
Prince Woldmar then looked up,
His brow was radiant, his cheeks were glowing:
"Miljutin," he exclaimed,
"To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

A sigh, a sound, a tone,
A word, a name, from Woldmar's lips escaping,
And lo! the door that led
Into the state-apartments flew open,
And, but more lovely now,
A brightened fate its mild refulgence shedding,
Like rosy morning sky,
Before the old man's gaze stood his Nadeschda.

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace,
He placed her hand in his, and to Miljutin,
Still standing there amazed,
He straightway led his charming foster-daughter:
"Miljutin, faithful slave,
A nightingale for thy poor lark I offered;
An image wrought of gold
For that of elm, once taken from thy cottage.
My presents thou disdained,
A daughter thou didst mourn, a feeble serf-girl;
But see, this princess here,
I give her to thee as thy compensation."

A tear, as clear as pearly dew,
In crimson on Nadeschda's flushed cheeks sparkled.
And mute, without a word,
She kissed, in smiling joy, the old man's forehead.

Nadeschda. Canto VI.



JOHN RUSKIN.

RUSKIN, JOHN, an English author, born at London, in 1819. His father, of Scottish descent, was a prosperous wine merchant, with strong religious views, and a decided taste for literature and art. The son entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1842, having, in 1839, gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. During his undergraduateship he wrote no little verse, his poems mostly appearing in one or another of the illustrated "Annuals" of the day. They are, as a whole, clever productions of their class, but give no special promise of high poetic faculty. After graduating he studied art, and acquired much technical skill as a draughtsman, which has served him in illustrating some of his subsequent works. In 1843 appeared the first volume of his *Modern Painters: their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford.* This work was the main labor of his life for nearly a score of years, volume II. appearing in 1846, volumes III. and IV. ten years later; and vol. V. in 1860. During this interval he published *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), *The Stones of Venice* (1851–53), and several other works, relating more especially to architecture. His principal works, many of which were originally delivered as lectures or were originally published as brochures are: *Modern Painters* (1843–60), *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), *Stones of Venice* (1851–53), *King of the Golden River*, a Fairy Tale (1851), *Edinburgh Lectures on Architecture* (1853), *The Two Paths* (1859), *Unto this Last* (1860), *Munera Pulveris* (1862), *Sesame*

and Lilies (1865), *Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), *Fors Clavigera* (1871–78), *Aratra Pentelici* (1872), *Præterita* (1885–89, autobiographical), *Verona and other Lectures* (1893), *Essays and Letters* (1894). In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, and in 1872 was made Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford.

ART ROOTED IN MAN'S MORAL NATURE.

In these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising first not from any desire to explain the principles of art, but in the endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken—by digressions respecting social questions which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on their influence on the life of the workman—a question by all the other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised.—*Modern Painters*, Vol. V.

TRUTHFULNESS IN ART.

If it were possible for Art to give *all* the truths of Nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts, which *can* be represented, from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even, in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterwards the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For intance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on

the most illuminated part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this, in most cases not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and color of five-sixths of his picture; and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety.

Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how, as a red, or purple, or a white figure, it separates itself, in clear discernibility, from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines round it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light: all this, I say, he feels to be more important than merely showing the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, however, he feels to be harmonious—capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of color not merely what is rightness or wrongness in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas.—*Modern Painters*, Vol. III.

TURNER'S "SLAVE SHIP."

I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted—and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man—is that of the "Slave Ship." It is a slaver, throwing her dead slaves overboard; and the near sea is encumbered with corpses. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially

lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night.

The whole surface of the sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light—the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it, along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously as the under-strength of the swell permits them, leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

I believe if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception—ideal in

the highest sense of the word—is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life. Its color is absolutely perfect; not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate, as fearless; the ship buoyant, bending, and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.—*Modern Painters*, Vol. II.

THE TWO GREAT SCHOOLS OF SCULPTURE.

The conditions necessary for the production of a perfect school of sculpture have only twice been met in the history of the world, and then for a short time; nor for a short time only, but also in narrow districts—namely, in the valleys and islands of Ionian Greece, and in the strip of land deposited by the Arno, between the Apennine crests and the sea. All other schools, except these two, led severally by Athens in the fifth century before Christ, and by Florence in the fifteenth of our own era, are imperfect; and the best of them are derivative. These two are consummate in themselves, and the origin of what is best in others. . . .

But so narrow is the excellence, even of these two exclusive schools, that it cannot be said of either of them that they represented the entire human form. The Greeks perfectly drew and perfectly moulded the body and limbs, but there is, so far as I am aware, no instance of their representing the face as well as any great Italian. On the other hand, the Italian painted and carved the face insuperably; but I believe there is no instance of his having perfectly represented the body, which, by command of his religion, it became his pride to despise, and his safety to mortify.—*Aratra Pentelici.*

JOHN RUSKIN.—

THE GOTHIC ROOF AND SPIRE.

The true gable, as it is the simplest and most natural, so I esteem it the grandest of roofs; whether rising in ridgy darkness, like a gray slope of slaty mountains, over the precipitous walls of the northern cathedrals, or stretched in burning breadth above the white and square-set groups of the southern architecture. But this difference between its slope in the northern and southern structure is a matter of far greater importance than is commonly supposed. One main cause of it—the necessity of throwing off snow in the north, has been a thousand times alluded to. Another I do not remember to have seen noticed; namely, that the rooms in a roof are comfortably habitable in the north, which are painful *sotto piombi* in Italy; and that there is in wet climates a natural tendency in all men to live as high as possible, out of the damp and mist.

These two causes, together with accessible quantities of good timber, have induced in the north a general steep pitch of gable which, when rounded or squared above a tower, becomes a spire or turret. And this feature, worked out with elaborate decoration, is the key-note of the whole system of "aspiration," so called, which the German critics have so ingeniously and falsely ascribed to a devotional sentiment pervading the Northern Gothic. I entirely and boldly deny the whole theory. Our cathedrals were for the most part built by worldly people, who loved the world, and would gladly have staid in it forever; whose best hope was the escaping hell, which they thought to do by building cathedrals; but who had very vague conceptions of heaven in general, and very feeble desires respecting their entrance therein; and the form of the spired cathedral has no more intentional reference to heaven, as distinguished from the flattened slope of the Greek pediment, than the steep gable of a Norman house has, as distinguished from the flat roof of a Syrian one.—*Stones of Venice.*

JOHN RUSKIN.—

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political Economy is not itself a science, but a system of conduct founded on the Sciences, and impossible, except under certain conditions of moral culture. Which is only to say, that industry, frugality, and discretion—the three foundations of economy—are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline: a flat truism, the reader may think, thus stated; yet a truism which is denied both vociferously, and in all endeavor, by the entire populace of Europe, who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry. The study which lately in England has been called Political Economy is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations, nor has it been true in its investigation even of these.—*Munera Pulveris.*

LABOR.

Labor is the contest of the life of man with an opposite. Literally, it is the quantity or *lapse*, loss or failure of human life, caused by any effort. It is usually confused with effort itself, or the application of power (*opera*); but there is much effort which is merely a mode of recreation or of pleasure. The most beautiful actions of the human body, and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions, or achievements, of quite unlaborious—nay, of recreative effort. But labor is the *suffering* in effort. It is the negative quantity—or quantity of de-feat—which has to be counted against every Feat, and of de-fect which has to be counted against every Fact or Deed of men. In brief, it is "that quantity of our toil which we die in."—*Munera Pulveris.*

RUSSELL, IRWIN, an American poet, born at Port Gibson, Miss., in 1853; died in New Orleans, La., in 1879. His life was spent in the South, where he wrote his poems for amusement. He was the first to appreciate the possibilities of the negro character as literary studies, reproducing the plantation pictures with fidelity. In his introduction to the memorial volume of his poems published by the Century Co. (1888), Joel Chandler Harris says: "The most wonderful thing about the dialect poetry of Irwin Russell is his accurate conception of the negro character. The dialect is not always the best,—it is often carelessly written,—but the negro is there, the old-fashioned, unadulterated negro, who is still dear to the Southern heart."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.

Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him;
You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you. Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chickin,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dah! Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz spiled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers: In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex':
Dat half-way doin's ain't no count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton row
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led the Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;

Do you be s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish ?

My frien's dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve;
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came snoopin' 'roun',—
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

Now 'spose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab' been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's bredren! It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de craps is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you kin pay up what you owes;

But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin, den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I tanks you for de 'tention you has gib me dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

HOPE.

No matter where we sail,
A storm may come to wreck us—
A bitter wind to check us
In the quest for unknown lands,
And cast us on the sands,
No matter where we sail:

Then, when my ship goes down,
What choice is left to me
From leaping in the sea—
And willingly forsake
All that the sea can take,
Then, when my ship goes down?

Still, in spite of storm,
From all we feel or fear
A rescue may be near:
Though tempests blow their best,
A manly heart can rest
Still, in spite of storm.

RUSSELL, JOHN, EARL, an English statesman and author, born in 1792; died in 1878. He was the third son of the Duke of Bedford, and was designated as Lord John Russell until 1861, when he was raised to the peerage, under the title of Earl Russell. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1813, while still a minor, he was returned to Parliament for Fairstock. His public career, then begun, lasted until 1865—a period of fifty-two years. Of this we here give only the bare outlines. In 1819, he entered upon his long contest for Parliamentary reform, and in 1831 aided in framing the Reform Bill which was passed in 1832. In 1835, in the Melbourne ministry, he became Home Secretary, and in 1839, Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. The ministry went out of power in 1841, and for five years Lord John Russell was leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. The corn-law question was now the most important matter, and he was returned, as a free-trader, for the city of London. He gave his support to the Peel ministry in its measures for free-trade and some other measures. Sir Robert Peel retired in 1846, and Lord John Russell was entrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet, in which he took the place of First Lord of the Treasury. After several changes of administration he became, in 1852, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Aberdeen ministry. In 1855, he took the place of Colonial Secretary in the Palmerston Cabinet, in which, in 1859, he was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was thus the head of the

Foreign Department of the British Government during the American war of secession. Lord Palmerston died in October, 1865, and Earl Russell became Premier. But the Government was defeated upon a new Reform Bill, and Earl Russell had no alternative but to resign. With this resignation his strictly public career came to an end, although he afterwards made many speeches, and wrote several pamphlets on public questions.

Lord John Russell was the author of many books, among which are: *Essays on the English Government* (1823), *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht* (1824), *Establishment of the Turks in Europe* (1828), *Causes of the French Revolution* (1832), *Memoirs of Thomas Moore* (1852), *Life of Charles James Fox* (1859–1866), *Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe* (1873), *Recollections and Suggestions* (1875).

THE GOVERNMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

The most celebrated governments of ancient and modern times which have succeeded best in combining liberty with order, are Sparta, Rome, and England. Of these I have no hesitation in saying England, since 1688, is the most perfect. Indeed, it is evident to any one who reads the history of Sparta and Rome, that their institutions were intended for small communities, contained in the neighborhood of a single city, and that the very force and strength which their form of government produced tended, by increasing the commonwealth, to destroy the laws and manners which gave them birth. Not so with England: the does not reject wealth; she does not reject commerce; she does not even reject extended empire from the plan of her constitution. She rejects

nothing but continental greatness, and an overgrown military establishment.

Nor can the United States of America be fairly quoted as an example against me. Whether she be more or less happy than England, her standing in the world is not yet [1823] such as to enable her to draw any triumph from the comparison of her institutions with those of other nations. Since she first conquered her independence she has been as little exposed to the internal dangers arising from foreign war as the republic of San Marino. She has had a continent to spread in, and a huge wilderness to receive the unquiet and fermenting spirits among her people. Each state has governed itself with as little difficulty as the Quarter Sessions in England regulate the county expenses; her Congress has carried on negotiation without the smallest apprehension of conquest. It is when the Republic, weary of peace and prosperity, shall measure her new forces, and sigh for greatness and glory; when a national debt and a national army shall be created by the will of national opinion; when Mexico shall be a bordering and a rival empire; when generals shall arise with more brilliant talents and a less virtuous character than Washington; when the love of power and dominion corrupts her presidents and statesmen; it is then it will be decided whether the institutions of America are wiser than those of England.

It must be confessed, however, that should America stand this test, or even should she continue to flourish for the next century, it will be no longer just to withhold from her the pre-eminence among the governments of the globe. She will have resolved successfully the great problem how to secure the enjoyments of order and public tranquillity with the least possible check on the development of human faculties: in short, how to obtain for man, in the greatest proportions, the blessings of security, peace, liberty, and knowledge. She will have resolved this problem too by a machinery

much less complicated, and much less expensive, than the constitution of England.—*The History of the English Government.*

FOX AS A STATESMAN.

The sum of the whole character of Fox as a statesman is, that he was an ardent, consistent, and thorough lover of liberty. Whether in France or in America, whether in Ireland or in England, whether with reference to the Protestant or the Roman Catholic, whether to be applied to the white or the black man, the main and ruling passion of Fox's life was a love of liberty. For her cause he was an orator; for her cause he was a statesman. He gave his life to the defence of English freedom; he hastened his death by his exertion to abolish the African slave-trade.

Sir Walter Scott, wishing no doubt to do justice to Fox, has in fact cast a most undeserved reproach on his memory. He has written, as if in praise, "Record that Fox a Briton died," thus implying that unless he supported the views of the Tory party against France, he was not worthy of the name of Briton. It is evident that while Scott's purpose was *Manibus dare lilia plenis*, his words imply that Fox was only a patriot when he rejected peace with France. This is a very low view of patriotism. Fox thought, in 1793 and 1803, that the name and reputation of England —and, with her name and reputation, her interest—would best be supported by an honest endeavor to continue in peace with France. It may be thought that he was wrong in his opinion, and that Pitt was right. But those who think he was wrong ought to admit that, having ample means of judgment, he was right to act according to his convictions, and did not forfeit his character as a Briton on that account. Those who think he was right will ever revere him for defending the cause of humanity, justice, and peace, against a prevailing but unfounded clamor.—*Life and Times of Charles James Fox.*

RUSSELL, LADY RACHEL (WRIOTHESLEY), an English heroine, born in 1636; died in 1723. She was a daughter of the Earl of Southampton. In 1669, she, then the widow of Lord Vaughan, married Lord William Russell, a son of the Duke of Bedford. In 1683 Lord William Russell was arraigned on charge of complicity in the so-called "Rye-House Plot." Prisoners were not then allowed the privilege of having counsel. But, by way of special grace, Russell was permitted to have a "servant" to aid him as an amanuensis. "My wife," said the prisoner, "is here, my Lord, to do it." Russell was condemned illegally, as is now admitted by all—and was beheaded on July 21, 1683, just a week after he had been brought to trial. His wife survived him for forty years. Half a century after her death a collection of her *Letters* was published, which have been frequently reprinted. The most complete edition is that edited by Lord John Russell (1854). The following letter, addressed to Dr. Fitzwilliam, was written two years after her husband's execution.

ON HER BEREAVEMENT.

As you profess, good Doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments: doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you that they are very valuable to me. That you are contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them—I know it cannot be. But, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome.

You say something sometimes by which I

should think you seasoned, or rather tainted, with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false, title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigor of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast. But there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blest eternity. Doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned.

I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone; I bless God for it, and pray and ask of all good people —do it for me from such as you know are so— also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at His darkest providences, but remembering continually, either His glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all His works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see. In the meantime, I endeavor to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say, with the man in the gospel, "I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

RUSSELL, WILLIAM CLARK, an English author, born in New York city, in 1844. His father, Henry Russell, was the composer of the songs, *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, *To the West*, *There's a Good Time Coming, Boys*, and *Far, Far upon the Sea;* and his mother was a connection of the poet Wordsworth. He was educated at Winchester, England, and in France. He then entered the British merchant service, made voyages to Australia and to China and after eight years of sailor life abandoned it and devoted himself to literature. He became associated with the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle*, and the London *Daily Telegraph*, giving up his editorial connection with the latter in 1887. His ambition has been to raise the nautical novel to a high standard, and his books are written out of his own experience. His books are: *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate* (1874), *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* (1875), *The Little Loo* (1876), *A Sailor's Sweetheart* (1877), *An Ocean Free Lance* (1878), *The Lady Maud* (1880), *Jack's Courtship* (1881), *A Strange Voyage* (1882), *The Golden Hope* (1883), *The Dutch Ship* (1884), *A Frozen Pirate* (1885), *Marooned* (1886), *Round the Galley Fire* (1886), *My Watch Below* (1886), *In the Middle Watch* (1887), *On the Fok'sle Head* (1887), *An Ocean Tragedy* (1887), *My Shipmate Louise* (1888), *Betwixt the Forelands* (1888), *Life of Nelson* (1889), *The Romance of Jenny Harlowe* (1889), and *Helma* (1890), *The Good Ship Mohock* (1895).

A BURNING SEA.

But natural as such thoughts were, there was no purpose to be served by encouraging them; so I broke away from them by talking to Miss Inglefield, for there were plenty of

other things to converse about, fortunately—I mean the wonderful appearance of the sea, the dense blackness of the heavens, which but for the luminousness of the ocean would have shown forms of flying clouds and driving of scud over rifts and patches of dim, dark, starless sky, the ghostly blue lights kindling at the yardarms out of the wind, the strange unfamiliar look of the ship tossing like a shape of jet upon the greenish gold of the waters, with nothing to be seen aloft but the faint glimmer of the foot of the canvas waving there like the spectral pinion of some vast form whose outline it might be possible to discern by intent inspection of the black air. As to Pipes he was not safe to talk to yet; I knew the worry in his head had made a bear of the poor old fellow, and that for the present it was best to leave him alone right aft there abreast of the wheel; so I moved about with Miss Agnes, carrying her to leeward at times to look at the brilliance washing away from the ship's side when she'd crush the foam out of an underrunning sea; for to leeward along the bends was the place to see the phosphorus, as the shadow of the vessel added a deeper tinge to the gloom, and it was a perpetual convulsion and tumultuous play of fibres and serpents and lances and arrows of fire darting up from under our keel on the shining slant of every sea whose crest ran melting into an almost lightning brightness from our leaning and rolling hull.

No bells were kept, and by and by, drawing to the companion for the light in it, I found by my watch that it was ten o'clock. I was about to tell Miss Inglefield the hour, and ask her permission to conduct her below, when she suddenly cried, "What is that, Mr. Aubyn?"

"What do you see?" I exclaimed, startled by the vehemence in her voice as if she were terror-stricken.

"Look past that boat there," she cried, pointing to leeward.

I stared in the direction indicated by her

shadowy arm, and just abaft the quarter-boat she meant, that was hanging in the davits, I saw a pale pillar of fire standing upon the sea and reaching to the height of several degrees above the horizon. It was as much like the stalk of a flower in shape as anything I can imagine to liken it to, with a slender spreading out of its summit, in which luminous cup or circumference there seemed to my eyes to be resting a volume of blackness, of so deep and intense a nature that it hung as plain against the dark heavens as a blot of ink on a sheet of chocolate-colored paper. As I gazed, a flash of violet lightning fell zig-zag to the sea from the black mass, quickly followed by a rumble of thunder coming up like the moaning toll of a huge, deep-throated bell against the wind.

Some one was passing us, apparently to relieve the wheel. "What is that column of light down there to leeward?" I asked.

"A water-spout," was the answer.

"Of course it is," I exclaimed to Miss Inglefield. "It's a whirlwind holding a pillar of this phosphorescent water in its transparent walls. Was there ever a more magnificent sight! I have heard of water-spouts illuminated by lightning; but think of a shaft of fire moving along the deep with its head veiled in a thunder cloud! I hope it'll go clear of us, though. A water-spout's a dangerous machine to run foul of. Captain Pipes," I sung out, "do you see that spout to leeward there?"

"Yes, Mr. Aubyn, I see it, sir," he answered gruffly. "It's not coming our way. There's no call to be alarmed."

As he spoke a second sharp glare of lightning threw up the huge folds of vapor eddying and coiling at the summit of the fiery pillar, like the first belching off smoke from a newly-fed factory furnace, and up through the wind came a short, sharp explosion of thunder like the detonation of a heavy piece of ordnance. . . .

We stood in silence watching the wild and beautiful and startling appearance to leeward.

How far distant it was I could not say; I strained my ear, but I could catch no sound of the commotion of boiling water; I noticed that Pipes barely glanced at it. I could see him plain against the phosphoric lustre when the ship rolled to windward and brought the radiant waters visible, above the rail; and he stood steadfastly staring into the sea over the weather bow, apparently heeding nothing but the thoughts of the wreck which he imaged lying out there. The thin, shining column of water went gliding slowly down upon our lee quarter, with now and again a streak of crooked red or blue lancing out of the mass of inky vapor on top of it, and after a little it either broke and fell or was swallowed up by the ocean's glare. Miss Agnes put her hand over her forehead, and took a long, long look at the pale, weltering brightness to windward.

"Oh!" she cried, with a sobbing sigh, "if we could but see the wreck how happy I should feel."—*A Strange Voyage.*

A TRICK AT THE WHEEL.

I can conceive of many a strange, fanciful thought coming into a sailor's mind as he stands grasping the wheel in the lonely night-watch, and I say this with a plentiful knowledge of the seaman's prosaic and unsentimental character. A man must be but a very short way removed from a four-footed animal not to feel at times the wonderful and subduing spell which the ocean will fling over the human soul; and being at the wheel will give him the best chance of yielding to the nameless witchery, for at such a time—in most cases—he is alone; no one accosts him, the gloom falls down and blots out the figure of the officer of the watch, and completes the deep sense of solitude that is to be got from a spell at the helm on a dark and quiet night at sea. I cannot but think that the spirit of the deep is brought, at such a time, nearer to you aboard a sailing than aboard a steamship. The onward rushing fabric that is im-

pelled by engines demands incessant vigilance, she may be off her course even in the time that a man takes to lift his eyes to mark a flying meteor; there are no moments of rest. But in a sailing-ship you have the moonlit night and burnished swell heaving up in lines of ebony out of the visionary horizon, where the stars are wanly winking, until it rolls in billows of sparkling quicksilver under the wake of the bland and beautiful luminary; there is not a breath of air aloft, though little creepings of wind circle softly about the decks as the pallid surfaces of canvas swing in and out with the leaning of the ship; the moonlight falls in pools of light upon the planks, and every shadow cast upon those pearl-like surfaces is as black and sharp and clear as a tracing in ink; the after portions of the sails are dark as bronze, but looking at them forward they rise into the air like pieces of white satin, soaring into a stately edifice full of delicate, hurrying shadows which resemble the streaky lustre on the inside of an oyster-shell as the cloths swell out or hollow in with the drowsy motion, and crowned with the little royals, which seem to melt, even as the eye watches them, like summer clouds upon the heaven of stars.

Moments of such repose as this you will get in a sailing-ship. Who that has stood at the wheel at such a time but remembers the soft patter of reef-points upon the canvas, the frosty twinkling of the dew upon the skylights and rail, the hollow sob of the swell under the counter as the ship heaves her stern, and the tiller-chains rattle, and the wheel jumps to the echo of the groan of the rudder-head?

It is the middle watch; eight bells were struck a quarter of an hour since; the watch on deck are forward, coiled away, anywhere, and nothing stirs on the forecastle; the officer on duty walks the starboard side of the deck, for the yards are braced to port, and that makes a weather deck where the mate is pacing, sleepily scratching the back of his head, and casting

drowsy glances aloft and at the sea. The moon is low in the west, and has changed her silver into copper, and will be gone soon. The calm is wonderfully expressed by the reflection she drops; the mirrored radiance streams toward you like a river of pallid gold, narrow at the horizon and broadening, fan-shaped, until it seems within a biscuit's throw of the ship, where it vanishes in a fine haze; but on either hand of it the water is as black as ink, while the lustre of the moon has quenched the stars all about her, and left the sky in which she hangs as dark as the ocean.

The setting orb carries the mind with it. The eye will seek the light, and it is a kind of instinct that makes a man watch the sinking of the moon at sea, when there is a deeper repose in the air and nothing to hinder his thoughts from following the downward sailing orb. Many a time have I watched her, and thought of the old home she would be shining upon; the loved scenes she would be making beautiful with her holy light. There is nothing in life that gives one such a sense of distance, of infinite remoteness, as the setting of the sun or moon at sea. It defines the immeasurable leagues of water which separate you from those you love with a sharpness that is scarcely felt at other times. It is the only mark upon the circle of the ocean, and courts you into a reckoning which there is something too vague in the bare and infinite horizon to invite. As one bell strikes, the moon rests her lower limb upon the horizon, and her reflection shortens away from the ship's side as the red fragment of disk sinks behind the black water-line. In a few seconds nothing but a speck of light that glows like a live ember is visible: and when that is quenched the faint saffron tinge that hung about the sky when the moon was setting dies out, and the whole circumference of the ocean is full of the blackness of night.—*Round the Galley Fire.*

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.—

RUSSELL, Sir William Howard, a British author, born at Dublin, in 1821. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the Middle Temple, London, in 1846, and was called to the bar in 1850. He gave up legal practice in order to act as special correspondent to the *Times* during the Crimean war. When the Sepoy mutiny broke out, he went in a similar capacity to India. In 1861 he went to the United States, but returned to England the following year. He went in 1866 to report the Austro-Prussian war; and in 1870 that between France and Germany. In 1875 he was attached as Honorary Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, in his visit to India. Meanwhile as early as 1858, he established *The Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he afterwards became editor and principal proprietor. Many of his series of letters have been published in volumes. Among his works are: *Letters from the Crimea* (1856), *Diary in India* (1860), *My Diary, North and South* (1862), *Memorials of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales* (1864), *The Great Eastern and the Atlantic Cable* (1865), *Adventures of Dr. Brady*, a novel (1868), *My Diary during the Last Great War* (1873), *Hesperiothen: Notes from the West* (1882).

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of Continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the

pride and splendor of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an enemy in position! Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds; and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt nor check their speed for an instant.

With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer, which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry through the clouds of smoke. We could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns, and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through guns as I have said. To our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us, told us the

sad tale: demigods could not have done what we failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage almost too great for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin.

It was as much as one heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.—*Letters from the Crimea.*

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.—

RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH, American poet, born at Norfolk, Va., in 1839; died at Louisville, Ky., in 1886. He was educated in the school of the Christian Brothers at Louisville, and then entered the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, N. Y., to study for the priesthood. But soon after his ordination, he became a chaplain in the Confederate army, in which he served until the close of the civil war. In 1865 he settled in New Orleans, where, in addition to his clerical duties, he edited the *Star*, a weekly Roman Catholic paper. Subsequently he removed to Knoxville, Tenn., and founded *The Banner of the South*, a religious and political weekly. For several years he was pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., and in 1880 he went North to lecture and to publish his *Poems, Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous*. The longest of these is a narrative poem entitled *Their Story Runneth Thus*. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a *Life of Christ*.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never! no! never! while God gave them Life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never! no! never! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the [field.

Lift it up! wave it high! 'tis as bright as of old!
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh! . . . .

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home,
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
Like a weary-winged bird to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
'Til, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar!
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,

And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

SURSUM CORDA.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by the cares of life oppressed,
Ye are wand'ring in the shadows—ye are sighing for a rest:
There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is bleak below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts! God is Rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! this is but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for relief:
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon His love.
Lonely hearts! God is Love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling night and day,
And the flowers of life, all withered, leave but thorns along your way:
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting, till your toilings all shall cease,
And your every restless beating is a sad, sad prayer for peace.
Restless hearts! God is Peace.

Breaking hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan!

In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,
And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts! God is Joy.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wand'rers, and your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
Ye look away from earth-land, and ye murmur, "Where is home?"
Homeless hearts! God is Home.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it,—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it,— let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh! . . .

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,—
For its people's hopes are fled!

RYDBERG, ABRAHAM VIKTOR, a Swedish author, born in Jönköping, Sweden, in 1829. After receiving his education at the University of Lund, he devoted himself to literature and journalism. For many years he edited *Göteboorg Handels och Sjöfarbs Tiduing*, one of the largest papers in Scandinavia. He is the author of a number of historical and æsthetical studies, including *Venus from Milo* (1874), *Romerska Dagar* (1875–7), and works on the philosophy of religion—*Biblens lœra om Kristus* (1862), *Medelstidens Magi* (1864), *Romerska Sagnar om Apostlarin Paulus ach Petrus* (1871), *Urpatriarkernes tafla i Genesis* (1873), which have given him a prominent place as a leader of the new rationalist party of Sweden. In 1877, he was elected to the Swedish Acadamy, and received the degree of doctor from the University of Upsala. He has published a translation of Goethe's *Faust*, and has written several novels, the best of which is *Den Siste Atenaren* (The Last Athenian) (1859), a story describing the contest between Greek Paganism and Christianity. This has been compared to Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and has been translated into English by William W. Thomas. Others of his works, *The Roman Emperors in Marble*, *Antique Statues*, and *Roman Traditions of Peter and Paul*, have been translated by Alfred Corning Clark, and included under the general title of *Roman Days*. In 1889 he published *Teutonic Mythology*.

A GRACEFUL COSTUME.

The clear sky, the graceful pillared building, the statues and vases, the playing jet, and within these surroundings a pretty group of young women, clad in the simplest, chastest and noblest dress that ever fluttered about

womanly grace, comprised a picture of clear lines, calm beauty and ideal poetry, peculiar to the antique. The old Hellenic costume had been again assumed by many Athenians, to whom the memory of the past was dearer than ever, as is usual in times when an uncontrolled, irreconcilable contest exists between different world-opinions, and calls forth the most extreme opposites side by side. Hermione was clad in a snow-white tunic of Egyptian *Sindor*, fastened with a brooch over the left shoulder, and having a long cape, so cut open over the arms that it fell from the neck like two separate draperies, the one over the back, the other over the bosom, and almost concealed the blue gold-stitched belt which drew the tunic about the waist, whence it fell in rich, natural folds to the sandal-decked feet. The sleeves of this dress were very wide, slit open from shoulder to wrist, and held together at intervals by little gold buckles, so that now one saw only a strip, now the whole rounding of the lovely arms where played the rose and lily. To increase the comfort of this habit, the tunic was also cut open from under the left arm to the waist, but here fastened with a close row of brooches. A narrow purple border ran around the bottom of the dress, and increased the effect of the plastic fall of the folds.

Hermione's rich, dark hair was not parted, but naturally arranged as on a boy's curly head, and held together by a simple band like a diadem. Under this, in the middle of her forehead, the hair divided itself into two long, wavy lines, which approached the fine pencilled eyebrows and ended behind them in little curly tresses, while the back hair fell in a swell of long, lustrous waves over neck and shoulders.

Two other ladies were clad in nearly the same manner as Hermione, but wore over the white tunic another, shorter; in the one case saffron color, in the other amethyst.

—*The Last Athenian. Transl. of* WILLIAM W. THOMAS, Jr.

SACHS, HANS, a German master-shoemaker and master-singer, born at Nuremberg in 1494; died there in 1576. He was well educated at the Latin School in his native town, and when he reached the proper age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. After having duly served out his apprenticeship he set out on the "travel-years" prescribed by the regulations of the guilds as a preliminary to becoming a "master-workman." He visited the principal towns of Southern Germany, pegging and singing as he went, and was for a time employed in the Imperial service. At about twenty-four he returned to Nuremberg married, and established himself in the two-fold capacity of authorized maker of shoes and maker of verses, both of which pursuits he carried on prosperously for nearly threescore years. His wife died after a union of forty years, and at sixty-seven he married a girl just half a century younger than himself. This marriage proved a happy one, and among the aged poet's verses is a pretty song in praise of his young wife. As he approached fourscore his faculties gradually declined, and during the last three or four years of his life he was almost deprived of hearing. He was then wont to sit at a table on which were laid handsome books, nodding cheerily in acknowledgment of the kindly greetings of his numerous visitors, but not speaking a word in reply. His extant portrait represents a venerable man, with a high overhanging forehead, and a well-trimmed luxuriant gray beard. He was an earnest but kindly Lutheran, and a personal friend of Martin Luther, upon whose death he composed a touching elegy. For what

follows we are mainly indebted to the excellent *Outlines of German Literature*, of Gartwick and Harrison.

HANS SACHS AND HIS WRITINGS.

The literary productiveness of the Nuremberg master-singer was marvellous. He wrote more than six thousand pieces of verse—lyrical narrative, and dramatic; but he seldom, if ever, invented a plot or a story; that was mostly borrowed from the resources of his very extensive reading. His best pieces are narratives, partly jocose, partly didactic, in which he describes the popular manners of his own times. He has the satirical tone of the fifteenth century, but he has good-humor in his satire, while his coarseness belongs to his times, and has no bad purpose.

Several of his legends are pleasing, though for modern readers there is some irreverence in their tone. In the legend of "St. Peter and the Goat," for example, we are told that once upon a time St. Peter was perplexed by an apparent prevalence of injustice in the world, and ventured to think that he could arrange matters better if he held the reins of government, and frankly confesses these thoughts to his Master. Meanwhile a peasant girl comes to him, and complains that she has to do a hard day's work and at the same time to keep in order a frolicsome young goat. "Now," says the Lord to Peter, "you must have pity on this girl, and must take charge of the goat, that will serve as an introduction to your managing the affairs of the Universe." Peter takes charge of the goat, and finds quite enough to do; for—

> The young goat has a playful mind,
> And never liked to be confined.
> The Apostle, at a killing pace,
> Followed the goat in desperate chase.
> Over the hills and over the briers
> The goat runs on and never tires;

While Peter, behind, on the grassy plain,
Runs, panting and sighing—all in vain.

All day beneath a scorching sun
The good Apostle had to run,
Till evening came. The goat was caught,
And safely to the Master brought;
Then, with a smile, to Peter said
The Lord: "Well, friend, how have you sped?
If such a task your powers has tried,
How could you rule the world so wide?"—
Then Peter, with his toil distressed,
His folly, with a sigh, confessed:—
"No, Master! 'tis for me no play
To rule one goat for one short day;
It must be infinitely worse
To regulate the universe."

Apparent irreverence and broad humor are united in several other stories written by Hans Sachs, without the slightest ill intention. Wishing to expose the loose lives and profane conversation of the common soldiery of his times, he tells us, for example, that Satan, curious to know the truth respecting the morals of these people, sent a demon to bring into hell about half a dozen soldiers as average specimens of their class. The commissioner was, however, so much terrified by the talk of the soldiers, and gave to his master such an account of their morals, that they were refused entrance into Pandemonium. In another story St. Peter, as the gate-keeper of heaven, exercises an unbounded charity, and admits a number of common soldiers. But they do not relish any of the pleasures of their new residence; they collect their pence, and begin playing at pitch-and-toss. The game ends in a quarrel, and, after some trouble with them, St. Peter sends his guests down to their proper quarters.

Hans Sachs is never weary of making homely appeals to the understanding of his hearers. He tells of the tailor who clipped and stole pieces of the cloth he had to make up.

At last his conscience was awakened by a remarkable dream or vision. An escort of demons bearing a flag made up of strips of stolen cloth, conducts the tailor's soul into Purgatory. He awakens, repents, and becomes a new man; but on one occasion steals a sample of cloth, because "there was nothing like it in the flag." At last he dies, and St. Peter, not without some dubitation, admits him into Heaven, but assigns him a seat so near the celestial walls that he can see clearly every sin committed by mortals on the earth below. It is not long before he espies a poor woman in the act of purloining a pocket-handkerchief. Wrought up to a pitch of pharisaical indignation at the sight, the tailor—though himself just saved so narrowly—seizes his heavy footstool and hurls it down upon the culprit, who is thereby lamed for life. Then follows a sharp rebuke by the poet of the pharisaic spirit.

The active literary career of Hans Sachs lasted from about 1514 to 1567—that is, from his twentieth to his seventy-first year. During this long period he produced, according to his own computation, 6,048 separate pieces, longer or shorter. Of these, as classified by himself, there were 4,275 Master-songs; 208 Dramas; 1,558 Stories Fables, Histories; and "Figures," or Miscellanies, which include several controversial pamphlets in prose. Of his works in general, Scherer says:

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HANS SACHS.

The Nuremberg shoemaker surpassed all his dramatic colleagues in fertility and artistic power. There was no province in which he did not try his hand, no interest of the time which did not find an echo in his writings. His power of easy creation resulted from the peacefulness of his nature. He looked on the world with an untroubled glance, and could enter into

its life with a sympathy free from all egoism. What he observed, he was also able to reproduce in words. He made use of all forms of writing in his efforts to diffuse information on various subjects. He was a real teacher of the people, and his teaching was of a comforting and conciliatory character, springing from his own kind and gentle nature. He is a master of description, and makes use of it on every possible occasion; he pictures graphically all the scenes which are within the power of his imagination, but his reflections are often trivial.

In his tales and dramas, Hans Sachs frequently endeavors to connect action with motive, and to develop character; but he as frequently neglects this altogether.

In Cain the poet has given us an excellent picture of a naughty boy. The imprudence and impetuosity of St. Peter, the porter of Heaven, are drawn with inimitable humor in all Hans Sachs's farces and dramas. Frequently he paints not individuals but types, like the masques of Italian comedy. In this he was influenced by the German poetry of the day, whose strength lay in satirical caricature. One or more of these typical figures regularly appear in every farce: the Catholic priest and his housekeeper, the cheating landlord, the wicked and quarrelsome old dame, the sharp-witted, wandering scholar, the unfaithful wife, the jealous husband, and many others. The period of his greatest dramatic activity falls between 1550 and 1560; in these years he wrote masses of plays, seizing alike on scriptural, classical, and romantic subjects. Through his influence the Nuremberg school of dramatic art became the example not only for the towns in the immediate neighborhood, but also for Magdeburg, Augsburg, Breslau, and Strasburg. And even in the present day relics of Hans Sachs's dramas may still be found in the plays acted by the German peasants of Upper Bavaria, as far as Hungary and Silesia. In those districts they have lived on, like popular songs.

SACKVILLE, THOMAS, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset and Lord Treasurer, an English statesman and poet, born in 1536; died in 1608. Before entering upon active public life he planned and partly executed a poem, the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which was to portray the fortunes and fate of men who had enacted great parts in English history. Becoming immersed in public affairs, he committed what he had done and the further execution of the poem to two of his friends, Richard Baldwynne and George Ferrers, who also called in the assistance of several others. The *Mirror for Magistrates* was first published in 1559. Subsequent editions, with numerous additions by various hands, appeared in 1563, 1571, 1574, 1587, and 1610. The personages are taken from English history, from the time of William the Conqueror to the end of the War of the Roses. After enjoying great popularity for more than half a century, the *Mirror for Magistrates* passed (as most of it deserved to pass) into neglect until 1815, when a new edition was issued, in two quarto volumes. Of this long work, by so many hands, we have to do only with the few hundred lines by Sackville, which constitute the most notable poem in the English language during the two centuries between the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Faery Queen*.—Sackville's part of the *Mirror for Magistrates* consists of a long allegorical "Induction," or Introduction, and the "Complaint" of the shade of that Duke of Buckingham of whom Shakespeare tells us in *Richard the Third*. The "Induction" begins with a vivid picture of a winter day, and as evening

draws on the poet is confronted with the effigy of "Sorrow," who is to conduct him through the gloomy land of Departed Spirits.

"SORROW"—THE POET'S CONDUCTOR.

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,
As is the stalk with summer's drought oppresst;
Her wealked face with woeful tears bespreut,
Her color pale, and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolor so distrained in heart,
That, while my knees upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart.
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dole which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:—

"Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be!
And stint betime to spill thyself with plaint:
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint."—
And with that word of Sorrow, all forfaint,
She lookéd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo! thus she gan to say:—

"Alas, I, wretch, whom thou seest distrained,
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
SORROW I am; in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake;
Where Pluto, God of Hell, so grisly blake,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast;

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom fortune in this maze of misery

Of wretched chance most woeful mirrors chose;
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou may'st soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Conducted to the under-world the poet meets the embodied shapes of all human passions, frailties, infirmities and crimes—Remorse, Dread, Revenge, Avarice, Care, Sleep, Old Age, Disease, Famine, Death, War, and many another. After these allegorical apparitions the poet meets the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham—the only human spectre described by Sackville himself, all the others depicted in the *Mirror for Magistrates* being by inferior hands.

THE SPECTRE OF REMORSE.

And first, within the porch and jaws of Hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought;
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

THE SPECTRE OF SLEEP.

Near by lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,

A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.
The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life on earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Crœsus's pomp and Irus's poverty.

THE SPECTRE OF WAR.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honor, glory, and rule above the rest)
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed.
His face forehewed with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

THE SPECTRE OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,

Which of a duke had made him now her
scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins
as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay.
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away.
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay;
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shriekéd so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise;
Till the last, recovering his voice,
Suppressing the tears that all his breast be-
rained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

SADI (Sheikh Muslihu'd-din), a Persian poet, born at Shiraz about 1184; died there at a great age; according to some accounts, he reached the age of nearly 120 years; others place his death at about 80 years. He was trained at Bagdad; became a dervish, made fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, travelled as far as India, and mastered not only several Oriental languages, but also Latin. He fought against the Crusaders in Syria, by whom he was made prisoner. He was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. This marriage proved an uncongenial one, and Sadi returned to Shiraz, where he retired to a hermitage, and composed his poems.

The works of Sadi comprised the *Gulistan* or "Rose-Garden," the *Bostan* or "Fruit-Garden," the *Pend Nameh* or "Book of Counsels," and numerous detached odes and elegies. The *Gulistan* consists mainly of some scores of short stories, in which the prose narrative is interspersed with poetry, sometimes a few lines, sometimes several stanzas. It is to this day the popular book of the Persians—their *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Within the present generation there have been several translations of the *Gulistan* into English, the best of which is that of Mr. Edward B. Eastwick (revised edition 1880), in which the form of the original—partly prose and partly verse—has been retained. To the *Gulistan* is prefixed a Proem which, besides giving an account of the origin of the poem, will serve as a fair indication of its form and manner.

SADI.—

PROEM TO THE GULISTAN.

One night I was reflecting on times gone by, and regarding my wasted life, and I pierced the stony mansion of my heart with the diamond of my tears, and read these verses, appropriate to my state:

One breath of life each moment flies,
A small remainder meets my eyes.
Sleeper, whose fifty years are gone,
Be these five days at least thy own.
Shame on the dull, departed dead,
Whose task is left unfinishéd.
In vain for them the drum was beat,
Which warns us of man's last retreat.
Sweet sleep upon the parting-day
Holds back the traveller from the way.
Each comer a new house erects,
Departs—the house its lord rejects;
The next one forms the same conceit,
This mansion none shall e'er complete.
Hold not as friend this comrade light,
With one so false no friendship plight.
Since good and bad alike must fall,
He's best who bears away the ball.
Send to this tomb an ample store;
None with it bring—then send before.
Like snow in life is July's sun,
Little remains; and there is one
To boast himself and vaunt thereon.
With empty hand thou hast sought the mart;
I fear thou wilt with thy turban part.
Who eat their corn while yet 'tis green,
At the true harvest can but glean.
To Sadi's counsel let thy soul give heed,
There is the way—be manful and proceed.

After deliberating on this subject, I thought it advisable that I should take my seat in retirement, and wash the tablet of my memory from vain words, nor speak idly in future.

Better who sits in nooks, deaf, speechless, idle,
Than he who knows not his own tongue to bridle.

At length one of my friends, who was my comrade in the camel-litter, and my closet-com-

panion, entered my door, according to old custom. Notwithstanding all the cheerfulness and hilarity which he displayed, and his spreading out the carpet of affection, I returned him no answer, nor lifted up my head from the knee of devotion. He was pained, and looking toward me said :—

Now that the power of utterance is thine
Speak, O my brother! kindly, happily,
To-morrow's message bids thee life resign ;
Then art thou silent of necessity.

One of those who were about me informed him regarding this circumstance, saying: Sadi has made a resolution and fixed determination to pass the rest of his life in the world as a devotee, and embrace silence. If thou cannot, take thy way and choose the path of retreat. He replied: By the glory of the Highest and by our ancient friendship! I will not breathe or stir a step until he hath spoken according to his wonted custom and his usual manner; for to distress friends is folly ; but the dispensing with an oath is easy. It is contrary to rational procedure, and opposed to the opinion of sages, that the two-edged sword of Ali should remain in its scabbard, or the tongue of Sadi be silent in his mouth.

What is the tongue in the mouth of mortals ? say
'Tis but the key that opens wisdom's door ;
While that is closed, who may conjecture, pray,
If thou sellest jewels or the pedlar's store ?
Silence is mannerly—so deem the wise,
But in the fitting time use language free ;
Blindness of judgment just in two things lies
To speak unwished, or speak unseasonably.

In brief, I had not the power to refrain from conversing with him; and I thought it uncourteous to avert my face from conference with him ; for he was an agreeable companion and a sincere friend.

When thou contendest choose an enemy
Whom thou mayst vanquish or whom thou canst fly.

By the mandate of necessity, I spoke as we went out for recreation, it being the season of Spring, when the asperity of Winter was mitigated, and the time of the rose's rich display had arrived.

Vestments green upon the trees,
Like the costly garments seeming,
Which at Id's festivities
Rich men wear, all gayly gleaming.
'Twas the first day of April, the second month of the Spring;
From the pulpits of the branches slight-wreathed the bulbuls sing.
The red, red branches were be-gemmed with pearls of glistening dew
Like moisture on an angry beauty's cheek—a cheek of rosy hue.

So time passed, till one night it happened that I was walking at a late hour in a flower-garden with one of my friends. The spot was blithe and pleasing, and the trees intertwined there charmingly. You would have said that fragments of enamel were sprinkled on the ground, and that the necklace of the Pleiades was suspended from the vines that grew there.

A garden where the murmurous rill was heard
While from the hills sang each melodious bird;
That, with the many-colored tulip bright,
These with their various fruits the eye delight.
The whispering breeze beneath the branches' shade,
Of blending flowers a motley carpet made.

In the morning, when the inclination to return prevailed over our wish to stay, I saw that he had gathered his lap full of roses and fragrant herbs, and sweet-basil, with which he was setting out for the city. I said: To the rose of the flower-garden as you know, is no continuance; nor is there faith in the promise of the rose-garden; and the sages have said that we should not fix our affections on that which has no endurance. He said: What, then is my course? I replied: For the recrea-

tion of the beholders and the gratification of those who are present, I am able to compose a book, the *Garden of Roses*, whose leaves the rude hands of Autumn cannot affect, and the blitheness of whose Spring the revolutions of time cannot change into the disorder of the waning year.

What use to thee that flower-vase of thine?
Thou wouldst have rose-leaves; take, then, rather mine.
Those roses but five days or six will bloom;
This Garden ne'er will yield to Winter's gloom.

As soon as I had pronounced these words he cast the flowers from his lap, and took hold of the skirt of my garment, saying: When the generous promise, they perform.—It befel that in a few days a chapter or two were entered in my note-book on the Advantages of Study and the Rules of Conversation, in a style that may be useful to augment the eloquence of tale-writers. In short, the rose of the flower-garden still continued to bloom when the book of the Rose-Garden was finished. It will, however, be really perfected when it is approved and condescendingly perused at the Court of the Asylum of the World, the Shadow of the Creator, and the Light of the Bounty of the All-powerful, the Treasury of the Ages, the Retreat of the True Religion, the Aided by Heaven, the Victorious Arm of the Empire, the Lamp of excelling Faith, the Beauty of Mankind, the Glory of Islam, Sâd, the Son of the Most Puissant King of Kings, Master of attending Nations, Lord of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, Sovereign of the Land and the Sea, Heir to the throne of Sulaiman, Atabak the Great, Muzaffu'd-din Abu-bakr-bin-Sâd-bin-Zangi: May God Most High perpetuate the good fortune of both, and prosper all their righteous undertakings.—*Transl. of* EASTWICK.

The SAGAS, a term used to designate the heroic myths and tales of the Scandinavians, as distinguished from the *Eddas*, or mythological books. Of the *Eddas* there are two: the *Edda Sæmundar hins Froda* ("Edda of Sæmund the Wise"), written in verse, and supposed to date back to the eighth or even the sixth century, but first collected and arranged by Sæmund Sigfusson, an Icelandic priest (1054–1133). This work was first brought to the notice of European scholars in 1643 by Brynjolf Svendson, Bishop of Skalholt, who applied to it the name of *Edda*, that is, "Great-grandmother" of Scandinavian poetry. The prose *Edda Snorri Sturlusonar* is of less ancient date.

Within the present generation the attention of scholars has been particularly directed toward the *Sagas*. Among those which have been carefully translated into English are: *Storlunga Saga*, and the *Völsunga Saga*, which is the "Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs." This has been rendered into English by Eirikv Magnusson and William Morris (Oxford, 1870), who designate it as "the great epic of the North," the prose part of which was "probably composed some time in the twelfth century, from floating traditions, no doubt; from songs which, now lost, were then known, at least in fragments, to the Sagaman; and, finally, from songs which, written about his time, are still existing. . . This is the Great Story of the North, which should be to all our race what the Tale of Troy was to the Greeks."

THE SWORD OF SIGMUND, SON OF VOLSUNG.

There was a king called Siggier who ruled over Gothland—a mighty king, and of many

folk. He went to meet Volsung the king, and prayed for Signy, his daughter to wife; and the king took his talk well, and his sons withal; but she was loth thereto; yet she bade her father to rule in this as in all other things that concerned her. So the king took such rede that he gave her to him, and she was betrothed to King Siggier. And so, for the fulfilling of the feast and the wedding, was King Siggier to come to the house of King Volsung. The king got ready the feast according to his best might; and when all things were ready came the king's guests, and King Siggier withal, at the day appointed; and many a man of great account had Siggier with him.

The tale tells that great fires were made endlong the hall, and the great tree aforesaid stood midmost thereof. Withal folk say that, when as men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came into the hall unknown of aspect to all men; and such like array he had, that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head. Huge he was, and seeming ancient, and one-eyed. So he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk, so that it sank in up to the hilts; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the word, and said—

"Whoso draweth the sword from this stock, shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than is this."

Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went.

Now men stand up; and none would fain be the last to lay hand to the sword, for they deemed that he would have the best of it who might first touch it. So all the noblest went thereto first, and then the others, one after the other; but none who came thereto might avail

to pull it out, for in nowise would it come away, however they tugged at it. But now up comes Sigmund, King Volsung's son, and sets his hand to the sword, and pulls it from the stock, even as if it lay loose before him. So good that weapon seemed to all, that none thought he had ever seen such a sword before; and Siggier would fain buy it from him at thrice its weight in gold. But Sigmund said—

"Thou mightest have taken the sword no less than I from there where it stood, if it had been thy lot to bear it; but now, since it has first of all fallen into my hands, never shall thou have it, though thou biddest therefor all the gold thou hast."

King Siggier grew wroth at those words, and deemed Sigmund had answered him scornfully; but whereas he was a wary man and a double-dealing, he heeded this matter in nowise; yet that same evening he sought how he might reward it, as was seen afterwards.—*The Völsunga Saga.*

The *Saga of King Olaf*, as rendered by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," consists of twenty-two Runes, of which we give Runes I., XII., XIX. and XXI.—"King Olaf," as we are elsewhere told, "born in 995, after having distinguished himself in several warlike expeditions on the coasts of Normandy and England, succeeded, in 1015, in wresting the throne of Norway from Eric and Svend Jarl. He endeavored to exterminate paganism by fire and sword, and was killed in 1030.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,

Reign I forever!
Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my Hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!
These are my Gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off.
This is my Girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled.

"The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!
Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

"Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness;
Strength is triumphant;
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's-Day!
Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat—
Gauntlet or Gospel—
Here I defy thee!"

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"
The Saga of King Olaf, Rune I.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the king
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the Cross divine,
As he drank and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."—
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Queen-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,

And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took the harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the king said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."—
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another it was multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss;
Thor's Hammer or Christ's Cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This,
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy Cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!"
To the Lord.
The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XII.

KING OLAF AND EARL ERIC.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak;
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold;
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish King with his Thanes;
And on board of the Iron-Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting;
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf, the King!
The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XIX.



"King Olaf stood on the quarter deck
With bow of ash and arrows of oak."

Drawing by J. Gehrts.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged
But as yet is not assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.
The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.
Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King;
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling
And the stones they hurl with their hands.
In the midst of the stones and the spears
Kolbiorn, the Marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check.
His lips with anger are pale;
He hews with his axe at the mast
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.
"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise—
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip:
Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"
While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the king stripped off his mail
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale
As he swam beneath the main;
But the young grow old and gray,
And never by night or day
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again.

The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XXI.

SAINTE-BEUVE, CHARLES AUGUSTUS, a French critic, born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in 1804; died at Paris in 1869. He was a posthumous child, and inherited his literary tastes from his father. After completing his education in Paris he studied medicine, and when the *Globe*, a liberal newspaper, was founded in 1827, he contributed to it many historical and literary articles, which attracted the attention of Goethe. His papers on Victor Hugo's *Odes and Ballads* led to a friendship with this great poet, and to a connection with the romantic school of poets. His articles on the French poetry of the 16th century were issued in book-form in 1828, and were followed by a third volume *Vie, Poesies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme* (1829). Another volume, the *Consolations* (1830), reflect his most intimate thoughts, and to this book, reflecting the most interesting period of his life, he was wont to turn with the utmost pleasure. He contributed to the *Revue de Paris*, and also to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, founded in 1831. In 1840 he was made keeper of the Mazarin library, and a member of the Academy in 1844. In that year he accepted the chair of French literature in the University of Liège, where he gave a series of lectures on Chateaubriand and his contemporaries, afterwards published in two volumes. Returning to Paris, he agreed to supply the *Constitutional* with an article for every Monday's issue, thus beginning the celebrated *Causeries du Lundi*, which he continued for three years. In 1857 he held a similar post for the *Moniteur*. These articles, with others entitled *Nouveaux Lundis*, were subsequently published

in twenty-eight volumes. In 1854 he was given the chair of Latin poetry at the College of France, and from 1858 till 1861 was lecturer on French literature at the École Normale Supérieure. Sainte-Beuve was admitted to the Legion d'Honneur in 1559. His other works are a novel, *Volupté* (1834), *Pensées d' Août* (1837), and seven volumes of *Portraits Contemporains*, contributed originally to the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His industry may be measured by the fact of his preparing for many years a grand review article once a quarter, and a newspaper review once a week. He says: "On Monday towards noon I lift up my head and breathe for an hour; after that the wicket shuts again, and I am in my prison cell for seven days." Matthew Arnold pays the following tribute to this great and impartial critic:

"As a guide to bring us to a knowledge of the French genius and literature, he is unrivalled,—perfect, so far as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in judgment, in tact, in tone. Certain spirits are of an excellence almost ideal in certain lines; the human race might willingly adopt them as its spokesmen, recognizing that on these lines their style and utterance may stand as those, not of bounded individuals, but of the human race. So Homer speaks for the human race, and with an excellence, which is ideal, in epic narration; Plato in the treatment at once beautiful and profound of philosophical questions; Shakspere in the presentation of human character; Voltaire in light verse and ironical discussion. A list of perfect ones, indeed,

each in his own line! and we may almost venture to add to their number in his line of literary criticism, Sainte-Beuve." Selections from the *Causeries du Lundi* have been translated with a memoir by William Matthews (1877).

GUIZOT.

Sprung from a Calvinist family, he has kept up a certain austere tone of theirs, a talent for comprehending and reproducing those tenacious natures, those energetic and gloomy inspirations. The habits of race and early education stamp themselves on the talents and reappear in the speech, even when they have disappeared from the habits of our life; we keep their fibre and their tone. The men, the characters, are expressed, as we meet them, by vigorous strokes; but the whole lacks a certain splendor, or rather a certain continuous animation. The personages do not live with a life of their own; the historian takes them, seizes them, and gives their profile in brass. His plan implies a very bold and confident execution. He knows what he wants to say, and where he wants to go. The ridiculous and ironical side of things, the sceptical side, of which no other historians make too much, has with him no place. He shows plainly a kind of moral gravity in men amid their manœuvrings and intrigues; but he does not set the contradiction in a sufficiently strong light. He gives us, on the way, many stale maxims, but none of those moral reflections which instruct and delight, which recreate humanity and restore it to itself, like those which escape incessantly from Voltaire. His style, which is emphatically his own, is sad and never laughs. I have given myself the pleasure of reading at the same time the corresponding pages of Hume: one would not believe that the same history was treated, so different is the tone! What I remark especially is that it is possible for me in reading Hume, to check him, to con-

tradict him sometimes: he furnishes me with the means of doing so by the very details he gives, by the balance he strikes. In reading Guizot this is almost impossible, so closely woven is the tissue, so interlinked is the whole narrative. He holds you fast and leads you to the end, firmly combining the fact, the reflection, and the end in view.

How far, even after these two volumes, and regarding his writings as a whole, is M. Guizot a historical painter? How far and to what extent is he properly a narrator? These would be very interesting questions to discuss as literary ones, without favor and without prejudice; and, whatever fault one might find with M. Guizot, it would necessarily be accompanied with an acknowledgment of a peculiar originality which belongs only to him. Even when he narrates, as in his *Life of Washington*, it is of a certain abstract beauty that he gives us an impression—of an external beauty that is designed to please the eyes. His language is strong and ingenious; it is not naturally picturesque. He uses always the graver, never the brush. His style, in the fine passages, is like reflections from brass, and as it were, of steel, but reflections under a gray sky, and never in the sunlight. It has been said of the worthy Joinville, the ingenuous chronicler, that his style *savors still of his childhood*, and that "worldly things are created for him only on the day when he sees them." At the other extremity of the historic chain, with Guizot, it is quite the contrary. His thought, his very recital, assumes spontaneously a kind of abstract, half-philosophical appearance. He communicates to everything that he touches a tint, so to speak, of an anterior reflection. He is astonished at nothing; he explains whatever he presents to you, he gives the reason for it. A person who knew him well said of him: "That which he has known only since morning he appears to have known from all eternity." In fact, an idea in enter-

ing that lofty mind loses its freshness ; it instantly fades, and becomes in a manner antique. It acquires premeditation, firmness, weight, temper, and sometimes a gloomy splendor."—*Causeries du Lundi.—Transl. of* MATTHEWS.

MASSILLON.

Every exposition in Massillon, every oratorical strophe, is composed of a series of thoughts and phrases, commonly very short, that reproduce themselves, springing one out of the other, calling to each other, succeeding each other, having no sharp points, no imagery that is either too bold or too commonplace, and moving along with rhythm and melody as parts of one and the same whole. It is a group in motion ; it is a natural, harmonious concert. Buffon, who regarded Massillon as the first of our prose writers, seems to have had him in mind, when, in his discourse upon style, he said : "In order to write well, it is necessary, then, to be fully possessed of one's subject ; it is necessary to reflect upon it enough to see clearly the order of one's thoughts, and to connect them together in a continuous chain, each link of which represents an idea ; and when one takes his pen, he should conduct it along this first outline, without permitting it to stray from it, without pressing it too unequally, without giving it any other movement than that which may be determined by the space it is to run over. It is in this that severity of style consists." In Massillon this natural manner had no appearance of severity, but rather an appearance of abundance and overflow, like that of a stream running down a gentle declivity, the accumulated waters of which fall by their own weight. Massillon, more than any other orator, has resources for the fruitful development of moral themes ; and the utmost grace and ease of diction spontaneously unite in his style, so that his long and full period is composed of a series of members and reduplications united by a kind of insensible

tie, like a large, full wave which is composed of a series of little waves.

Massillon, the orator, if we could have heard him, would certainly have ravished, penetrated, melted us; read to-day, he does not produce the same effects; and, considered as a writer, he is not admired by all in the same degree. It is not given to all minds to feel and to relish equally the peculiar beauties and excellences of Massillon. To like Massillon, to enjoy him sincerely and without weariness is a quality and almost a peculiarity of certain minds, which may serve to define them. He will love Massillon, who loves what is just and noble better than what is new, who prefers elegant simplicity to a slightly rough grandeur; who, in the intellectual order, is pleased before all things with rich fertility and culture, with small sobriety, with ingenious amplification, with a certain calmness and a certain repose even in motion, and who is never weary of those eternal commonplaces of morality which humanity will never exhaust. Massillon will please him who has a certain sensitive chord in his heart, and who prefers Racine to all other poets; in whose ear there is a certain vague instinct of harmony and sweetness which makes him love certain words even in a superabundance. He will please those who have none of the impatience of a taste too superb or too delicate, nor the quick fevers of an ardent admiration; who have no thirst for surprise or discovery, who love to sail upon smooth rivers, who prefer the impetuous Rhone, to the Eridanus as the poet has pictured it, or even to the Rhine in its rugged majesty, the tranquil course of the French river, of the royal Seine washing the more and more widening banks of a flourishing Normandy.—*Causeries du Lundi.—Transl. of* MATTHEWS.

SAINT-HILAIRE, Jules Barthélemy, French statesman and *littérateur*; born in Paris, August 19, 1805; died in Paris, November 25, 1895. From 1826 to 1830 he wrote much for newspapers, and after the revolution in 1830 he was active in politics. In 1834 he was appointed a teacher in French literature in the Polytechnic school, and entered on one of the monumental works of literature, a complete translation of Aristotle, which he finished in 1892 after almost sixty years of labor. In 1838 he was appointed professor of Greek and Latin philosophy in the College of France, and in 1839 was made a member of the Academy of moral and political sciences. At the revolution of 1848 he was chosen as a moderate and an anti-socialist to the constituent assembly. The *coup d'état* in December, 1852, ending parliamentary government, brought him the alternative of taking the oath of fidelity to the empire or of resigning his chair at the College de France. He resigned, and turned from politics to literature. Ten years later he was reinstated in his professorship. In 1869 he was elected to the *corps législatif*, where he acted with the extreme left. After the fall of the empire he was one of those who proposed that Thiers should be made chief executive; and later, he was one of the fifteen called by the Government to assist in arranging peace with Prussia. He was elected life-senator in 1875, and stood with the republican minority. In 1880 he accepted the portfolio of foreign affairs under Jules Ferry. When Gam-

betta came to power in 1881 Saint-Hilaire returned to literature. At the age of eighty-nine he published a controversial work of remarkable power on Victor Cousin. His original works were numerous; among them were *Buddha and his Religion* (1860); *Mahomet and the Koran* (1865); *Philosophy of the Two Ampères* (1866).

THE GOOD OF BUDDHISM.

There is so much to be said against Buddhism, that it may be as well to begin by the good that can be justly attributed to it, for, limited as our praise must be, it will at least mitigate in some degree the severity of the judgment that must follow.

We will now, therefore, state the good points, without either exaggerating or unjustly curtailing them.

The most striking feature of Buddhism, that is as founded by the Buddha, is its practical tendency. The Buddha sets himself a great problem, which is no less than that of the salvation of mankind and even of the whole universe; and he seeks its solution by the most direct and practical method. It is true that, considering himself a philosopher, he might have indulged in speculative analysis, but the Brahmans had made such an abuse of this process that the Reformer deemed it better to abstain from it. For in seeking to penetrate into the origin of things, it is necessary to avoid sinking into needless obscurity, and speak only to a school instead of addressing the masses. Philosophy, even when it does not aim at founding a religion, should never lose sight of its first duty, which is to serve humanity; and the philosopher who is satisfied to understand and to save himself alone, by the truth he has discovered, is little worthy of his name. If these truths were to be solely for the advantage of one

individual, they would lose their value; and as for the mass of humanity, the practice of morality is of more importance than the principle on which it is grounded; it is a credit to philosophers that they induce men to live according to what is right, rather than to think according to the principles of philosophy. All reforms must be preceded and strengthened by the long study which science demands; but when the reformer at last appears upon the scene, his teaching should be as clear and simple as possible. He speaks to the people and not to the learned. He must lead minds rather than enlighten them; promulgate precepts rather than expound theories.

Moreover, although his aim was to convert and guide the masses, Sākya-muni does not endeavour to attract them by gross allurements, he does not flatter their passions; and the joys he promises them are neither earthly nor material. Contrary to most religious legislators, he does not predict to his followers either conquests, power, or riches; he calls them to eternal salvation or rather annihilation, which he confounds with salvation, by the narrow path of virtue, knowledge, and austerity. It is a great deal to expect of man, but evidently not too much; and it is well for us to hear such a noble appeal to the human heart, in times so remote and in countries which our civilization has been accustomed to disdain. We too willingly fancy that these noble aspirations belong only to ourselves, and we are surprised at discovering the same in others. It was not in the Vedas or the religion that emanated from them that the Reformer found these lessons of self-renunciation. But the Brahmanic philosophy was not that base and selfish kind of worship, which consists in a mutual interchange between man and the gods—of homage and assistance. It had soared into the higher regions of thought, and the system of

Kopila alone suffices to show that Sākya-muni has made no innovation in preaching eternal deliverance. The whole of Brahmanic India had the same solemn turn of thought, Sākya-muni shared it, but did not originate it.

His true glory, which no one can dispute, is the boundless charity which filled his soul. The Buddha does not think of his own personal salvation; he seeks above all to save others, and it is in order to show them the infallible road to Nirvāna that he leaves the Abode of Joy, the Tushita, and that he comes back to endure the risk and ordeal of a last incarnation. He does not redeem mankind by offering himself as a sublime victim; he only proposes to instruct them by his teaching and example. He leads them in the path from which there is no straying, and he guides them to the haven from which there is no return. No doubt the spirit of Christianity has inspired more beautiful and elevated sentiments, but six or seven centuries before its appearance it is wonderful to find this admirable conception, associating all men in a common faith, and uniting them in the same esteem and the same love.

This is how Buddha was able to say, without presumption or error, that "his law was a law of grace for all," and how, although he did not attack the odious and degrading system of caste, he destroyed that fundamental basis of Brahmanic society. He never saw, it is true, the real principle of human equality, because he never rightly understood moral equality; but if he did not comprehend the real nature of man, he at least knew that if all men are equal in suffering, they ought also to be equal in deliverance. He endeavours to teach them to free themselves from disease, old age, and death; and as all beings are exposed to these necessary evils, they all have a right to the teaching, which by enlightening them is to free them. In the

presence of the same amount of misery, he perceives no social distinction; the slave is for him as great as a king's son. He is struck, not so much by the abuses and the evils of the society in which he lives, as by those which are inseparable from humanity itself, and it is to the suppression of these that he devotes himself, the others appearing to him very insignificant in comparison. The Buddha did not limit himself to curing Indian society, his aim was to cure mankind.

This great elevation and large-mindedness is certainly to be admired, for although man is not entirely as the Buddha saw him, the victim of suffering, yet he is so more or less, and it was a generous enterprise to have sought to deliver him from its bondage.

The means employed by the Buddha to convert and purify the human heart are not less noble, and they are characterized by an unfailing gentleness, both in the Master and the least of his disciples. He never seeks to compel, but only to persuade men. He even makes allowance for their weakness, varying in a thousand ways the means of impressing them; and when a too inflexible and austere language might repel them, he has recourse to the more persuasive teaching of parables. He chooses the most familiar examples, and by the simplicity of his expressions suits his lessons to the capacity of his hearers. He teaches them to lighten the weight of their sins by confession, and to atone for them by repentance.

He even goes further. As it is already a great evil to have to expiate sin, the essential point is therefore to teach man not to commit it; for if he never falls, he will not have to retrieve himself. Hence, in the doctrine of Sâkya-muni, such wise and well-defined precepts, such just and delicate prohibition of certain actions. He undertakes and advises an incessant struggle against the body and its passions and desires; the body

is in his eyes the sole enemy of man, and although the Buddha does not use this precise expression, it is in truth the aim of his asceticism. Man must overcome the body, he must extinguish the burning lusts that consume him. If the Buddha strenuously enforces absolute celibacy on his monks, he also enjoins chastity and decency on all the faithful, virtues that the Brahmans constantly violated, but which a secret instinct reveals to all men.

To these virtues he adds others still more difficult and no less useful, namely: patience and resignation, including the necessary energy to suffer courageously inevitable evil; fortitude and even indifference under all adversities and sufferings; above all humility, that other form of renunciation of worldly goods and greatness, which was not only practised by poor mendicants, "sons of Sâkya," but also by the most powerful kings. From humility to forgiveness of injuries is but a step; and although the Buddha does not lay this down as a precept, his whole doctrine tends to this mutual forbearance, so indispensable to all human societies. The very belief in transmigration helped him; the first sentiment of a Buddhist under an insult or an outrage or violence, is not anger; he is not angry, because he does not believe in injustice. He simply thinks that in some former existence he has committed a sin which in this one deserves the punishment he receives. He only blames himself for the misfortune that befalls him, and instead of accusing his enemy or his oppressor, he accuses himself. Far from thinking of revenge, he only sees a lesson in the adversity he endures, and his sole idea is how he can henceforth avoid the sin that has rendered it necessary, and which if renewed, would also renew the punishment that has already followed it. When the young prince Kunâla, whose touching history is related in the legends, undergoes a painful

and iniquitous torture, he forgives his cruel stepmother who persecutes him, he forgives his deluded father, and he thinks only of his past sins, by which he must have deservedly called down upon himself such an affliction.

This resignation, which may easily become fear and cowardice in the weak, no doubt leads to the domination and despotism of the strong and wicked; doubtless it also encourages tyranny in those countries which have only known despotism. But, in intelligent hands, what an element of order and social peace! What a healing of all the passions which too often destroy concord, and lead to relentless wars!

Add to this, the horror of falsehood, the respect for truth, the sanctity of the bond that unites intelligences; add the reprobation of slandering or even idle speech; add also the respect for family ties, pious veneration of parents, consideration and esteem for women, who are considered equally with men to be worthy of all religious honours—and we must feel astonished, that with so many social virtues Buddhism was not able to found, even in Asia, a tolerable social state or government. First it failed in India itself, where it arose; and in all the countries where it was received, its influence, excellent as it was in some respects, never prevailed sufficiently to reform the political morals of the people, who remained, in spite of it, under the most degrading and arbitrary yoke.—*The Buddha and his Religion.*

SAINT PIERRE, JACQUES HENRI DE, a French author, born at Havre, Jan. 19, 1737; died at Eragny-sur-Oise, Jan. 21, 1814. He is best known by his tale, *Paul and Virginia*, the scene of which is laid in the Island of Mauritius, and contains many descriptions of tropical scenery, climatic phenomena, and productions. It has been translated into many languages—into English by Helen Maria Williams, 1796.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"Let us go," said I to Paul, "toward that part of the island, and meet Virginia. It is only three leagues from hence."

Accordingly we bent our course thither. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and it was encompassed by three large black circles. A dismal darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered long chains of thick clouds, gloomy, low-hung, and heaped together over the middle of the island, after having rolled with great rapidity from the ocean, although we felt not a breath of wind upon the land. As we walked along we thought we heard peals of thunder; but after listening more attentively we found they were the sound of distant cannon, repeated by the echoes. These sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt that they were signals of distress from a ship in danger. In half an hour the firing ceased, and I felt the silence more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded.

We hastened on, without uttering a word or daring to communicate our apprehensions. At midnight we arrived on the sea-shore of that part of the island. The billows broke against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with their foam, of a dazzling whiteness, and blended with sparks of fire. By their phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, the canoes of the

fishermen, which they had drawn far upon the sand.

Near the shore at the entrance of a wood, we saw a fire, round which several of the inhabitants were assembled. Thither we repaired, in order to repose ourselves till morning. . . . .

We remained on the spot till the break of day, when the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, which was covered by fog. All we could descry was a dark cloud, which they told us was the isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast.

At seven in the morning we heard the beat of drums in the woods, and soon after the Governor, M. de la Bourdonnois, arrived on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers, and a great number of islanders and blacks. He ranged his soldiers on the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge of musketry, which was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly succeeded by the sound of a gun. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and ran toward that part where we had seen the light. We now discerned through the fog the hull and tackling of a large vessel, and, notwithstanding the noise of the waves, we were near enough to distinguish the whistle of the boatswain at the helm, and the shouts of the mariners.

As soon as the vessel perceived that we were near enough to give her succor, she continued to fire guns regularly at intervals of three minutes. M. de la Bourdonnois caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A crowd of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provisions and rigging. One of the most aged of the planters, approaching the Governor, said to him :

" We have heard all night noises in the

mountain and in the forests ; the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind ; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land. It is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane."

"Well, my friends," answered the Governor, "we are prepared for it ; and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were fringed with a copper hue. The air resounded with the cries of the frigate-bird, the cur-water, and a multitude of other sea-birds who, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, hastened from all points of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

About nine in the morning, we heard on the side toward the ocean the most terrific noise, as if torrents of water, mingled with thunder, were rolling down the steeps of the mountains. A general cry was heard—"There is the hurricane," and in one moment a frightful whirlwind scattered the fog which had covered the isle of Amber and its channel. The vessel then presented itself to our view, her gallery crowded with people, her yards and maintop-mast laid upon the deck, her flag shivered, with four cables at her head, and one by which she was held at the stern.

She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the mainland, within that chain of breakers which encircles the island, and which bar she had passed over, in a place where no vessel had ever gone before. She presented her head to the waves which rolled from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the straits, the ship heaved so that her bow was in the air, and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether, as if it had been swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and the waves towards the shore, it was impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her

way, or, by cutting her cables, to throw herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks mingled with breakers. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, and threw planks to the distance of fifty feet upon the land. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the channel between the island and the isle of Amber, was but one vast sheet of white foam, with yawning pits of black deep billows. The foam boiling in the gulf was more than six feet high; and the winds which swept its surface bore it over the steep coast more than half a league upon the land. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally as far as the foot of the mountain, appeared like snow issuing from the ocean, which was now confounded with the sky. Thick clouds of a horrible form swept along the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. No spot of azure could be discerned in the firmament, only a pale yellow gleam displayed the objects of earth, sea, and skies.

From the violent efforts of the ship what we dreaded happened. The cables at the head of the vessel were torn away; it was then held by one anchor only, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed toward the sea when, seizing him by the arm, I exclaimed:

"Would you perish!"

"Let me save her," cried he, "or die!"

Seeing that despair deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and seized hold of each end. Paul then precipitated himself toward the ship, now swimming, and now walking upon the breakers. Sometimes he had the hope of reaching the vessel, which the sea in its irregular movements, had left almost dry, so that you could have made its circuit on

foot; but suddenly the waves, advancing with new fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The billows at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered his senses he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew, then despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels.

At this moment we beheld a young lady in the gallery at the stern of the vessel, stretching out her arms towards him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia: she had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of her exposed to such danger, filled us with unutterable despair. With a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea except one, who, divested of his clothing, still remained upon the deck. This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet attempted to force her to throw off her garments; but she modestly repulsed him, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators—"Save her! Save her! Do not leave her!" But at that moment an enormous billow plunged itself between the isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, placed one hand upon her clothing, the other on her heart, and, lifting up her eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows! The surge threw some of the spectators far upon the

beach, whom an impulse of humanity prompted to advance toward Virginia and the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling upon the sand, exclaimed, "O my God! thou hast saved my life; but I would have given it willingly for that poor young woman!"

Domingo and myself drew Paul senseless to the shore, the blood flowing from his eyes and ears. The Governor put him into the hands of a surgeon, while we sought along the beach for the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having changed—which frequently happens during hurricanes—our search was in vain; and we lamented that we could not even pay this unfortunate young woman the last sad sepulchral rites. We retired from the spot, overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous young woman, to doubt the existence of Providence. Alas! there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the meantime Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood till he was able to be removed to his own habitation. Thither I bent my way, with Domingo, and undertook the sad task of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the melancholy event which had happened.

When we reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended toward it, and one of the first objects which struck my sight was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and in the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, her countenance was still serene; but the pale violets of death were

blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothing, and the other, which she held over her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened that it was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw that it contained a picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his cries. We carried the body of Virginia to a fisher's hut, and gave in it charge of some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.—*Paul and Virginia.*

SAINT-SIMON, Louis de Rouvroi, Duke de, a French writer of memoirs, born at Versailles in 1675; died at Paris in 1755. He was the son of a duke and peer of France, a descendant of Charlemagne, and early became a duke and peer himself. His studies were pursued under the direction of his mother, Charlotte de l'Aubespine, and he became proficient in Latin, German, and History. He entered the French army and distinguished himself during the siege of Namur in 1691, and in other campaigns, but resigned his commission in 1702. He became prominent at the French court, opposed the Jesuits, and in 1704 proposed to end the Spanish war of succession by ceding land to Austria, and his suggestions were in a measure adopted as a basis for the treaty of Utrecht. After the death of Louis XIV. he became a member of the council, and aided the Duke of Orleans in obtaining the regency. He negotiated the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with Louis XV., and soon after his return from Madrid abandoned his relations with the government and retired to his estates.

The *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon extend over a long period, and refer chiefly to the latter days of Louis XIV.. and relate every trivial circumstance that occurred at Court during this period. Shortly after his death his manuscripts were seized by the government and placed under lock and key. Duclos, Marmontel, Mdme. du Deffand, Voltaire, and a few others had access to these documents, and just before the French revolution, extracts, imperfect and without authorization, began to appear. The first edition was published in 1829,

and made a great sensation. "Since the publication of Scott's novels," says Sainte-Beuve, "no book had been more widely welcome." Many French editions of this work have been issued. The first excellent French edition is that published by M. Cheruel (20 vols., 1856–9). An abridged English translation was published by Bayle St. John (2 vols., 1857; new ed., 1875).

CHARACTER OF MONSEIGNEUR.

Monseigneur was rather tall than short; very fat, but without being bloated; with a very lofty and noble aspect without any hardness, and he would have had a very agreeable face if M. le Prince de Conti had not unfortunately broken his nose in playing while they were both young. He was of a very beautiful fair complexion; he had a face everywhere covered with a healthy red, but without expression; the most beautiful legs in the world; his feet singularly small and delicate. He wavered always in walking, and felt his way with his feet; he was always afraid of falling, and, if the path was not perfectly even and straight, he called for assistance. He was a good horseman, and looked well when mounted; but he was not a bold rider. When hunting—they had persuaded him that he liked this amusement—a servant rode before him; if he lost sight of this servant he gave himself up for lost, slacked his pace to a gentle trot, and oftentimes waited under a tree for the hunting party, and returned to it slowly. He was very fond of the table, but always without indecency. Ever since that great attack of indigestion, which was taken at first for apoplexy, he made but one real meal a day and was content,—although a great eater, like the rest of the royal family. Nearly all his portraits well resemble him.

As for his character, he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any

kind, radically incapable of acquiring any; very idle, without imagination or productiveness; without taste, without choice, without discernment; neither seeing the weariness he caused others, nor that he was a ball moving at hap-hazard by the impulsion of others; obstinate and little to excess in everything; amazingly credulous and accessible to prejudice, keeping himself, always, in the most pernicious hands, yet incapable of seeing his position or of changing it; absorbed in his fat and his ignorance; so that without any desire to do ill he would have made a pernicious king.

His avariciousness, except in certain things, passed all belief. He kept an account of his personal expenditure, and knew to a penny what his smallest and his largest expenses amounted to. He spent large sums in building, in furniture, in jewels, and in hunting, which he made himself believe he was fond of. . . . .

Monseigneur was, I have said, ignorant to the last degree, and had a thorough aversion for learning; so that, according to his own admission, ever since he had been released from the hands of teachers he had never read anything but the "Gazette de France," in which deaths and marriages are recorded. His timidity, especially before the King, was equal to his ignorance, which indeed contributed not a little to cause it. The King took advantage of it, and never treated him as a son, but as a subject. He was the monarch always, never the father. Monseigneur had not the slightest influence with the King. If he showed any preference for a person it was enough! That person was sure to be kept back by the King. The King was so anxious to show that Monseigneur could do nothing, that Monseigneur after a time did not even try. He contented himself by complaining occasionally in monosyllables, and by hoping for better times.—*Memoirs.—Transl. of* BAYLE ST. JOHN.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY SALA.—

SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY, an English author, born in London in 1828; died in Brighton, near London, Dec. 8, 1895. He was educated for an artist, but devoted himself to literature, and contributed to *Household Words*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, and other periodicals. In 1860 he founded the *Temple Bar Magazine*, of which he became editor. He was special correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, from various countries. He has twice visited America—in 1879 and 1885, and gave lectures in the principal cities. Among his numerous works are: *How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser* (1858), *Twice around the Clock: or, Hours of the Day and Night in London* (1859), *A Journey due North: a Residence in Russia* (1859), *Make Your Game* (1860), *Dutch Pictures with Some Sketches in the Flemish Manner* (1861), *Seven Sons of Mammon* (1861), *Accepted Addresses* (1862), *Ship Chandler, and Other Tales* (1862), *Two Prima Donnas and the Dumb Poor Porter* (1862), *Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous* (1863), *Quite Alone* (1864), *My Diary in America in the Midst of the War* (1865), *Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route* (1865), *From Waterloo to the Peninsula* (1866), *Rome and Venice* (1869), *Under the Sun: Essays Written in Hot Countries* (1872), and *Cookery in Its Historical Aspects* (1875).

THE GROWTH OF A RUMOR.

In the first place, people said in the city, and knew it for a fact, that the Bank of England had raised its rate of discount. The tightening of that financial screw of course had immediately produced a corresponding tightness in the money-market. Money was no longer to be had on easy terms "in the street;"



GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY SALA.

—I wish that I knew when it was to be had on easy terms in the houses;—bidders were firm, and wouldn't look even at the best of paper. Merchants reputed wealthy came with gloomy countenances out of the parlors of the great discount houses in Lombard and Throgmorton Streets, their still unnegotiated securities in their pockets. Things, to be brief, did not look at all well in the city.

Things looked up the next day a little; then they looked straightforward; then sideways; then down again, and worse than ever. There could not be a panic, there could not be a crash, people said, because, you see, there had never been so much money in the country, or so many visitors in London. Trade was flourishing; gold was coming in from California; mechanics and laborers were in full work; many of the great houses which had begun to falter and tremble a little, gradually recovered themselves. The Bank screw was relaxed; the merchants reputed wealthy went into Lombard Street parlors with hopeful, and came out with joyful, countenances; the Stock Exchange resumed its wonted joviality; there were no shadows but one—a great black Shadow it was —where money-mongers most do congragate. Peace and prosperity in the world, commercial and financial prosperity seemed to be returning; and yet,—things did not look at all well in the city.

Things had their worst aspect, the great Shadow had its blackest hue, and hung like an imminent pall, in and over a place called Beryl Court. People—that is, the people who were supposed to know a thing or two—talked all day long about Beryl Court, and about Mammon, the proprietor and potentate thereof. And, while they talked, it was curious to mark that they did not seem to know on what particular peg to hang their conversation. They fastened, as a preliminary peg, upon Sir Jasper Goldthorpe; but the baronet was convalescent; he had been to the Derby; he was at business

the next day, and, in the evening, was to give a grand dinner-party to certain illustrious foreigners then sojourning in the British metropolis. The banquet was to be followed by a grand ball. It was during the day of which this was to be the triumphant conclusion that people in the city talked most about Sir Jasper Goldthorpe.

Who were those people? I cannot with certainty determine, any more than I can fix with exactitude upon him who first states authority that Consols shall be ninety-seven and an eighth; that French Three-per-cents shall be sixty-five and a quarter. Somebody must say so in the first instance, of course, in deference, perhaps, to somebody else. Somebody else agrees with him; a third assentient adds his voice, and the quotation of the Funds is stricken.

But it may have been in Cornhill or in Capel Court, in Lombard or Old Broad Street, that a White Waistcoat (corpulent) brushes against a Blue Frock Coat (sparely built). To them enter a Drab Felt Hat; and a Brown Silk Umbrella, with an ivory handle, makes up a fourth.

Says White Waistcoat, "I hear for a certainty that it's all over with him."

"You don't say so," ejaculates Blue Frock Coat. "It's true I did hear some very queer rumors at the club this morning."

"He can't last twenty-four hours. He *must* go; I know it for a fact," Brown Silk Umbrella adds, giving himself a thwack on the pavement.

"That's bad," joins in Drab Hat; "and, to tell the truth, I've heard a good deal about it myself since yesterday afternoon. They say it's been a long time coming. He was always a close customer, and kept things pretty snugly to himself; but the truth will ooze out somehow."

"Ah," remarks White Waistcoat, "he'd better have taken partners."

"He never would, though," Drab Hat con-

tinues, shaking a shrewd head inside it. "They might have known a great deal too much about the affairs of the House to be quite convenient."

"How much will he go for?"

"A couple of millions at least."

"Say a million and a half."

"I'll bet it's over two, and that there won't be half-a-crown in the pound assets. There never is in these great paper-crashes. Money will make money of itself just by turning itself over; but, when paper goes to the bad, it doesn't leave enough residue to light a rush-light with."

"What's the secret? what has he been doing? He's been in no great speculation in our market lately?"

"You don't know how many hundred he's been at the bottom of, and behind the scenes of. He was always such an old Slyboots. They say he bolstered up the Duffbury Bank for years."

"Ah! I've heard that. He had something to do, too, with Jubson's patents for raising wrecks, with spun-glass cables."

"That big mill that was burnt down at Rockdale in May, and wasn't insured, was his property, so I've heard."

"Hadn't he something to do with the Inland Heliogabolus Docks in Paris?"

"Don't know; but I'm sure he had the concession of the Montevidean Railway. I saw it in *Galignani*. You know, the one that was to join the General South and Central American Trunk Line; —— tunnel under Chimborazo, and run a branch to Tehuantepec."

"Ah! that was a nice little spec.; to say nothing of the Ulululu copper mines."

"And the Pitcairn's Island Packet-service."

"And the loan to the Republic of Prigas."

"And the quicksilver affair in Barataria."

"And the Grand Lama of Tibet's Lottery."

"And the Polar Circle Tallow-melting and Ice-preserving Company."

"Pshaw! any one of these things might have turned up trumps,"—it is Silk Umbrella who speaks,—"it's all touch and go. It isn't that rock he's split upon. It's Paper; giving good money for bad bills, and lending huge sums to Houses that never existed."

"And borrowing bigger sums to pay the interest," opines White Waistcoat.

"It isn't that," breaks in Drab Hat, shaking the shrewd head inside again. "I'll tell you what it is. *It's Austria.*" . . . . .

White Waistcoat, Silk Umbrella, Blue Frock Coat, Drab Hat, all of them go their several ways, and by and by form into other groups, with other articles of raiment with human beings within them; and the rumor swells and swells, and is a rolling stone that gathers moss, and a snowball that grows bigger, and an avalanche that comes tumbling, and a cataract that comes splashing, and a thundercloud that bursts, and a volcano that vomits forth its lava and sends up its scoriæ, and a tempest that tears up the golden trees by the roots and scatters the silver plains, and an earthquake that yawns, sudden and tremendous, and engulfs Mammon and his Millions forever.—*The Seven Sons of Mammon.*

His later works include: *Paris Herself Again* (1882); *America Revisited* (1882); *A Journey Due South* (1885); *London Up to Date* (1894); and *Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* (1895).

SALIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON, a German writer, born at Seewis, Switzerland, in 1762; died at Malans in 1834. He entered the army, was captain of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, and at the beginning of the Revolution served in Savoy under General Montesquion. In 1793 he returned to Switzerland, married, and settled at Malans, whence he was driven for political reasons. He resided for some years in Utrecht; but spent the last years of his life in Malans. His poems were first published collectively in 1790. The last edition was issued in 1839. Many of them are of great beauty, but not many have yet been translated into English.

HARVEST SONG.

Autumn winds are sighing,
Summer glories dying,
Harvest-time is nigh.
Cooler breezes, quivering,
Through the pine-groves shivering,
Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow!
Clusters, bright and mellow,
Gleam on every hill!
Nectar fills the fountains,
Crowns the sunny mountains,
Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,
Maidens blithe are singing,
Swells the harvest strain:
Every field rejoices;
Thousand thankful voices
Mingle on the plain.

Then, when day declineth,
And the mild moon shineth,
Tabors sweetly sound;
And, while they are sounding,
Fairy feet are bounding
O'er the moonlit ground.

Transl. of C. T. BROOKS.

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.—

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land?
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!
Transl. of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE GRAVE.

The grave is deep and silent,
How fearful 'tis to stand
Upon its verge! it shroudeth
With gloom an unknown land.

The nightingale may warble,
It heareth not the sound;
And friendship strews its roses
But on its mossy mound.

In vain the bride deserted
Doth wring her hands and weep;
O, ne'er the orphan's wailing
Shall pierce its gloomy deep.

Yet, elsewhere thy endeavor
  Shall not by peace be crowned;
Alone through this dark portal
  The path of home is found.

By storms and tempests shattered,
  The heart, pierced to the core,
No lasting peace e'er findeth
  But where it beats no more.

Transl. of A. BASKERVILLE.

SALLUST (CAIUS CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS), a Roman historian, born at Amiturnum in the Sabine territory, in 86 B. C., died in 34 B. C. He went to Rome, where he rose to be Quæstor and Tribune of the People, affiliating himself with the party opposed to the Patricians. In the civil war he espoused the side of Cæsar, and in 45 B. C. was made Governor of Numidia, where he accumulated a great fortune which enabled him to lay out those magnificent grounds on the Quirinal Hill, still known as "The Gardens of Sallust." Here he devoted himself to the composition of his historical works, the *Bellum Catilinarium*, describing the conspiracy of Catiline, and the *Bellum Jugurthinum*, narrating the five years war between the Romans and Jugurtha, King of Numidia. He also wrote a work, now lost, relating the events between the death of Sulla (78 B. C.) and the year (66 B. C.) of Cicero's prætorship. Sallust was wont to put elaborate speeches into the mouths of his characters. Among the most notable of these is that of Marius to the Roman people upon the occasion of his having been appointed (107 B. C.) to the command of the forces against Jugurtha. This discourse must be regarded as Sallust's own statement of the case between the Plebeians and Patricians at Rome.

SPEECH OF CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.

It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge to the general satisfaction the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on with effect an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve whom it may

be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is in this respect peculiarly hard —that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services rendered by his ancestors, and the multitude he has engaged in his interests to screen himself from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware that the eye of the public is upon me; and that though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors that you be not disappointed in me, and that their sinister designs against me may be defeated.

I have from my youth been familiar with toils and dangers. I was faithful to your interests, my countrymen, when I served you with no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body—a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, of motionless statues, do his country

in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved; what they know by reading, I know by action.

They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is their objection against me; want of personal worth is mine against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine, what would they answer but they should wish the worthiest to be their sons?

If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me? let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity as if they despised any honors they can

bestow, while they aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors; and they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they distinguished for their vices. The glory of ancestors indeed casts a light upon their posterity, but only serves to show what the descendants are; it alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defense of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family; he can trace no venerable line of ancestors!" What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by one's own behavior? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I myself have taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left to me by inheritance, as theirs have been; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

SANCTA CLARA, ABRAHAM A, the "religious" name adopted by ULRICH MEGERLE, a German monk, born in Swabia in 1642; died at Vienna in 1709. At the age of twenty he entered the Augustine Order of Barefoot Friars. He acquired such fame by his sermons that about 1570 he was made preacher to the Imperial Court of Vienna. The discourses of Sancta Clara abound in all sorts of conceits, sometimes bordering upon the burlesque; but underlying them is a substratum of deep earnestness. Court preacher as he was, he was unsparing in his ridicule and denunciation of the follies and vices of the rich and the noble. The following are from one of these discourses, which bears the title, "Mark, Rich Man!"

THE MIGHT OF GOLD.

If it were allowed Samson to propound a riddle for the delectation of his guests, it will perhaps be not ill-taken in me to question my hearers as follows: What is it?—It hath not feet, yet travelleth through the whole world; it hath no hands, yet overmasters whole armies; it hath no tongue, yet discourses more eloquently than Bartolus or Balbus; it hath no sense, yet is more mighty than all the wise men of the earth. 'Tis a thing the name of which comes near to "God." Well, now, what is it? Crack me this nut if you can.—It is nothing else than *Gold*. Take away the letter "*l*" from it, and you have *God;* and in Latin *Numen* is God; and *Nummus* is money—which two names are very near akin.

NOAH'S DOVE.

In the days of Noah, when the weary waters were deluging the world, the patriarch sent forth a dove to see how the waters stood upon the earth.—This pious and simple bird, more

obedient than the raven, returned speedily, and lighted on the ark. After a while Noah sent her forth again, and she returned with an olive-branch in her mouth. And here the Holy Book doth not say that Noah this time laid hands on her, and took her into the ark; whence it is reasonable to conclude that she flew in the second time of her own accord—wherein lies no small mystery. The first time, Noah was obliged to draw her into the ark by force; the second time, she flew freely in.—Reason: The first time the dovelet had nothing; the dovelet was a poor devil, and durst not venture into the ark. The second time, it had an olive-branch, and flew straight in, well knowing that the door and portal stand open to him that bringeth anything.

If Sancta Clara was not a poet, he was a clever versifier. The following is from his "Judas, the Arch-Rogue."

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

Saint Anthony at church was left in the lurch;
So he went to the ditches, and preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails;
In the sun glanced their scales.
The Carps, with their spawn, are all hither drawn,
And open their jaws, eager for each clause:
No sermon beside
Had the Carps so edified.
Sharp-snouted Pikes, who kept fighting like tikes,
Swam up harmonious to hear Saint Antonius:
No sermon beside
Had the Pikes so edified.
And that very odd fish, who loves fast-days—the Cod-fish
(The Stock-fish I mean), at the sermon was seen:
No sermon beside
Had the Cods so edified.

ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA.—

Good Eels and Sturgeon, which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way to hear preaching that day:
No sermon beside
Had the Eels so edified.

Crabs and Turtles also, who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom, as if the devil had got 'em:
No sermon beside
Had the Crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small, lords, lackies, and all,
Each looked at the preacher like a reasonable creature:
At God's word
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended, each turned and descended;
The Eels went on eeling, the Pikes went on stealing:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The Crabs are backsliders, the Stock-fish thick-siders,
The Crabs are sharp-set; all the sermon forget:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

SANDEAU, LÉONARD SYLVAIN JULES, French author, born at Aubusson in 1811; died at Paris in 1883. He studied in Paris, where he formed an intimacy with Madame Dudevant, with whom he wrote a novel *Rose et Blanche* (1831), which was published under the name of Jules Sand, the last name of which Mme. Dudevant chose for her pen-name, George Sand. In 1853 he was made curator of the Mazarin library, was elected to the Academy in 1858, and appointed librarian of St. Cloud in 1859. After the suppression of this office on the fall of the empire, he was pensioned. His chief novels are: *Mme. de Sommerville* (1834), *Les Revenants* (1836), *Marianna* (1839), *Le Docteur Herbeau* (1841), *Vaillance et Richard* (1843), *Fernand* (1844), *Catherine* (1845), *Valcreuse* (1846), *Madeleine*, and *Mlle. de la Seiglière* (1848), *La Chasse au Roman* (1849), *Un Héritage* (1850), *Sacs et Parchemins* (1851), *Le Château de Montsabrey* (1853), *Olivier* (1854), *La Maison de Penarvan* (1858), *La Roche aux Mouettes* (1871). In 1851 he dramatized his novel *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, and in collaboration with Emile Augier he produced several dramas, the most popular of which is *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* (1854).

NAUGHTY PIERROT.

Now, the Sunday of which we speak, nothing foreshadowed a possible departure from the usual custom; but it was written on high that Neuvy-les-Bois should be that day the theatre of a wonder upon which this modest village, profoundly discouraged by a half-century of expectation, no longer dared to count.

Instead of spinning along like a cannon-ball, as customary, the diligence stopped short in

the middle of the road, between the two living hedges formed upon its track. At this unexpected spectacle, at this unforeseen stroke of fate, all Neuvy-les-Bois stood stock-still, without even dreaming to ask one another whence came such a rare honor. Even the dogs, who were accustomed to run yelping after the vehicle, inviting the kicks of the postillion, seemed to share the astonishment of their masters, and remained, like them, immobile and dumb from stupor. Meanwhile the driver had got down; he opened the door of the stage-coach, and upon this single word,—"Neuvy-les-Bois!" pronounced by him in a dry tone, a young girl descended from it, having for her whole baggage a little package under her arm. The paleness of her face, her eyes scalded with tears, her sad and suffering air, told her story more plainly than her mourning habit. The driver had already remounted his box, and the young girl had only time to exchange a silent adieu with her travelling companions. She was hardly more than a child, only more grave than one is at this age.

When she saw herself alone upon that great road in the blazing sun, at the entrance to this miserable hamlet, in which not a soul knew her, alone in the midst of all those faces that examined her with an expression of silly and suspicious curiosity, she seated herself upon a heap of stones, and there, feeling her heart fail within her, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. The peasants continued to regard her with the same air, neither breathing a word nor moving a step. Happily, in this group of rustics, there were some women, and among these women a mother who was nursing at the breast a little new-born babe. She approached the sorrowful young girl and remained some moments considering her with a hesitating pity; for although everything announced with this child forlornness, almost poverty, the natural distinction of her person retrieved the simplicity of her costume, and commanded

without effort, deference and respect. "Poor demoiselle," said she at last, "since you are here alone, at your age, upon the highway, you must have lost your mother?"

"Yes, madame, I have lost my mother," responded the young girl in a sweet voice, in which a slight foreign accent appeared. "Alas! I have lost all, everything, even the patch of earth where I was born and where repose the bones which are dear to me. Nothing more is left me under heaven," added she, shaking her head.

"Dear demoiselle, may God take pity on your pain! I see plainly, by your way of speaking, that you are not of our country. You come from a distance, no doubt?"

"Oh! yes, madame, very far, very far. I frequently thought that I should never arrive."

"And you go?"

"Where my mother, before dying, bade me to go. I knew in setting out, that once at Neuvy-les-Bois, I should find easily the way to Valtravers."

"You are going to Valtravers?"

"Yes, madame."

"To the château?"

"Exactly."

"You have lengthened your way, mademoiselle; the driver ought to have let you got out at the neighboring town. It is the same, you have before you only three little leagues, and moreover you will be able, by going through the woods, to gain time. If you will allow him, my nephew Pierrot will guide you: but the heat is oppressive, and I am certain, my dear little one, that you have eaten nothing to-day. Come to our farmhouse; and you shall taste the milk of our cows, and, to set out again, you will wait the freshness of the evening."

"Thank you, madame, thank you. You are good; but I do not need anything. I should like to set out immediately, and if it is not abusing the good-nature of M. Pierrot——"

"Here, Pierrot!" cried the farmer's wife.

At this invitation, made in a tone which suffered no reply, a little imp separated from the crowd, and came forward with the cringing air of a dog that feels that his master calls him only to beat him. Pierrot, who, since morning, had been nursing the delicious prospect of taking, after vespers, his share in the play upon the church square, appeared only moderately flattered by his aunt's proposition. She repeated it in such a way that he judged it prudent to consent.

She put the little bundle of the stranger under his arm, then, pushing him by the shoulders: "Go through the woods, and be sure not to walk too fast for this young demoiselle, who has neither your feet nor your legs." Thereupon Pierrot started with a sullen air, while Neuvy-les-Bois, commencing to recover from its stupor, was lost in comments upon the events of this great day.

We suspect this village of Neuvy-les-Bois to have been so named by antiphrasis. For Neuvy (green), it is perfectly correct; but for les bois (the woods), it is another affair. For my part, I know nothing more deceitful or more fallacious than these names of places or of persons that have a precise signification, and are as well-formed pledges. I have noticed that, in such cases, persons and places rarely furnish that which they promise, and that in general, what is lacking is precisely that quality which christening has given them. I have know Angelines who possessed none of the attributes of an angel, and Blanches black as little crows. As to places, without going further, Neuvy-les-Bois, since we are here, has not a clump of elms, of poplars, or aspens to shield it from the winds of the north or the heat of the south. The circumjacent country is as bare and as flat as the sea coast, and in its vicinity, within the radius of a half-league, you would not find the shade of an oak. However, at Fontenay-aux-Roses, they show a few sorry rose-bushes.

However, as the young girl and her guide withdrew from the dusty road and penetrated into the country, the landscape gradually assumed greener and more joyous aspects. After two hours walking, they perceived the woods of Valtravers undulating at the horizon. In spite of the recommendations of his aunt, Pierrot went at a brisk pace, without thinking of his companion.

The possibility that he foresaw of being able to return to take part in the play, gave wings to this scamp. Although she had light feet and fine limbs, at intervals the poor child was forced to ask mercy, but the abominable Pierrot deafened his ear and pitilessly pursued his course. Going post-haste, he regarded with mournful eye the shadow of the trees, that the sun began to lengthen enormously upon the surrounding sward; in the bitterness of his heart he did not dissemble that, if he went as far as Valtravers it was an end to his Sunday joys. Once upon the edge of the forest an infernal idea passed through the mind of this young shepherd.

"There!" said he resolutely, putting upon the grass the bundle that he held under his arm. "You have only to follow this wide avenue, which will lead you right to the château. In a quarter of an hour you will have your nose at the gate."

Then this rascal prepared to escape; a motion retained him. Having detached from her girdle a little purse, which did not appear very heavy, the young girl drew from it a little white piece that she courteously offered to M. Pierrot, thanking him for his trouble. At this trait of generosity, upon which he was not counting, Pierrot felt troubled. He hesitated; and perhaps he might have given way to this cry of his conscience if he had not discoverd in the distance, on the plain, the steeple of Neuvy-les-Bois, like the mast of a ship aground upon the beach. —*Madeleine.*

GEORGE SANDYS.—

SANDYS, GEORGE, an English traveller and author, born in 1577; died in 1644. He was a son of the Archbishop of York, and younger brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, who was Treasurer of the Virginia Company, and assisted in procuring a charter for the Plymouth Colony. George Sandys travelled in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, and the remoter parts of Italy, and the neighboring Islands, of the existing condition of which he gave an account in a folio volume, *Relation of a Journey begun A. D.* 1610. About 1621 he went to Virginia as acting Treasurer of the company, where he remained about four years. While here he completed a spirited translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid—the earliest book penned in North America which has any pretensions to a literary character. It was, he says, "limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the Muses." Apart from his translations, Sandys acquired high repute as a poet.

MODERN CONDITION OF FAMOUS COUNTRIES.

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms; once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valor and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted, have flourished; where God did place His own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His own prophets, sent angels to converse with men. Above all, where the Son of God descended to become man;

where He honored the earth with His beautiful steps; wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory. Which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of human misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility; and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion; who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude under which, to the astonishment of the understanding beholder, it now faints and groaneth.

These rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves, and murderers; large territories dispeopled or thinly inhabited, goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty. Which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of these people and countries—thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable except by His grace and protection.—*Preface to Travels.*

SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH, (MUNSON), an American author, born at New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1838. She was educated at home, and, after having done much journalistic work, she became associate editor of *Hearth and Home* in 1871–3. Subsequently she was connected with the *Christian at Work*, the *Christian Intelligencer*, and *Harper's Young People*. In 1889 she became editor of *Harper's Bazar*. Her books include: *Manual of Missions of the Reformed Church in America* (1878), *Hours with Girls* (1881), *Poems of the Household* (1883), *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers* (1887), and several Sunday-school books.

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces, fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,—
Echoing boyish strife,—
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me:
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know,—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother-heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast.
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner:
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted:
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER.—

PILGRIMS.

There's but the meagre crust, Love,
    There's but the measured cup;
On scanty fare we breakfast,
    On scanty fare we sup.
Yet be not thou discouraged,
    Nor falter on the way,
Since Wealth is for a life, Love,
    And Want is for a day.

Our robes are hodden gray, Love.
    Ah! would that thine were white,
And shot with gleams of silver,
    And rich with golden light.
Yet care not thou for raiment,
    But climb, as pilgrims may,
Since Ease is for a life, Love,
    And Toil is for a day.

Our shelter oft is rude, Love;
    We feel the chilling dew,
And shiver in the darkness
    Which silent stars shine through.
Yet shall we reach our palace,
    And there in gladness stay,
Since Home is for a life, Love,
    And Travel for a day.

The heart may sometimes ache, Love,
    The eyes grow dim with tears;
Slow glide the hours of sorrow,
    Slow beats the pulse of fears.
Yet patience with the evil,
    For, though the good delay,
Still Joy is for a life, Love,
    And Pain is for a day,

TRUST FOR THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come
    There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb
    In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
    Like a pulse-beat, threaded through

The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest field shall I cease to glean,
Since the bloom of the spring has fled?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,
Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
Nay, ghosts of the weary past,—
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand;
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love;
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

A MAPLE LEAF.

So bright in death I used to say,
So beautiful through frost and cold!
A lovelier thing I know to-day,
The leaf is growing old,
And wears in grace of duty done
The gold and scarlet of the sun.

SAPPHO, a Greek poetess who flourished about 600 B. C. Little is known of her life. She was a native of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos; was left a widow at an early age; became noted for her unquestionable genius, and finally took up her residence on the island of Sicily. According to a legend resting upon no conclusive evidence, she committed suicide, when no longer young, by leaping from the promontory of Leucas into the sea in a frenzy of unrequited passion for a beautiful young man named Phaon. The stories of her licentious life, circulated by the Greek comedians, are now regarded by many critics as without foundation. Sappho tried many styles of verse, even epics, but was especially famous for her lyrics, and was often designated as "the tenth Muse." She was also styled "the poetess," just as Homer was styled "the poet." Strabo says of her: "At no period within memory has any woman been known who in any, even in the least degree, could be compared to her for poetry." Of her poems none are now extant, excepting a few which have been preserved by being quoted by others. These "Remains" consist of a *Hymn to Aphrodite* or Venus, cited by Dionysius of Halicarnassus as a model of excellence; part of an amatory poem cited by Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime, and a few fragments gathered in the "Greek Anthology." All told, not more than 200 lines composed by Sappho are now extant. She is reputed to have originated a peculiar Greek metre, which goes by her name, and has frequently been imitated, in English verse.

Sappho has been the subject of many volumes in many tongues. One of the

latest put forth for English readers is by Henry Thornton, and is entitled: *Sappho: Memoir, Text, Selected Renderings, and a Literal Translation* (London and Chicago, 1885). Of the numerous translations of the *Hymn* we give two for comparison.

HYMN TO VENUS.

Venus, bright Daughter of the Skies,
To whom unnumbered temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts,
O be thou gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.
If e'er you heard my anxious vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid preferred,
Oft led the golden courts of Jove
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew,
You gave the word, and swift they flew;
Through liquid air they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their Queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.
Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton, feathered band;
Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:

"Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.
What healing medicine shall I find
To cure thy love-distempered mind?
Say, shall I lend thee all my charms
To win young Phaon to thy arms?
Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? My Sappho, tell me who!
Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;

Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love."

Once more, O Venus, hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast.
To thee, bright Queen, my vows aspire:
Oh, grant me all my heart's desire!

Transl. of FOWKES.

TO APHRODITE.

O fickle-souled, deathless one, Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Lady august, never with pangs and bitter
Anguish affray me!

But hither come often, as erst with favor
My invocations pitifully heeding,
Leaving thy Sire's golden abode thou camest
Down to me speeding.

Yoked to thy car, delicate sparrows drew thee
Fleetly to earth, fluttering fast their pinions,
From heaven's height through middle ether's liquid,
Sunny dominions.

Soon they arrived; thou, O divine one, smiling
Sweetly from that countenance all immortal,
Askedst my grief, wherefore I so had called thee
From the bright portal?

What my wild soul languished for, frenzy stricken?
Who thy love now is it that ill requiteth
Sappho? and who thee and thy tender yearning
Wrongfully slighteth?

Though he now fly, quickly he shall pursue thee—
Scorns he thy gifts? Soon he shall freely offer—
Loves he not? Soon, even wert thou unwilling,
Love shall he proffer.

Come to me then, loosen me from my torment,
All my heart's wish unto fulfilment guide thou,
Grant and fulfil! And an ally most trusty
Ever abide thou.

Transl. of MORETON JOHN WALHOUSE.

The following lines are quoted by Stobæus and Plutarch. The Muses' crown was of roses.

TO AN UNEDUCATED WOMAN.

Thee, too, the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flowers whose graft outgrows
All summer kinship of the mortal rose
And color of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven about thine head.

Transl. of C. A. SWINBURNE.

The following fragment of a poem is quoted by Longinus, who styles it "the pattern of perfectness":

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

More happy than the gods is he,
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes, thy sweetly-dimpled smiles.

This, this, alas! alarmed my breast,
And robbed me of my golden rest;
While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtler flames my bosom glows;
Quick through each vein the poison flows;
Dark, dimming tears my eyes surround;
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize;
And, losing color, sense and breath,
I seem quite languishing in death.

Transl of ADDISON.

Two epitaphs—each upon a young girl—by Sappho, have been preserved in the Anthology. The first is given in the translation of Elton, the second in that of Merivale:

TWO EPITAPHS.

This dust was Timas's. Ere her bridal bed
Within Persephone's dark bower received,
With new-sharped steel her playmates from each head
Cut their fair locks to show how much they grieved.

Deep in the dreary chambers of the dead
Asteria's ghost has made her bridal bed:
Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,
And shed their cherished tresses on her urn.

In one epigram in the Anthology, by Antipater of Thessalonica, Sappho is named as one of the nine women illustrious in Grecian song:

THE NINE WOMEN-POETS.

These god-tongued women were with song supplied
From Helicon to steep Pieria's side:
Prexilla, Myro, Anyte's grand voice—
The female Homer; Sappho, pride and choice
Of Lesbian dames, whose locks have earned a name;
Erinna, Telesilla known to fame;
And thou, Corinna, whose bright numbers yield
A vivid image of Athene's shield;
Soft-sounding Nossis, Myrtes of sweet song,
Work-women all those books will last full long:
Nine Muses owe to Uranus their birth.
And nine—an endless joy to man—to Earth.



VICTORIEŃ SARDOU.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.—

SARDOU, VICTORIEN, a French dramatist, born in Paris in 1831. Lack of means forced him to relinquish the study of medicine for teaching and writing. He contributed to newspapers and tried his hand at dramatic composition. His first comedy, *La Taverne des Étudiants* (1854), was a failure. The turning-point in his fortunes came three years later when, alone and poor, he was nursed through a serious illness by a compassionate young neighbor who soon afterwards became his wife, and who introduced him to Mdlle. Déjazet, the manager of a theatre. This lady brought out several of his plays, which were so well received that, ten years later, he was both rich and famous. He received the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1863; and was admitted to the French Academy in 1877.

M. Sardou has written between forty and fifty plays. *Les Pattes de Mouche* (1860), rendered into English as *A Scrap of Paper*, has been highly successful in England and America. Among his dramas are: *Les Femmes Fortes* (1860), *Piccolino*, and *Nos Intimes* (1861), *La Perle Noire*, and *Les Ganaches* (1862), *Les Pommes du Voisin* (1864), *Les Vieux Garçons*, and *La Famille Benoiton* (1865), *Maison Neuve* (1866), *Séraphine* (1868), *Patrie* (1869), *Fernande* (1870), *Les Merveilleuses* (1873), *Dora* (1877), *Daniel Rochet* (1880), *Odette* (1881), *Fedora* and *Theodora*, *La Tosca* (1887), *Marquise* (1889), *Cleopatra* (1890), *Thermidor* (1891), and *Gismonda* (1894).

"FROM A SCRAP OF PAPER."

[*Enter Prosper. He looks round for Suzanne, and seeing her lying back in the armchair approaches her on tiptoe.*]

Prosp.—Asleep! overcome with fatigue and

utterly discouraged. [*Looking round him.*] She has been turning everything topsy-turvy. [*Looks into room and laughs.*] Yes, and there too! Now for the letter! Can she have found it? [*Suzanne follows him with the corners of her eyes, while he opens the tobacco jar and sees the envelope.*] No, all safe—Come, woman's cunning has been baffled for once [*Sits down L. of table and looks at Suzanne.*] I am sorry for her; [*Looking more nearly*] she is really a very nice woman—pretty hand—good eyes too—I really must have another look at her eyes. [*Getting up and bending over her.*]

Suz.—[*Opening her eyes wide, and looking at him.*] What did you say?

Prosp.—[*Staggering back.*] Knocked clean over!

Suz.—[*Pretending to awake.*] Oh! I beg your pardon, I believe I must have dropped asleep.

Prosp.—Pray consider yourself at home.

Suz.—[*Rising.*] What o'clock is it?

Prosp.—[*Going to the clock on the mantelpiece*]. Past six.

Suz.—So late! Well I can't help it—I won't give up my purpose; and here I shall remain at my post, till that purpose is accomplished.

Prosp.—Allow me to admire your obstinacy—it is the most heroic piece of chivalry that I have ever seen.

Suz.—Obstinacy! you are not gallant.

Prosp.—Well, let us say firmness.

Suz.—Yes, firmness in a woman—obstinacy in a man.

Prosp.—Now, take care, you are pitting yourself against a man who has fought with Red Indians, and won his tomahawk on the field. I have been dubbed a great chief myself, and it would be no mean glory to carry off my scalp. [*It gets gradually dusk*].

Suz.—But, great chief, spite of the intense satisfaction I should naturally have in scalping you. I have better motives than the desire of

obtaining such questionable glory. But please light your lamp—it is getting quite dark.

Prosp.—Immediately. [*Takes off the globe of the lamp on the table and looks at it.*] There! that fool of a servant has put no wick in the lamp. [*He sings*].

Suz.—Then light a candle—it will be much handier.

Prosp.—You are right. [*Hunting about for matches.*] Of course, there may exist women who—now there's not a match to be found—anywhere.

Suz.—Then take a piece of paper, my dear sir.

Prosp. [*Seeing the piece of paper on the hearth*]. Ah! this will do. [*Picks up paper*]. There may exist women, certainly, who are so far traitors to their nature as to—[*He lights the paper*]. *Enter* FRANCOIS, *with a lighted lamp*].

Fran.—Did you ring for the lamp, sir?

Prosp.—[*Blowing out the paper and still holding it in his hand.*] Yes—that will do—put it down there.

Suz.—[*Aside.*] Was ever anything so provoking! Another minute, and he would have done it. [*François has put the lamp on the table and exit.*]

Prosp.—As I said, there may be women who—in that—upon my word, I dont know, now what I was going to say.

Suz.—You were going to say, probably, that there may be women, who would do and sacrifice much for the peace of mind of a friend.

Prosp.—[*Seated beside the table holding the paper*]. A friend! a friend. Have women female friends? [*Aside.*] She looks better still by lamp-light.

Suz.—You don't believe in friendship.

Prosp.—In that respect I have not a much better opinion of our own sex than of yours. [*Aside.*] I can't help being fascinated by her more and more.

Suz.—[*Taking the envelope and false letter from the jar mechanically and playing with*

it while Prosper shows his agitation.] Come, that's something. You have generally so marvellous an opinion of your own superiority.

Prosp.—[*Laughing at seeing the letter in her hand and shaking the paper he holds.*] We certainly sometimes fancy we see more clearly than your sex. [*Laughing aside.*] She little knows she's got the letter. [*Aloud.*] Well, if I be an egotist, I have never found out, after a life's experience, what I gained by doing good to others.

Suz.—[*throwing back the envelope into the jar.*] Gained!—The pleasure of doing it. Does that count for nothing? Ah! if you knew how bright the world would look to you under consciousness of having done good—if you knew with how light a heart you would sleep at night—with how cheery a spirit you would raise your head from your pillow in the morning, you would never ask again what you would gain.

Prosp.—[*Surprised and pleased.*] Perhaps—I don't know.

Suz.—Exactly. You *don't* know.

Prosp.—(*Aside.*) What a smile the woman has! and what a heart. [*Lets fall the letter on the carpet.*]

Suz.—[*Aside.*] Suppose I put out the lamp; he must light it again. [*She begins turning the lamp up and down.*]

Prosp.—[*With enthusiasm*]. Ah, my dear madam, if it were true—Does the lamp smoke?

Suz.—It does a little. [*Puts it out.*] There,—I've put it out.

Prosp.—[*Aside.*] So much the better [*Aloud.*] Ah, if it were true that your heart alone prompted you to give me battle, my admiration for your courage would give place to a far warmer feeling. I don't exactly know why, but it is a fact, of all the women I have ever seen, you are the only woman who is a real woman.

Suz.—A very pretty declaration, upon my

word—only a little obscure. Perhaps it would be clearer if you lighted your lamp.

Prosp.—[*Approaching her.*] Ah, the fitful flicker of the cosy fire on the hearth is better suited to what I would say.

Suz.—Light the lamp, sir! or you'll force me to go at once.

Prosp.—But I've got no matches.

Suz.—Will you light the lamp, sir?

Prosp.—I declare to you——

Suz.—I'll hear no declaration till you light the lamp.

Prosp.—I dare say you think I *am* mad. I am not. Perhaps it was the most sensible thing I could do to fall in love with the god-daughter this morning and the godmother this evening.

Suz.—Well, then, since you drive me away, sir.—[*Going.*]

Prosp.—Don't go—don't go; don't leave your purpose unaccomplished. You have made me believe in the existence of a woman's heart that can beat with kindliness and purity. Let me prove myself worthy of that heart. See!—here is the letter! [*Takes envelope from jar*] I yield—I burn it before your own eyes. [*Throws the envelope into the fire.*]

Suz.—[*Aside.*] Now I could positively hug the man for that!

Prosp.—[*Taking up the burning envelope with the tongs.*] Look, madam, it burns—it burns.

Suz.—I haven't the heart to send him away now. I must confess all.

Prosp.—Shall I lay down the ashes at your feet?

Suz.—[*Laughing.*] Are you quite sure you have burned the right thing?

Prosp.—Can you doubt?

Suz.—Your good faith?—Oh, no! But pick up that little scrap of paper you had in your hand just now.

Prosp.—[*Hunting on the carpet.*] That little scrap of paper! What do you mean?

Suz.—[*Pointing it out laughing.*] There it is!—*Transl. of* J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

EPES SARGENT.—

SARGENT, EPES, an American literateur, born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1813; died at Roxbury, Mass., in 1880. After studying at the Boston Latin School he went, in a ship belonging to his father, upon voyages to Northern Europe, and subsequently to Cuba. He afterwards became connected with journals in Boston and New York. He wrote several dramas: *The Bride of Genoa* (1835), *Velasco* (1837), *Change Makes Change*, and *The Priestess*. Among his other works are: *Wealth and Worth* (1840), *Fleetwood*, a novel (1845), *Songs of the Sea, and other Poems* (1847), *Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land* (1857), *Peculiar* (1863), *The Woman who Dared*, and *Planchette*, a work relating to Spiritualism (1869). He also compiled a series of *Readers for Schools*, and edited *Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry* This work was completed only a few days before his death.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters wave,
And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Let sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown ;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down !
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea !
A life on the ocean wave !

Songs of the Sea.

WEBSTER.

[MARSHFIELD, *Oct.* 24, 1852.]

Night of the Tomb ! He has entered thy portal ;
Silence of Death ! He is wrapped in thy shade ;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth, is laid.
Lips, whence the voice that held Senates proceeded,
Form, lending argument aspect august,
Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, well unfathomed of thought—all are dust.

Night of the Tomb ! Through thy darkness is shining
A light since the Star in the East never dim ;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining,
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of Death ! There were voices from heaven,
That pierced to the quick ear of Faith through the gloom :
The rod and the staff he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own path to the tomb.

Beyond it, above in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill !
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.

SAUNDERS, FREDERICK, an Anglo-American bibliophile, born at London in 1807. In 1837 he came to New York as manager of a branch of a London publishing house. The enterprise proving unsuccessful, he was engaged in journalistic and other literary occupations until 1859, when he became Assistant Librarian, and subsequently Librarian of the Astor Library. He has put forth several works in which citations from other authors are connected by quaint remarks and criticisms. Among these are: *Salad for the Solitary* (1853), *Salad for the Social* (1856), *Pearls of Thought* (1858), *Festival of Song* (1866), *About Women, Love, and Marriage* (1868), *Evenings with the Sacred Poets* (1869), *Pastime Papers* (1885), *Story of Some Famous Books* (1887), *Stray Leaves of Literature* (1889), *The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus* (1892).

INTELLECTUAL SALADS.

Excellent Salads, according to Parson Adams, are to be found in every field: we have garnered from the fertile fields of Literature. Should any one be curious to know why we have ventured to select Salad for the entertainment of the reader, we beg to premise that it has an undoubted preference over a rich ragout, fricassee, or any other celebrated product of the culinary art, from the fact that it is suitable to all seasons, as well as all sorts of persons, being a delicate conglomerate of good things—meats, vegetables; acids, sweets; oils, sauce, and other condiments too numerous to detail. . . .

Our Salad—a concarcination of many good things for the literary palate, will, it is hoped, felicitate the fancy, and prove an antidote to ennui, or any tendency to senescent forebodings, should such mental malady chance ever to haunt the seclusion of the Solitary. The contents of this volume are not only various in

kind; variety may also be said to characterize its treatment, which has been attempted somewhat philosophically, poetically, ethically, satirically, hypothetically, æsthetically, hyperbolically, psychologically, metaphysically, humorously; and—since brevity is the soul of wit—sententiously.—*Salad for the Solitary.*

THE SCIENCE OF GASTRONOMY.

The science of eating and drinking is one of the few things that all acquire by intuition; and it is a faculty that, once indulged, is never forgotten, but clings to us with a tenacity that lasts with life itself. A real good dinner constitutes one of the realities of life, and to a human stomach is one of the most agreeable of enjoyments. Few regard the subject in a scientific light, or possess the refinement of fancy or educated taste essential to the luxurious indulgence of the palate of classic times; we moderns preferring to appease simply the cravings of the appetite by devoting the more solid and substantial viands to the digestive process, rather than to gratify our organs of taste by the ingenious combinations of which food is susceptible by culinary art. So universal is the indulgence of this custom that mankind have been divided into but two: the great classes of those who eat to live, and those who live to eat—the former being of course by far the wiser part. This great family of eaters may, however, be subdivided into the following varieties: Such as live by "the sweat of their brow," according to the divine edict; those who luxuriate on the bounty of their hospitable neighbors, in contravention of the original law; and others who "live upon half-pay," or, rather, merely vegetate upon the crumbs and fragments which descend from the tables of their opulent friends.

All men are devotees to their dinner, be it munificently or meanly endowed; and all aim with equal zeal to do honor to the duty with a most exact and religious fidelity. There is an

old adage which tells us that "fools make feasts, and wise men eat of them;" but we are inclined to skepticism as to the validity of the maxim, for it certainly is a sage and praiseworthy thing to confer a good service on oneself, and certainly no man is in so happy and complacent condition as he who has just partaken of a generous and substantial meal.

It has been affirmed that a man partakes of the nature of the animal which he eats. From this statement also we are disposed to record our dissent; for although a man may possess a penchant for mutton, for example, it does not seem to follow that he acquires in consequence any more *sheepish* expression than that he who indulges his preference for bacon should evince a hoggish disposition. —*Salad for the Solitary.*

A BENEDICTION ON THE POETS.

We have reached the terminus of our pleasure excursion through the glorious realms of Poesy. All along our course has the bright sunshine of song beautified and gladdened our hearts. Right pleasurable indeed have been

> "Those lyric feasts
> Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad!"

In all after-time shall we not recall with delight, from the storehouse of memory, the rich treasures of exalted thought and exquisite imagery which we have so lavishly enjoyed?

> "Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
> The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delights, by heavenly lays!"

For not only are they the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," they are the foremost of its benefactors; and their numbers, flowing "from the happiest and best moments of the best and happiest minds," should be thus authoritative. Let us then ever cherish with affectionate regard the rich legacy they have bequeathed to us, as *lares* and *penates* near each household hearth. "True poems," wrote

Irving, "are caskets which enclose in a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels." Thus should we prize them, even as we do the precious metals; nay, more—since gold will leave us at the grave—but the wealth of the mind "unto the heavens with us we have!"

Such glowing and beautiful utterances as the minstrels have left us find a ready response in the common heart of humanity, because they are the expression of its universal thought. Nor ever will their sweet voices be hushed or unheeded in a world which the tuneful throng have made all resonant with the rich melodies of the ages.

"For doth not song to the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow—
A heritage for all?"

Festival of Song.

FOR THE INTELLECTUAL TOILET-TABLE.

The Enchanted Mirror:—TRUTH.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye;
They'll redden, and breathe sweeter melody.

For giving Sweetness to the Voice:—PRAYER.

At morning, noon, and night this mixture take;
Your tones improved will richer music make.

The best Eye-water:—COMPASSION.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye;
When more you want, the poor will you supply.

To prevent Eruptions:—WISDOM.

It calms, the temper beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

A pair of Ear-rings:—ATTENTION and OBEDIENCE.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive, lessons you will gladly hear.

A Pair of Bracelets:—NEATNESS and INDUSTRY.

Clasp them on carefully each day you live;
To good designs they efficacy give.

Salad for the Social.

JOHN SAUNDERS.—

SAUNDERS, JOHN, an English novelist, critic, and journalist, was born at Barnstaple, August, 1811; died at Richmond, March 29, 1895; editor of *The People's Journal* from 1846 to 1848, and later one of the editors of the *National Magazine*. Among his novels are: *The Shadow in the House* (1860), *Abel Drake's Wife* (1862), *Martin Pole* (1863), *One against the World* (1865), *Bound to the Wheel* (1866), *The Ship Owner's Daughter* (1875), *A Noble Wife*, and *The Sherlocks*. One of his earliest works was an edition of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* with *Cabinet Pictures of English Life from Chaucer* (1845), reissued in 1889 under the title, *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales Annotated and Accented with Illustrations of English Life in Chaucer's Time*.

A BRIDAL AND A DEPARTURE.

Soon after this they were again all permitted to come together—Cranmer, and his wife, whom none of the officials, however, recognized in that capacity, but simply treated as one of his friends, and Lady Oldcastle, and Gerard, and Beatrix.

There was a faint revival of hope in the hearts of the young people, and which, in a slighter degree, was perhaps shared by the elder ladies, through the very fact they were so permitted again to meet.

Cranmer's own behavior partly justified them. He shared in all their talk, was interested in their little family details, smiled occasionally, and altogether gave them the impression that gloomy as was the prospect from all they knew, he yet might know something more—might see some vow of promise, the nature of which he would not disclose till he was better assured of its intrinsic meaning.

But as the clock struck he spoke in a voice firm but full of emotion: "I wait now for a summons that I expect will be my last. Dr. Cole has arrived, and I am to present myself again at St. Mary's Church to-day. They

want me to repeat—that which I have so wrongfully said; and they want me to believe that life will be my reward for so doing. That may be; but I am bound in honesty to acknowledge that my own conviction is they mean to put me to death in any case."

He could proceed no further for the tears and sobs of the young people, or the more restrained but still vehement feeling of Lady Oldcastle, who had, for reasons of her own regarding Sir John's state of mind, no longer the desire to press recantation upon anybody, but who was equally disinclined to be a party to the other and dread alternative. . . . .

With quivering lips his wife looked up into his face, and he stooped to kiss her.

"They are coming," he said. "Let us pray."

All knelt, and he poured forth a short but fervent prayer, then rose to his feet, while all else remained kneeling.

There was a knock at the door. Cranmer stretched his arms over the whole group in blessing, his lips slowly moving the while; then he turned and said aloud:

"Come in!"

And those came in who were to conduct him to St. Mary's— never to return.

That day Cranmer died, after grandly fulfilling his avowed purpose, in spite of the wild clamor and fury that assailed him. He did make those present and the whole world know that he died a sincere Protestant. And he put the seal to his own statement, that no mere dread of fleshly claim had influenced him to his momentary weakness; for, as the flames rose round him he put out his right hand, the hand that had penned the erring papers, the burnt hand already exhibited to his wife, and held it there.

And thus sublimely died the man to whom England, and, through England, all humanity, to the latest generations, owe in great part, the inestimable gift of the Reformation.—*A Noble Wife.*

SAVAGE, MINOT JUDSON, an American clergyman and author, born at Norridgewock, Maine, in 1841. He graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864, and began to preach in California. In 1873 he became a Unitarian, and in 1880 was settled as pastor of a church in Boston. Besides numerous occasional poems, he has published several books of a theological character, among which are: *Christianity the Science of Manhood* (1873), *The Religion of Evolution* (1876), *Bluffton: a Story of To-day* (1878), *Morals of Evolution* (1880), *Poems* (1880), *The Modern Sphinx* (1883), *Social Problems* (1886), *My Creed* (1887), *Helps to Daily Living*, and *Signs of the Times* (1890), *Evolution of Christianity* (1892).

LIFE FROM DEATH.

Had one ne'er seen the miracle
  Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
  That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
  And moanings through the tree-tops go.
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
  Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
  On hard-fought fields the Summer died,
Its banners now are stripped and bare
  Of even Autumn's fading pride.

Yet on the gust that surges by,
  I read a pictured promise: soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky,
  Will melt into luxuriant June.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
  There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
  In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
And flung its shadow down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side:
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow,
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
That, when no star from out the darkness born
Gives promise of the coming of the morn;
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which tear-blinded eyes no way can see;
When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn,
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be?
I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth; if "dust to dust"
Shall be the end of love, and hope, and strife,
From what rare land is blown this living breath,
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of life?

SAVAGE, RICHARD, an English poet, born at London in 1698; died at Bristol 1743. Though not without considerable talent, he is notable mainly for his vices and his misfortunes. His life has been elaborately written by Johnson, whose somewhat intimate associate he was for a short time. Most of the alleged facts were furnished by Savage himself, and many of them have been shown to be fabrications. What seem to be worthy of acceptance are these: His mother was the wife of Charles, Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield; she was separated from her husband, and formed a liaison with Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. Among the children born to them was a boy, who was baptized as Richard Smith, and was placed at nurse with the wife of a baker, who said that she was its mother. Savage, who claimed to be this child, appeared as an author while quite young. In 1717 he put forth *The Convocation*, a poem written by Mr. Richard Savage." Next year was published *Love in a Veil*, a comedy purporting to be "written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Lord Rivers." He came to be known as one of the least reputable among the needy scribblers of his day. In 1727 he became engaged in a tavern brawl, in which one James Sinclair was killed by his hand. Savage was brought to trial, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death; but was pardoned through the intervention of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II.—the same who, in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, procured the pardon of Effie Deans.

Savage now came to be for a while a literary "lion." He addressed to the

Queen a birthday ode, signing himself the "Volunteer Laureate." The Queen sent him £50, and repeated the gift every year until her death in 1737. The Earl of Tyrconnel, a friend of his reputed mother, received him into his family, and made him an allowance of £200 a year. But he and the Earl soon quarrelled, and Savage was turned adrift. Some of his friends, however, made up for him a considerable annuity—Pope contributing £20—upon condition that Savage should take up his residence out of London. He chose Swansea as his home, but was wont to visit Bristol. Here he was arrested for debt, and thrown into prison. One morning he was found dead in his bed, and was buried at the cost of the jailer, who had taken a liking to him. Savage produced a couple of plays and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of these the best are *The Bastard* (1728), and *The Wanderer* (1729), the latter written during the "golden days," when he was domiciled with the Earl of Tyrconnel.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

Is chance or guilt that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more
What, though no purposed malice stained thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of home-shed blood from all
On whom unsought embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eyes condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate:

Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt athirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall;
And I, perchance, in him have murdered all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscalled, farewell! Of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I owed;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before.
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name:
Supremely lovely, and serenely great;
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire—
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

The Bastard.

RICHARD SAVAGE.—

HUMAN CONTRASTS.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly;
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys;
Soon death's dark agent to luxurious ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-formed state:
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the Great;
Passions Plebeians are, which factions raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy Anarchy's rude triumphs rise,
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies.
That ruler once deposed, Wisdom and Wit
To Noise and Folly place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
The Miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved Shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens—when gay hours return no more—
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.

Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs,
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings;
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand;
From each friend's mouth a ruddy vapor flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows;
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves:
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient Bard in museful mood,
And glows, impassioned, for his country's good.
All the bright Spirits of the Just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind.

The Wanderer.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.—

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, an American lawyer, journalist, and poet, born at Highgate, Vt., in 1816; died at Albany, N. Y., in 1887. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839; became a lawyer, and practiced successfully until 1850, when he became editor and proprietor of the *Burlington Sentinel*. He conducted this journal until 1856, soon after which he came to New York, and entered upon lecturing and other literary work. He had in the mean time put forth several volumes of poems, mostly humorous or satirical, which met with great success. In 1872 he became Editor of the *Albany Journal*, and took up his residence in that city. Several collected editions of his works have appeared; they include: *Progress*, a Satire (1846), *New Rape of the Lock* (1847), *The Proud Miss McBride* (1848), *The Money-King, and other Poems* (1859), *The Flying Dutchman* (1862), *Clever Stories of Many Nations* (1864), *The Times, the Telegraph, and other Poems* (1865), *The Masquerade* (1865), *Fables and Legends in Verse* (1872), *Leisure Day Rhymes* (1878).

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There's a Castle in Spain, very charming to see,
Though built without money or toil;
Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,
And paramount lord of the soil;
And oft as I may I'm accustomed to go
And live like a king in my Spanish Chateau.

There's a dame most deliciously rounded and ripe,
Whose wishes are never absurd,
Who doesn't object to my smoking a pipe
Nor insist on the ultimate word;

In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know,
And she lives like a queen in my Spanish Chateau.

I've a family too: the delightfulest girls,
And a bevy of beautiful boys;
All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls,
Whose pleasure is mischief and noise.
No modern Cornelia might venture to show
Such jewels as those in my Spanish Chateau.

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,
And always mind what they're at;
Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,
And slander the innocent cat;
Neither saucy nor careless, nor stupidly slow,
Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Chateau.

I've pleasant companions: most affable folk,
And each with the heart of a brother;
Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke,
And beauties who are fond of each other.
Such people indeed as you never may know
Unless you should come to my Spanish Chateau.

I have friends whose commission for wearing the name
In kindness unfailing is shown;
Who pay to another the duty they claim,
And deem his successes their own;
Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe:
You'll find them (where else?) in my Spanish Chateau!

"*O si sic semper!*" I oftentimes say,
(Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain),
To think that again I must force me away
From my beautiful Castle in Spain!

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges.

Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing
o'er the vale:—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the
rail!

Men of different "stations" in the eye of
Fame
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every
feather,
On a constant level travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts, looming very tall;
Gentleman at large, talking very small;
Gentleman in tights, with a loosish mien;
Gentleman in gray, looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old, asking for the news
Gentleman in black, in a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-à-vis*;
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance, says it's tiresome
talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful of the precious cas-
ket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her
basket,
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would
surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests, rattling over
ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over
bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzz-
ing o'er the vale:—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the
rail!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.—

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
  My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
  I have no cause to moan and weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
  My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
    I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
  My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
  My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
  My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice,
    I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
  I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
  I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
  I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
    I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,
  I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
  I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
  As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
    I'm growing old! . . .

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
  My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
  That tint the darkness of her wings—
The light that beams from out the sky,
  Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
    "I'm growing old!"

SCHAFF, PHILIP (1819–1893), an ecclesiastical historian and theologian, born in Switzerland. He was educated at the Universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin; then travelled for two years as a private tutor in Germany, France, and Italy. In 1842 he became Lecturer in Theology in the University of Berlin, and in 1843, on the recommendation of Neander, Tholuck, and Krummacher, was invited to the chair of Church History and Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Penn. In 1869, he was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He was President of the American Bible Revision Committee. His works, written in German or English, and sometimes in both languages, are very numerous. Among them are: *The Principle of Protestantism* (1845), *History of the Apostolic Church* (1851), *Life and Labors of St. Augustine* (1853), *History of the Christian Church* (1858–1885) *The Person of Christ, the Miracle of History* (1865), *Lectures on the Civil War in America* (1865), *The Creeds of Christendom* (1876), *Through Bible Lands* (1878), *Christ and Christianity* (1885), *The English Language* (1887), *Church and State in the United States* (1888), *Literature and Poetry* (1889), *Creed Revision in the Presbyterian Churches* (1890), *Theological Propædeutics* (1893).

He compiled *Christ in Song*, a selection from the Hymnology of all ages and nations, and is the general editor of the American edition of "Lange's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments."

THE FOUR GOSPELS.

The four canonical Gospels are representa-

tions of one and the same Gospel in its fourfold aspect and relation to the human race, and may be called, with Irenæus, "the fourfold Gospel." Taken together, they give us a complete picture of the earthly life of our Lord and Saviour, in whom the whole fulness of the Godhead and sinless Manhood dwell in perfect harmony. Each is invaluable and indispensable; each is unique in its kind; each has its peculiar character and mission, corresponding to the talent, education, and vocation of the author and the wants of his readers.

Matthew, writing in Palestine, and for Jews, and observing, in accordance with his former occupation and training, a rubrical and topical, rather than a chronological order, gives us the Gospel of the new Theocracy founded by Christ—the Lawgiver, Messiah, and King of the true Israel, who fulfilled all the prophecies of the Old Dispensation. His is the fundamental Gospel which stands related to the New Testament as the Pentateuch does to the Old.

Mark, the companion of Peter, writing at Rome, and for warlike Romans, paints Christ, in fresh, graphic, and rapid sketches, as the mighty Son of God, the victorious Conqueror, and forms the connecting link between Matthew and Luke, or between the Jewish-Christian and the Gentile-Christian Evangelist.

Luke, an educated Hellenist, a humane physician, a pupil and friend of Paul prepared, as the Evangelist of the Gentiles, chiefly for Greek readers, and in chronological order, the Gospel of Universal Humanity, where Christ appears as the sympathizing Friend of Sinners, the healing Physician of all diseases, the tender Shepherd of the wandering sheep, the Author and Proclaimer of a free salvation for Gentiles and Samaritans as well as Jews.

From John, the trusted bosom-friend of the Saviour, the Benjamin among the twelve, and the surviving patriarch of the apostolic age—who could look back to the martyrdom of James, Peter, and Paul, and the destruction of

Jerusalem, and look forward to the certain triumph of Christianity over the tottering idols of paganism—we might naturally expect the ripest, as it was the last, composition of the Gospel history for the edification of the Christian Church of all ages.

The Gospel of John is the Gospel of Gospels, as the Epistle to the Romans is the Epistle of Epistles. It is the most remarkable as well as the most important literary production ever composed by man. It is a marvel even in the marvelous Book of Books. All the literature of the world could not replace it. It is the most spiritual and ideal of Gospels. It introduces us into the Holy of Holies in the history of our Lord, it brings us, as it were, into His immediate presence, so that we behold face to face the true Shekinah, the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It presents, in fairest harmony, the highest knowledge and the deepest love of Christ. It gives us the clearest view of His incarnate Divinity, and His perfect Humanity. It sets Him forth as the Eternal Word, who was the source of life from the beginning, and the organ of all the revelations of God to man; as the Fountain of living water that quenches the thirst of the soul; as the Light of the world that illuminates the darkness of sin and error; as the Resurrection and the Life that destroys the terror of death. It reflects the lustre of the Transfiguration on the Mount, yet subdued by the holy sadness of Gethsemane. It abounds in festive joy and gladness over the amazing love of God, but mixed with grief over the ingratitude and obtuseness of unbelieving men. It breathes the air of peace, and yet sounds at times like the peal of thunder from the other world. It soars boldly and majestically like the eagle towards the uncreated source of light, and yet hovers as gentle as a dove over the earth; it is sublime as a seraph and simple as a child; high and serene as the heaven, deep and unfathomable as the sea.

It is the plainest in its speech and the profoundest in its meaning. To it more than to any portion of the Scripture applies the familiar comparison of a river deep enough for the elephant to swim, with shallows for the lamb to wade. It is the Gospel of love, life and light, the Gospel of the heart, taken from the very heart of Christ, on which the beloved disciple leaned at the Last Supper. It is the type of the purest forms of mysticism. It has an irresistible charm for speculative and contemplative minds, and furnishes inexhaustible food for meditation and devotion. It is the Gospel of peace and Christian Union, and a prophecy of that blessed future when all the discords of the Church militant on earth shall be solved in the harmony of the Church triumphant in heaven.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

The relationship of church and state in the United States secures full liberty of religious thought, speech, and action, within the limits of the public peace and order. It makes persecution impossible. Religion and liberty are inseparable. Religion is voluntary, and cannot and ought not to be forced.

This is a fundamental article of the American creed, without distinction of sect or party. Liberty, both civil and religious, is an American instinct. All natives suck it in with the mother's milk; all immigrants accept it as a happy boon, especially those who flee from oppression and persecution abroad. Even those who reject the modern theory of liberty enjoy the practice, and would defend it in their own interest against any attempt to overthrow it.

SCHEFER, LEOPOLD, a German novelist, didactic writer and poet; born at Muskau, in 1784; died there in 1862. After having received a thorough education, he was for some time the steward of Prince Pückler-Muskau; and afterwards travelled extensively in the Levant. He wrote more than seventy short tales; several didactic works, and meditative and lyrical poetry. Among these are, *Hafiz in Hellas; The Koran of Love;* and *The Layman's Breviary*, partly in prose, and partly in verse. The most characteristic features of Schefer's poetry are its Optimism and "Pantheism," using the latter term to signify the manifestation of the Divine Presence in all things.

OPTIMISM.

My Father! all that seemeth like Thyself
Among mankind I'll love. But oh, forgive
The hasty word! forgive the helpless thought!—
Said I, "like Thee?"—I'd rather say, Whate'er
Has even the faintest semblance of Thy shadow,
That will I love and honor evermore.
Yea, let it take the form of little children,
Or let it in the beauteous maid appear,
Or as the worn old man with silvered hair,
Or as a sightless pauper whom I meet;
Or let me see the shadow of Thy love
In the swift swallow, that flits by to feed
Her callow brood, or in the soaring lark,
Or in the radiant dove, that in the field
Picks up the grain which Thou hast scattered there.

PANTHEISM.

Lo, God is here—immediately here,
Asserts Himself in every drop of blood;
Here, as the sap in the rose's root He moves—
Here in the warmth and life-diffusing fire,

The life-power and the healing-power of all.
All that He owns He constantly is healing,
Quietly, gently, softly, but most surely.
He helps the lowliest herb, with wounded stalk,
To rise again. See, from the heavens fly down
All gentle powers to cure the blinded lamb.
Deep in the treasure-house of wealthy Nature
A ready secret instinct wakes, and moves
To clothe the naked sparrow in the nest,
Or trim the plumage of an aged raven.
Yea, in the slow decaying of a rose
God works as well as in the unfolding bud.
He works with gentleness unspeakable
In death itself; a thousand times more careful
Than even the mother by her sick child watching.
Now God is here in this afflicted child,
In every vein throughout his heavenly form.
'Tis He who wakes beside him in the mother;
'Tis He that gives good counsel by the father;
In the physician's hand He brings the help;
Through all the means He lives; through all the buds
And all the roots of the medicinal herb;
Lives in this morning light—this morning breath;
Lives in the lark that sings his song up yonder
To cheer the child, who hears and faintly smiles;
Lives everywhere with perfect power and love.

HONOR.

As woman ranks in the esteem of man,
So in his heart is love unclean or pure,
So much, too, he esteemeth honor, or
So little, and so he himself is honored.
Who not esteems himself, ne'er honors woman,
Who honors woman not, doth he know love?
Who knows not love, is honor known to him?
Who knoweth honor not, what hath he left?

Transl. of A. BASKERVILLE.

SCHELLING, FRIEDRICH WILLIAM JOSEPH—VON, a German philosopher, born in 1775; died in 1854. He studied at Tübingen and Jena, devoting himself mainly to speculative philosophy, and may properly be considered as the founder of a school, of which the fundamental idea, as finally developed, is an attempted reconciliation of philosophy with positive Christian theology. In his earlier speculations, however, he dwells more especially upon the identity of mind with Nature. In 1808 he was made secretary of the Academy of Arts at Munich, where he became Professor of Philosophy in 1827. In 1841 he was called to Berlin, where he delivered a course of lectures on *The Philosophy of Revelation*. His chief works are: *Ideen su Einer Philosophie der Natur* ("Ideas towards the Philosophy of Nature," 1797), *Von der Weltseele, eine Hypothese der Höhern Phyzik sur Erläuterung der Allgemeinen Organismus* ("Of the World-Soul, an Hypothesis of the Higher Physics in Elucidation of the Universal Organism," 1798), *Erste Entwurf eines Systems der Naturphilosophie* ("First Attempt at a Systematic Philosophy of Nature," 1799), *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus* ("System of Transcendental Idealism," 1800), *Bruno, oder über das Göttliche und Naturliche Princip der Dinge* ("Bruno, a Dialogue concerning the Divine and Natural Principle of Things," 1802), and *Philosophie und Religion* (1804). His *Works* were published in fourteen volumes (1856–61).

LOCAL GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

There is a peculiar and mysterious power that dwells concealed in a locality. Certain tenets or views of the world are found indigenous in

certain defined localities, and not only on large continents—as in the East—but in small districts, and such as lie in the midst of regions inhabited by people of an alien creed. Were not the ancient oracles confined to certain places? And may we not thence infer, generally, that locality, in its relations with the higher life, is not such an indifferent thing as has been commonly supposed? How often should we be surprised to find—if we had not the confirmed habit of seeing only outward things—that the circumstances which we mistake for causes are merely means and conditions? and that, while we are little thinking of it, spirits are active around us, and ready to lead us either to good or to evil, according as we yield to the influence of one or the other? . . . .

May it not be assumed that the souls of the men who have long had reverence paid to them in certain districts may—through the magic influence of faith—actually become the Guardian Spirits of those localities? I speak of the men who first brought into these forests the light of the faith, who first planted vines on these hills and corn in these valleys, and who were thus the authors of a more humanized life in regions previously wild and almost inaccessible: is it not natural, I say, that they should retain a permanent interest in the district which they brought to a state of culture, and in the people whom they led to union in one faith?

THE SYMPATHY OF MIND WITH NATURE.

O Springtime, the season of aspiration! with what delight in life thou fillest the heart! On one side, the Spiritual World is attracting us, and we feel assured that only in its closest bond of union can our true happiness be found. On the other hand, Nature, with her thousandfold witcheries, calls back our hearts and our senses to her own eternal life. It is hard that neither the internal nor the external can fully satisfy our desires, and that the souls in which the two are united are so few. A life purely spiritual

cannot satisfy us; there is something in us that has a longing for reality. As the thoughts of the artist can find no rest until he has embodied them in an external representation; as the man of genius, when inspired by an ideal, strives either to find it, or to reveal it in a bodily form; so the object of all our aspiration is to find in the perfect Material, the counterpart and reflection of the perfect Spiritual. . . . .

It is the Springtime that has awakened in me this blossoming of thoughts and hopes. I see it clearly, and feel it deeply. We are the children of Nature, we belong to her by our birth, and we can never be wholly separated from her; and if Nature does not belong to God, we also cannot belong to Him. Not we alone aspire, but all Nature longs to return to the source of her existence. True, she is now made subject to the law of externality. But this firm structure of the world will at last be resolved into a Spiritual life. The divine fire that now lies imprisoned there will finally prevail, and will consume all that now exists only by means of a repression of Nature's true inner life.

SCHERER, WILLIAM, a German philologist and historian of literature, born at Shönborn, Lower Austria, in 1841; died at Berlin in 1886. He studied German and Sanskrit philology at Vienna and Berlin, and became Professor Ordinary of Language and German Literature at Vienna in 1868, at Strasbourg in 1872, and at Berlin in 1877. He was one of the most learned and excellent of German writers, and his *History of German Literature* (1883; Mrs. Conybeare's translation republished in N. Y. 1886) is already a standard work. He was co-author of *Monuments of German Poetry* (1864), *History of Alsace* (1871), and *Sources and Researches of the History of the Language and Civilization of German Peoples*, his last work. Under his own name only, are *History of the German Language* (1868), *German Studies*, 3 vols. (1872–8), *Religious and Epic Poetry of the German Empire*, 2 vols. (1874–5), *History of German Poetry, from the XIth to the XIIth Century* (1875), *The Psalms of Notker* (1876)—ninth century; *The Beginnings of German Prose Romance, and Jörg Wickram* (1879)—his novels, and *Essays on Goethe* (1886). We select from Scherer some traits of the German hero-legends, dating back to about A. D. 600, and remolded 600 years later into the famous Nibelungenlied and some other poems.

THE GERMAN HERO-LEGENDS.

Ludwig Uhland has rightly divided all the various characters in the heroic legends into two groups: the loyal and the disloyal. The duty of liberality is connected with loyalty, and avarice is a sign of disloyalty. Self-sacrifice, the root of all virtues, first appears within the family circle, then in the society at court and

in companionship in arms. As the lord and his vassals are bound together by a general bond, so the vassals are often connected with each other by some peculiar tie, and afford beautiful examples of heroic friendship. Over and above the duties imposed by natural ties, or by alliances expressly agreed upon, it is esteemed honorable and glorious for a warrior to relieve distress in strangers and to aid the oppressed. Action is free, so far as it does not conflict with a warrior's code of honor.

Violated faith among relations is the chief cause of all the complications of the heroic legends. When two parties are once on a footing of enmity their friends often find themselves in a dilemma. Loyalty to a friend entails determined treachery to an enemy; loyalty to one who has been basely murdered leads to treacherous revenge on all his living enemies; the duties of a vassal come into conflict with family duties, and a marriage often becomes the source of a feud. The woman who was to form a connecting link between two houses suffers by her twofold position, and, whilst trying to fulfil her conflicting duties, the flame of her short-sighted passion may become a firebrand destroying both houses. The spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice, which instead of deriving a brutal pleasure from warfare, regarded it as a high and honorable calling, breathed a new life into the old heroes. They were typical examples of a noble secular life, a life of fighting and of many duties. A fervent enthusiasm for the profession of arms inspires every line of the Middle High-German heroic poems. The men are always described with solemn emphasis as heroes, warriors, swordsmen, and knights. Though the heroic poetry remained, on the whole, true to its origin, still it underwent some modification in the course of centuries. New characters were admitted who bear witness to this influence of the times. Side by side with the dignity and nobility of the chief characters, we perceive in

some of the subordinate ones the coarse minstrel humor of the tenth century, which loudly applauded a Kuno Kurzibold. . . .

The heroic poems of the middle High-German epoch, like the popular epics of Merovingian times, are full of conventional phrases and ideas, out of respect to which the poet is content to forego all personal originality. We do not find in these poems the grandeur and pictorial breadth of Homeric description; on the contrary, the style is throughout perfectly simple. The heroes and heroines are characterized by such epithets as brave, bold, beautiful; sometimes these are emphasized into very brave, bold as the storm, wonderfully beautiful; sometimes they denote the leading characteristic of the person to whom they are applied, as when Rüdiger is called the generous, Eckhart the faithful, Hagen the cruel. The descriptive element is confined to the most ordinary epithets; such expressions as a white hand, a red mouth, bright eyes, yellow hair, are perpetually recurring. There are no detailed poetical similes, and the poet's imagination never goes beyond the very simplest comparisons, as for instance, of the color of young cheeks to the roses, of the rude love of fighting to the wild boar, of a malicious disposition to a wolf. Every mood has its conventional outward demeanor: the afflicted man sits silently upon a stone, and the man who has formed a resolution speaks not a word until he has carried it out. A downcast eye betokens dejection, an upward glance joy, silent contemplation inquiry, while turning pale and then red denotes a rapid change of mood. In the same manner remarks about stature, garments, and weapons are only made from a few fixed points of view. All the occupations of hero-life are reduced to conventional formulas. . . .

From the earliest times the Germans used the falcon in hunting and in their poetry the fighting, hunting falcon served as the emblem of a

youthful hero. Flashing eyes reminded the mediæval poet of falcons' eyes, and a noble lady of the twelfth century who has won the love of a man expresses this in poetry by saying that she has tamed a falcon. So too, in the opening of the Nibelungenlied, we read how Kriemhild dreamt in girlhood of a falcon which she spent many a day in taming, but to her lasting sorrow two eagles tore it to pieces before her eyes. This dream of gloomy foreboding foreshadows the events related in the first half of the poem. Siegfried is the falcon, his brother-in-law Gunther and Gunther's vassal, Hagen, are the eagles who tear him to pieces, and Kriemhild weeps for him and will not be comforted. The carrying out of her horrible revenge forms the subject of the second part. She gives her hand in marriage to the king of the Huns, and invites the murderers to a feast, which she turns into a massacre. With wooing and betrothal the tale opens, with murder and fire it closes, very like in this to the legend of the siege of Troy. But the Nibelungenlied does not merely consist of certain episodes selected from the legend, but exhausts the whole of the legendary material, thereby attaining a higher degree of unity than the Iliad.—*History of German Literature.*

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH, a German dramatist, lyric poet, and prose writer, born at Marbach, in the Duchy of Würtemberg, in 1759; died at Weimar in 1805. His father, who had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, entered the service of the Duke of Würtemberg, where he attained the rank of Captain. When military service was no longer required, the Duke retained him to lay out pleasure-grounds in his various estates. At the age of fourteen the son was admitted to a free seminary which the Duke had established mainly for the training of the sons of military officers. The wishes of his father, and his own desire, had been directed towards the pulpit; but this could not be carried out in the seminary. The medical profession was adopted, and at the age of twenty-one Schiller became a surgeon in the army. The six years which he passed in the school were not happy ones; the routine of life and study was rigid and formal. Poetry was looked upon with special disfavor; and Schiller had written some verse. His drama, *The Robbers*, had been commenced at the age of nineteen, and was published in 1781. The Duke was highly scandalized at this drama, which, in his view, advocated brigandage and all sorts of lawlessness. He ordered Schiller to confine himself to his professional duties, and, above all things, to write no more poetry. *The Robbers* was put upon the stage at Mannheim, in 1782; Schiller went secretly to witness the first representation; was found out, and placed under arrest. He resolved to break away from his uncongenial position; and, taking advantage



SCHILLER.

of some holiday, he left Stuttgart by stealth. He went away, he says, "empty in purse and hope." For a while he lived in Franconia, under an assumed name, his friend Dalberg, the manager of the theatre at Mannheim, supplying him with money to meet his immediate necessities; he then found a refuge with Madame von Wolzogen, the mother of two of his former schoolmates. Here he wrote two dramas, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco* and *Cabal and Love*. With the production of these two dramas, the apprenticeship of Schiller may be said to have ended, and his career as a man of letters to have commenced. Henceforward his Life is to be found in his Works.

In the autumn of 1783 he was invited by Dalberg to come to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre, with a salary sufficient to give him a comfortable maintenance. The Duke of Würtemberg made some threats against his refractory subject; but there was little to fear, since Mannheim was in the Palatinate, and Schiller was now naturalized as a subject of the Elector Palatine. While at Mannheim he produced his translation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and several other works, and began the composition of *Don Carlos*, which was not, however, completed until 1786. After eighteen months at Mannheim he took up his residence for a time at Dresden. In 1788 appeared the first, and, as it happened, the only volume ever written of his *Revolt of the United Netherlands*, bringing the history down to the entrance of the Duke of Alva into Brussels, in 1567. This work, joined to the urgent recommendation of Goethe, procured for Schiller

the appointment of Professor of History at the University of Jena, whither he removed in 1789, and where he remained for about ten years. During this period, he wrote his principal prose work, the *History of the Thirty Years' War*. To this period also belong most of his lyrics and ballads, and several of his dramas, including the trilogy, *Wallenstein's Camp*, *The Piccolomini*, and the *Death of Wallenstein*. The mountain air of Jena proved threatening to his weakly lungs, and in 1799 he removed to Weimar, where the four remaining years of his life were mainly passed. Notwithstanding frequent illnesses, these were his most productive years; and at their close his powers gave no token of abatement; *Wilhelm Tell*—the last, and by many held to be the best of his tragedies—was produced in the last year of his life.

Besides his dramas, ballads, lyrics, and historical works, the minor writings of Schiller are numerous. His principal dramas are, *The Robbers*, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco*, *Cabal and Love*, *Wallenstein's Camp*, *The Piccolomini*, *The Death of Wallenstein*, *Mary Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*. The *Life* of Schiller has been written by several persons; the best in the English language are by Thomas Carlyle and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. His remains were, in 1827, transferred to the new Ducal Cemetery at Weimar; and the centenary of his birth, 1859, was signalized by public demonstrations throughout Germany; and statues of him have been erected in several cities in Germany. Schiller died in his forty-sixth year. His career has been eloquently summarized by Carlyle.

CARLYLE UPON SCHILLER.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeur, he lived among the glories and sublimities of universal Nature; his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true he had no rest, no peace; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true he was long sickly, but did he not even then conceive and body forth Max Piccolomini, and Thekla and the Maid of Orleans, the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell?* It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim with Charles XII. in another case, "Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?" These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another, they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tear; they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, "won from the void and formless Infinite;" a "possession forever" to all the generations of the Earth.

KING PHILIP II. OF SPAIN AND THE MARQUIS OF POSA.

King.—We've met before, then?
Mar.— No.
King.— You did my crown
Some service. Why, then, do you shun my thanks?
My memory is thronged with suitors' claims.
One only is Omniscient. 'Twas your duty
To seek your monarch's eye. Why did you not?
Mar.—Two days have scarce elapsed since my return
From foreign travel, Sire.
King.— I would not stand
Indebted to a subject; ask some favor.

Mar.—I enjoy the laws.
King. So does the murderer.
Mar.—Then how much more the honest citizen!
My lot contents me, Sire.
King (*Aside.*) By Heavens! a proud
And dauntless mind! That was to be expected.
Proud would I have my Spaniards. Better far
The cup should overflow than not be full.—
They say you left my service?
Mar.— To make way
For some one worthier I withdrew.
King.— 'Tis pity.
When spirits such as yours make holiday,
The State must suffer. But perchance you feared
To miss the post best suited to your merits.
Mar.—O no! I doubt not that the experienced judge
In human nature skilled—his proper study—
Will have discerned at a glance wherein
I may be useful, wherein not.
With deepest gratitude I feel the favor
Wherewith by so exalted an opinion,
Your Majesty is loading me; and yet—
King.—You hesitate?
Mar.— I am, I must confess,
Sire, at this moment unprepared to clothe
My thoughts, as the world's citizen, in phrase
Becoming to your subject. When I left
The court forever, Sire, I deemed myself
Released from the necessity to give
My reasons for this step.
King.— Are they so weak?
What do you fear to risk by their disclosure?
Mar.—My life, at farthest, Sire, were time allowed
For time to weary you; but this denied,
The Truth itself must suffer. I must choose
'Twixt your displeasure and contempt. And, if
I must decide, I rather would appear
Worthy of punishment than pity.
King.— Well?
Mar.—I cannot be the servant of a Prince.

I will not cheat the buyer. Should you deem
Me worthy of your service, you prescribe
A course of duty for me; you command
My arm in battle and my head in council.
Then, not my actions, but the applause they meet
At court, becomes the object. But for me
Virtue possesses an intrinsic worth.
I would myself create that happiness,
A Monarch, with my hand, would seek to plant;
And duty's task would prove an inward joy,
And be my willing choice. Say, like you this?
And in your own creation could you bear
A new creator? For I ne'er could stoop
To be the chisel, where I fain would be
The sculptor's self. I dearly love mankind,
My gracious Liege; but in a Monarchy
I dare not love another than myself.

King.—This ardor is most laudable. You wish
To do good deeds to others; how you do them
Is but of small account to patriots
Or to the wise. Choose, then, within these realms
The office where you best may satisfy
This noble impulse.

Mar.— 'Tis not to be found.

King.—How!

Mar.—What your Majesty would spread abroad
Through these weak hands—is it the good of men?
Is it the happiness that my pure love
Would to mankind impart? Before such bliss
Monarchs would tremble. No! Court policy
Has raised up new enjoyments for mankind,
Which she is always rich enough to grant;
And wakened in the hearts of men new wishes
Which such enjoyments only can content.
In her own merit she coins the Truth—such truth
As she herself can tolerate; all forms
Unlike her own are broken. But is that

Which can content the Court enough for me?
Must my affection for my brother pledge
Itself to work my brother injury?
To call him happy when he dare not think?—
Sire, choose not me to spread the happiness
Which you have stamped for us. I must decline
To circulate such coin. I cannot be
The servant of a Prince.
King.— You are, perhaps
A Protestant?
Mar.—Our creeds, my Liege, are one.—
I am misunderstood; I feared as much.
You see the veil torn by my hands aside
From all the mysteries of Majesty.
Who can assure you I shall still regard
As sacred that which ceases to alarm me?
I may seem dangerous because I think
Above myself. The world is yet
Umpire for my ideal; and I live
A citizen of ages yet to come.
But does a fancied picture break your rest,
A breath of yours destroys it.
King.— Say, am I
The first to whom your views are known?
Mar.— You are.
King.—(*Aside.*) This tone at least is new; but flattery
Exhausts itself; and men of talent still
Disdain to imitate. So let us test
Its opposite for once. Why should I not?
There is a charm in novelty.—Should we
Be so agreed, I will bethink me now
Of some new State employment, in whose duties
Your powerful mind—
Mar.— Sire, I perceive how small,
How mean, your notions are of manly worth.
Suspecting in an honest man's discourse
Nought but a flatterer's artifice. Methinks
I can explain the cause of this your error.
Mankind compel you to it. With free choice
They have disclaimed their true nobility,
Lowered themselves to their degraded state.

Before man's inward worth, as from a phantasm,
They fly in terror; and contented with
Their poverty, they ornament their chains
With slavish prudence; and they call it virtue
To bear them with a show of resignation.
Thus did you find the world; and thus it was
By your great father handed over to you.
In this debased condition, how could you
Respect mankind?

King.— Your words contain some truth.

[*The Count Lerma enters; whispers a few words to the King, and withdraws. The King continues to the Marquis.*]

King.— Proceed; you had
Yet more to say to me.

Mar.— Your Majesty,
I lately passed through Flanders and Brabant—
So many rich and blooming provinces,
Filled with a valiant, great, and honest people!
To be the Father of a race like this
I thought must be divine indeed! And then
I stumbled on a heap of dead men's bones.
True, you were forced to act so; but that you
Could dare fulfil your task—this fills my soul
With shuddering horror. O 'tis pity that
The victim, weltering in his blood, must cease
To chant the praises of his sacrificer;
And that mere men—not beings loftier far—
Should write the history of the world! But soon
A milder age will follow that of Philip—
An age of true wisdom. Then the careful State
Will spare her children, and Necessity
No longer glory to be thus inhuman.

King.—When, think you, would that blessed age arrive
If I had shrunk before the curse of this?
Behold my Spain! See here the burghers' good
Blooms in eternal and unclouded peace.
A peace like this I will bestow on Flanders.

Mar.—The churchyard's peace! And do you hope to end

What you have now begun? Say, do you hope
To check the ripening change of Christendom—
The universal Spring that shall renew
The earth's fair form? Would you alone in Europe
Fling yourself down before the rapid wheel
Of Destiny, which rolls its ceaseless course,
And seize its spokes with human arms? Vain thought!
Already thousands have your kingdom fled
In joyful poverty. The honest burgher,
In his faith exiled, was your noblest subject!
See, with a mother's arms, Elizabeth
Welcomes the fugitives; and Britain blooms
In rich luxuriance from our country's ails.
Bereft of the New Christians' industry,
Granada lies forsaken, and all Europe
Exulting sees its foe oppressed with wounds
By its own hands inflicted.—
You would plant
For all eternity, and yet the seeds
You sow around you are the seeds of death!
This hopeless task, with Nature's laws at strife,
Will ne'er survive the spirit of its founder.
You labor for ingratitude. In vain
With Nature you engage in desperate struggle;
In vain you waste your high and royal life
In projects of destruction. Man is greater
Than you esteem him. He will burst the chains
Of a long slumber, and reclaim once more
His just and hallowed rights. With Nero's name,
And fell Busiris's will he couple yours:—
And, ah! you once deserved a better fate!
King.—How know you that?
Mar.— In very truth, you did.
Yes—I repeat it —by the Almighty Power!—
Restore us all you have deprived us of;
And, generous as glorious, let happiness
Flow from your horn-of-plenty; let man's mind
Ripen in your vast empire. Give us back
All you have taken from us; and become,
Amidst a thousand kings, a King indeed!—

Oh, that the eloquence of all those myriads,
Whose fate depends on this momentous hour,
Could hover on my lips; and, from the spark
That lights thine eye, into a glorious flame!—
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which levels us to nothing. Be in truth
An image of the Deity Himself!
Never did mortal man possess so much,
For purpose so divine. The kings of Europe
Pay homage to the name of Spain. Be you
The leader of these kings! One pen-stroke now—
One motion of your hand—can new create
The Earth! But grant us liberty of thought. . .

King.—I've heard you to the end. Far differently,
I find, than in the minds of other men
The world exists in yours. And you shall not
By foreign laws be judged. I am the first
To whom you have your secret mind disclosed.
I know it. So believe it—for the sake
Of this forbearance—that you have till now
Concealed these sentiments, although embraced
With so much ardor: for this cautious prudence
I will forget, young man, that I have learned them,
And how I learned them. Rise! I will not confute
Your youthful dreams by my matured experience,
Not by my power as King. Such is my will,
And therefore act I thus. Poison itself
May, in a worthy nature, be transformed
To some benignant use. Not to you
Will I become a Nero—not to you!
And you, at least, beneath my very eyes,
May dare continue to remain a Man!

Mar. —And, Sire, my fellow subjects?—Not for me,
Nor my own cause, I pleaded. Sire, your subjects—

King.—Nay, if you know so well how future times

Will judge me, let them learn, at least, from you,
That when I found a Man, I could respect him.
Mar.—O let not the most just of kings at once
Be the most unjust! In your realm of Flanders
There are a thousand better men than I.
But you, Sire—may I dare to say so much—
For the first time, perhaps, see Liberty
In milder form portrayed.
King.— No more of this,
Young man! You would, I know, think otherwise
Had you but learned to understand mankind
As I. But truly; I would not that this meeting
Should prove our last. How can I hope to win you?
Mar.—Pray leave me as I am. What value, Sire,
Should I be to you, were you to corrupt me?
King.—This pride I will not bear. From this day forth
I hold you in my service.— No remonstrance!
For I will have it so.

Don Carlos.—Transl. of R. D. Boylan.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

[*Scene: The hollow way at Küssnacht. Among the rocks overhanging the pass appears* Tell *with his bow.*]

Tell.— Here through the hollow way he'll pass; there is
No other road to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it!. . .
The opportunity is good; the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the straight pass prevents
Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone; thy sand is run!. . . .
Remote and harmless I have lived; my bow
Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared me

From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustomed me to horrors. Gessler!
The archer who could aim at his boy's head
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart. . . . .
Poor little boys! My kind, true wife! I will
Protect them from thee. Landvogt! when I drew
That bowstring, and my hand was quivering,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I in fainting anguish
Entreated thee in vain; then, with a grim,
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vowed to God in Heaven that the next aim
I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony,
Became a holy debt— and I will pay it.

[*Various characters gradually appear upon the scene, among them* STÜSSI, *Frau* ARMGART *and the members of a wedding procession, who come up the pass; at length* GESSLER, *the Austrian Landvogt, or Provincial Governor, and* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS *approach, riding up the pass, while* TELL *disappears among the rocks.*]

Gessler.—Say what you like, I am the Kaiser's servant,
And must think of pleasing him. He sent me,
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe or nurse them.
Obedience is the word! The point at issue is,
Shall Boor or Kaiser here be lord o' th' lands

Armgart.—Now is the moment! Now for my petition.

Gess.—This Hat at Altdorf, mark you, I set up,
Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
O' th' people—these I know of old—but that
They might be taught to bend their necks to me,
Which are too straight and stiff; and in the way
Where they are hourly passing I have planted
This offence, so that their eyes may fall on't,
And remind them of their lord, whom they forgot.

Rud.—But the people have some rights—

Gess.— Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting.
Mighty things are on the anvil. The House
Of Hapsburg must wax powerful; what the Father
Gloriously began, the Son must forward.
This people is a stone of stumbling, which
One way or t' other must be put aside.
Arm.—Mercy, gracious Landvogt! Justice! Justice!
Gess.—Why do you plague me here, and stop my way
I' th' open road? Off! Let me pass!
Arm.— My husband
Is in prison; these orphans cry for bread.
Have pity, good your Grace, have pity on us!
Rud.—Who or what are you, then? Who is your husband?
Arm.—A poor wild-hayman of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.
Rud.—By Heavens, a wild and miserable life!
Do now! do let this poor drudge free, I pray you!—
Whatever be his crime, that horrid trade
Is punishment enough.—You shall have justice;
In the castle there make your petition;
This is not the place.
Arm.—No, no! I stir not
From the spot till you give up my husband!
Tis the sixth month he has lain i' th' dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge, in vain.
Gess.—Woman! Wouldst lay thy hands on me? Begone!
Arm.—Justice, Landvogt! Thou art judge o' th' land here,
I' th' Kaiser's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us.

Gess.—Off! Take the mutinous rabble
From my sight.
Arm.— No, no! I now have nothing
More to lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Vogt,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt;
We are so wretched, wretched now, we care not
Aught more for thy anger.
Gess.— Woman, make way!
Or else my horse shall crush thee.
Arm.— Let it! there!
Here am I with my children. Let the orphans
Be trodden underneath thy horse's hoofs!
'Tis not the worst that thou hast done.
Rud.—Woman! Art mad?
Arm.— 'Tis long that thou hast trodden
The Kaiser's people under foot. Too long!
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I a man,
I should find something else to do than lie
Here crying in the dust.
Gess.— Where are my servants?
Quick! Take her hence! I may forget myself
And do the thing I shall repent.
Rud.— My lord,
The servants cannot pass; the place above
Is crowded with a bridal company.
Gess.—I've been too mild a ruler to this people;
They are not tamed as they should be; their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be altered!
I will break that stubborn humor. Freedom,
With its pert vauntings, shall no more be heard of.
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not—

[*An arrow pierces him; he presses his hand on his heart, and slides from his horse into the arms of* RUDOLPH, *who has dismounted.*]

Rud.—Herr Landvogt—God! What is it? Whence came it?
Gess.—'Tis Tell's arrow.

Tell.—(*From a rock above.*) Thou hast found
the archer;
Seek no other. Free are the cottages,
Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt
Torment the land no more.

William Tell.—Transl. of CARLYLE.

SONG OF THE BELL.

Fastened deep in firmest earth
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay,
Now we'll give the Bell its birth.
Quick, my friends, without delay!
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow,
If to your Master praise be given;
But the blessing comes from heaven. . . . .
With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below,
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the melting brass within,
Quickly add the tin,
That the thick metallic mass
Rightly to the mould shall pass.
What with the aid of fire's dread power,
We in the dark deep pit now hide,
Shall on some lofty, sacred tower
Tell of our skill, and form our pride;
And it shall last to days remote;
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sonorous, mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep solemn clang gives birth
That rings from out the metal crown. . . .
Now we may begin to cast.
All is right and well prepared;
Yet, ere the anxious moment's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear;
God preserve us here!
Sparkling to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold,

How useful is the power of flame
If human skill control and tame;
And much of all that man can boast,
Without that child of Heaven were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien
When bursting from her bonds, she's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?—
Along the thickly-peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.
Ringing loud, the fearful knell
Sounds the Bell;
Dark blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.
What wild cries
From the streets arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Thicker mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row;
Fast as the fiercest winds can blow;
Bright, as with a furnace-glare,
And scorching is the heated air,
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures many, crushed and dying;
All is uproar, hurry, flight;
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager living lane—
Though all in vain—
Speeds the bucket; the engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame.
Cinders on the storehouse-frame

And the driest stores, fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on earth's is found
Scatter wide in ruin round.
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.—
Hope now dies:
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees:
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep. . .

To the earth it's now committed;
With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone's permitted
A perfect work with love to build.
Is the casting right;
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of Mother Earth
We now confide what we have made;
As in earth, too, the seed is laid
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.
And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 'twill yield.

Till the Bell is safely cold
May our heavy labors rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The Master's toils end not with day.

Now break up the useless mould,
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer well
Till the frame shall yield!

That the Bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies. . . .

God has given us joy to-night!
See, how like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en.
From lip to well-formed rim,
Not a spot is dim:
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

Around, around.
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound,
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbor to the stars be given.
Let its clear voice above proclaim,
With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heartfelt power
Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate;
Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
Of human passions, griefs and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
Must change, and fade, and disappear

Now, lads, join your strength around!
Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
Once placed, we'll leave it there.

SCHILLER.—

All together! heave!
Its birth-place see it leave!—
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

Transl. of S. A. Ellis.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not: Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right;
Forward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not: Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not: Time is sweeping by;
Do and dare before thou die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not: Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not—rest not: Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

Transl. of C. C. Cox.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaim'd from his throne in the skies
To the children of man—"take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize.
So divide it as brothers, and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the aged made haste to appear;
The husbandman seiz'd on the fruits of the plain,
The youth thro' the forest pursued the fleet deer.
The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barr'd the bridges,—the highways controll'd,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The poet drew nigh from a far distant land;
But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth own'd a master's command.
"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true,—
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the poet, "I was by thy side!

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
Oh, pardon the spirit that, aw'd by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaim'd,—"for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free;
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st 'twill be open to thee!"

Transl. of BOWRING.

SCHILLER.—

THE LONGING.

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh, how happy I should be!
Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
Ever verdant, young and fair,
To the mountains I would fly
Had I wings to cleave the air.

In my ear sweet music rings,
Tones of Heaven's lulled repose;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings
Balmy odor round me flows.
Golden glows the fruit so fair,
Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there
Winter marks not for his prey.

To the sun's eternal light
Ah, how sweet it were to flee!
And the air on yonder height,
How refreshing must it be!
But a torrent bars my way,
Angrily its billows roll,
And the menace of its spray
With a shudder fills my soul.

Lo! a boat reels to and fro,
But, alas, the pilot fails!
Bold and fearless in it go!
Life breathes on its swelling sails.
Gods ne'er give a pledge to man.
Strong in faith then thou must dare;
Thee nought but a wonder can
To the Land of Wonders bear.

Transl. of A. BASKERVILLE.

SCHLEGEL, KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH, a German author, born at Hanover in 1772; died at Dresden in 1829. He studied at Göttingen and Leipsic, and in 1797 published *The Greeks and Romans*, followed next year by his *History of the Poetry of the Greeks and Romans*. He afterwards went to Jena, became a private teacher, lectured upon philosophy, and edited the *Athenæum*. From Jena he went to Dresden, and thence to Paris, where he edited *Europa*, a monthly journal, and studied Sanskrit and the languages of Southern Europe. In 1808 he became a Roman Catholic, and went to Vienna. Here he lectured and wrote history, philosophy, and the history of literature. His works, other than historical, include *Lucinda*, an early novel of questionable character, *Alareos*, a tragedy, and numerous *Essays* and *Poems*. Most of his writings have been translated into English; among these are: *Lectures on Modern History* (1811), translated by Purcell; *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern* (1815), translated by Lockhart; *Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language* (1828), translated by Morrison; *Lectures on the Philosophy of History* (1829), translated by Robertson; *Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works* translated by Millington.

His brother, AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL (1767–1846), made translations from Dante, Shakespeare, and Calderon; but subsequently devoted himself to Sanskrit and other Oriental literature.

BACON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

The sixteenth century was the age of ferment and of strife, and it was not until the close of

it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the revival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the schools to nature and experience. He made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction; intellectual culture—nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally—assumed new shape and complexion.

The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess—namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope, while they rejected with cool contempt as fanaticism every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

Both in religion and in natural philosophy this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition

by his partisans and admirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world, are most of all stamped with the characteristics of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature, which, during the eighteenth century, was transported from France to Germany, like some dark offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system.

The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure: "They held nature to constitute an image of the Divinity, whereas it is in conformity with truth as well as Christianity to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as his handiwork."

In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes—as may be seen from the general results attributed to it—no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to the Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions; but, in the literal sense of the Bible, that this likeness and

image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork—if comprehended in all its profundity—will be seen to convey a perfect explanation of the relation of the sensible and supersensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word—Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas, is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature-worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other—to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity.

But a right appreciation of the difference between nature and God is the most important point, both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here, because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above; the reprehensible nature-worship of some, who do not distinguish between the Creator and his works—God and the world; or, on the other, the hatred and blindness of those despisers of nature, whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between these opposite errors—that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature—is that involved in a sense of intimate connection, of our immeasurable superiority morally, and to a proper awe of those of her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent awe, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them, and the purpose which they are designed to accomplish.—*Lectures on the History of Literature.*

SCHLEIERMACHER, FRIEDRICH DANIEL, a German theologian, born at Breslau in 1768; died at Berlin in 1834. His father was a Reformed minister and chaplain of a Prussian regiment in Silesia. He was educated in Moravian institutions and at the University of Halle. In 1794 he took orders, and from 1796 till 1802 was chaplain at the Charité hospital in Berlin. In 1804–6 he was professor of theology in Halle, and when the University of Berlin was founded in 1810 he was made professor of theology and pastor of Trinity Church in that city. He retained these posts until his death. His influence was strong, and he stirred all classes to patriotism, and effected a union between the Lutheran and Reformed churches in Prussia. He was a close student of Spinoza and Fichte, whose influence is seen in his writings. Wilhelm von Humboldt says that his strength lay in the "deeply penetrative character of his words which were free from art, and the persuasive effusion of feeling moving in perfect unison with one of the rarest intellects." His productions include lectures and essays on church history, philosophy, psychology, politics and theology. His books are: *Reden über die Religion an die Gebildeten unter ihren Verächtern* (1799; new ed. 1867), *Monologen* (1800), *Translation of Plato* (6 vols., 1804–28), and *Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre* (1803). His MSS. were given to his pupil, Dr. Jonas, who published them in three divisions: *Zur Theologie, Predigten, und zur Philosophie* (1862). His complete works embrace thirty-one volumes (1835–64). His auto-

biography, extending to 1794, was published in Nieder's *Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie* (1851). His biography has been written by Auberlen (1859), by K. Schwartz (1861), by Elisa Maier (1863), by Dilthey (1867), and by Schenkel (1868).

GORGIAS.

The intuition of the true and perfectly existent, in other words, of the eternal and unalterable, with which, as we have seen, every exposition of Plato's philosophy commenced, has its opposite pole in the equally general, and, to common thought and being, no less original and underived, intuition of the imperfectly existent, ever flowing and mutable, which yet holds bound under its form all action and thought as they can be apprehended in actual, tangible, reality. Therefore the highest and most general problem of philosophy is exclusively this—to apprehend and fix the *essential* in that fleeting chaos, to display it as the essential and good therein, and so drawing forth to the full light of consciousness the apparent contradiction between those two intuitions, to reconcile it at the same time. This harmonizing process necessarily resolves itself into two factors, upon whose different relation to each other rests the difference of the methods. Setting out from the intuition of the perfectly existent to advance in the exposition up to the semblance, and thus, simultaneously with its solution, for the first time to awaken and explain the consciousness of this contradiction; this is, in relation to philosophy, the immediate way of proceeding. On the other hand, starting from the consciousness of the contradiction as a thing given to advance to the primary intuition as the means of its solution, and to lead up by force of the very necessity of such a mean towards it, this is the method which we have named the indirect or mediate, and which being for many reasons especially suited

to one who commences on ethical ground, is here placed by Plato in the centre, as the true mean of connection and progressive formation from the original intuition, his elementary starting-post, to the constructive exposition, the goal of his systematic conclusion.

Now the relation which, in the sphere of nature, being, and semblance or sensation bear to one another in this antithesis, is the same as that which in ethics exists between good, and pleasure or feeling. Therefore the principal object for the second part of Plato's works, and their common problem, will be to show, that science and art cannot be discovered, but only a deceitful semblance of both must be ever predominant, so long as these two are exchanged with each other, being with appearance, and good with pleasure. And advances are made to the solution of this problem naturally in a twofold way; yet without holding each course entirely apart in different writings: on the one hand, namely, that which hitherto had past for science and art is laid bare in its utter worthlessness: on the other, attempts are made, from the very position of knowing and acknowledging that antithesis to develop rightly the essence of science and art and their fundamental outlines. The Gorgias stands at the head of this class, because it rather limits itself as preparatory, to the former task, than ventures upon the latter; and starting entirely from the ethical side, attacks at both ends the confusion existing herein, fixing on its inmost spirit, as the root, and its openly displayed as the fruits. The remaining dialogues observe this general distinction, they partly go farther back in the observation of the scientific in mere seeming, partly farther forwards in the idea of true science, and partly contain other later consequences of what is here first advanced in preparation.

From this point, then, we observe a natural connection between the two main positions demonstrated to the interlocutors with Socrates

in this dialogue. The first, that their pretensions to this possession of an art properly so called in their art of speaking are entirely unfounded; and the second, that they are involved in a profound mistake in their confusion of the good with the pleasant. And, from the same point likewise, the particular manner in which each is proved, and the arrangement of the whole, may be explained. For when it is the good that is under consideration, and the ethical object is predominant, Truth must be considered more in reference to art than science, if, that is, unity is to be preserved in the work generally. And, moreover, it is art in its most general and comprehensive form that is here discussed, for the dialogue embraces everything connected with it, from its greatest object, the state, to its least, the embellishment of sensuous existence. Only, as his custom is, Plato is most fond of using the greater form as the scheme and representation of the general, and the less, on the other hand, as an example and illustration of the greater; that no one may lose himself, contrary to Plato's purpose, in the object of the latter, which can never be anything but a particular.—*Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.—Transl. of* WILLIAM DOBSON.

SCHLIEMANN, HEINRICH, a German archæologist, born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1822; died in 1890. His father was poor, and placed him at an early age in a grocer's shop. He afterwards became a clerk for a mercantile house in Amsterdam, devoting his leisure to languages. In 1846 he went to St. Petersburg, where he engaged in business which brought him wealth. He then travelled around the world, and spent much time in Greece. In 1869 he settled in Paris, where he wrote accounts of his travels and explorations in Greece, and in 1870 he returned to the Troad accompanied by his wife, a Greek, who greatly assisted him in examining the plateau of Hissarlik, which he regards as the site of Troy. Subsequently the archæological society of Athens aided him in his excavations. In the autumn of 1889 Dr. Schliemann set out upon another expedition into Asia Minor. His books are *Ithaque, le Péloponnèse, et Troie* (1869), *Trojanische Alterthümer* (1874), translated in English by Dr. Philip Smith, under the titles *Troy and its Remains*, *Atlas Trojanische Alterthümer* (1876), *Mycenæ* (1877), *Orchomenos* (1881), *Troja* (1883), *Tiryns* (1886.)

EXTENT OF TROY.

But Troy was not large. I have altogether made twenty borings down to the rock, on the west, south-west, south, south-east, and east of the Pergamus, directly at its foot, or at some distance from it, on the plateau of the Ilium of the Greek colony. As I find in these borings no trace either of fragments of Trojan pottery or of Trojan house-walls, and nothing but fragments of Hellenic pottery and Hellenic house-walls, and as, moreover, the hill of the Pergamus has a very steep slope towards the north-east and the north-west, facing the Hellespont, and

is also very steep towards the Plain, the city could not possibly have extended in any one of these directions. I now most emphatically declare that the city of Priam cannot have extended on any one side beyond the primeval plateau of this fortress, the circumference of which is indicated to the south and south-west by the Great Tower and the Scæan Gate, and to the north-west, north-east, and east by the surrounding wall of Troy. The city was so strongly fortified by nature on the north side, that the wall there consisted only of those large blocks of stone, loosely piled one upon another in the form of a wall, which, last year, gave me such immense trouble to remove. This wall can be recognized at once, immediately to the right in the northern entrance of my large cutting which runs through the entire hill.

I am extremely disappointed at being obliged to make so small a plan of Troy; nay, I had wished to be able to make it a thousand times larger, but I value truth above everything, and I rejoice that my three years' excavations have laid open the Homeric Troy, even though on a diminished scale, and that I have proved the Iliad to be based on real facts.

Homer is an epic poet, and not an historian: so it is quite natural that he should have exaggerated everything with poetic license. Moreover, the events which he describes are so marvellous, that many scholars have long doubted the very existence of Troy, and have considered the city to be a mere invention of the poet's fancy. I venture to hope that the civilized world will not only be disappointed that the city of Priam has shown itself to be scarcely a twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad, but that, on the contrary, it will accept with delight and enthusiasm the certainty that Ilium did really exist, that a large portion of it has now been brought to light, and that Homer, even although he exaggerates, nevertheless sings of events that actually happened. Besides, it ought

to be remembered that the area of Troy, now reduced to this small hill, is still as large as, or even larger than, the royal city of Athens, which was confined to the Acropolis, and did not extend beyond it, till the time when Theseus added the twelve villages, and the city was consequently named in the plural Ἀθῆναι.—It is very likely that the same happened to the town of Mycenæ (Μυκῆναι), which Homer describes as being rich in gold, and which is also spoken of in the singular, εὐρυάγια Μυκήνη.

But this little Troy was immensely rich for the circumstances of those times, since I find here a treasure of gold and silver articles, such as is now scarcely to be found in an emperor's palace; and, as the town was wealthy, so was it also powerful, and ruled over a large territory.—*Troy and its Remains.—Transl. of* Dr. Philip Smith.

SCHOOLCRAFT, HENRY ROWE, an American traveller and author, born at Guilderland, N. Y., in 1793; died in 1864. He commenced writing for newspapers at the age of fifteen. In 1818 he made a journey to the lead mines of Missouri, and published an account of his observations. In 1820 he accompanied General Cass upon a survey of the copper region of the Upper Mississippi. In 1822 he was appointed Agent of Indian Affairs on the Northwest frontier. He took up his residence at Michilimackinack, where he remained for nearly twenty years, occupying himself in studying the language and history of the Indian tribes. One result of these investigations was his *Algic Researches*, published in 1839. In 1832 he was appointed to conduct a second expedition into the region of the Upper Mississippi. He published an account of this journey under the title *Narrative of an Expedition to Itasca Lake, the actual source of the Mississippi River* (1834). In 1841 he removed to New York, and in 1848 put forth a collection of Indian tales and legends, under the title, *The Indian in his Wigwam*. In 1851 he published *Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers*. Under a resolution of congress he was subsequently appointed to prepare a series of five quarto volumes, printed in magnificent style, with numerous illustrations by Lieutenant Eastman, who also furnished a small portion of the text. This work was entitled, *Ethnological Researches Respecting the Red Men of America*. In addition to the foregoing and several volumes of poetry, among them, *The Rise*

of the West, *Geehale*, *an Indian Lament*, and *Indian Melodies*, Mr. Schoolcraft wrote numerous papers in periodicals, mostly upon his favorite class of subjects.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAND OF SOULS.

There was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, as was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the Land of Souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds; and, before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild; the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers

beside his path, and heard the song of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe.

At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. The young Chippewayan began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words.

"I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and, being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge-door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and, the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the Land of Souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here, with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return."

So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves and streams and lakes were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and confidence which seemed to tell him there was no bloodshed there. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his

passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.

When he had travelled half a day's journey through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come to the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore, and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks were there; some passed, and some sank; it was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves.

At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leapt out on the Happy Island. They felt that the very air was food; it strengthened and nourished them. They

wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, no chilly wind; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered from hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves; they heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever; but he was obliged to go back for his body.

He did not see the Master of Life; but he heard his voice in a soft breeze—"Go back," said the voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your people for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the Spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."—

When his voice ceased the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.—*The Indian in his Wigwam.*

SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR, a German author, born at Dantzic in 1788; died at Frankfort in 1860. While a youth he spent some months at an English school; then studied at Göttingen and Berlin; resided a while at Weimar, where he is described by Goethe as "a young man not understood." After travelling in Italy he returned to Berlin, then, about 1831, he took up his residence at Frankfort, where for his last thirty years he led the life of a gloomy recluse. His principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* ("The World considered as Will," 1819), was written before he was thirty. He published nothing more for sixteen years, after which he wrote *The Will in Nature* (1836), *Parerga and Paralipomena* (1851), and other treatises.

THE EGOISTIC WILL.

Our inductive science ends with the questions, "Whence?" "Wherefore?" We observe facts and classify them, but then follows a question respecting the Substance that lies behind the Facts. What do they express? What is the Will of which they are the Representation?—If we were isolated from the world around us, we could not answer the question. But we are not so isolated. We belong to Nature, and Nature is included in ourselves. We have in ourselves the law of the world around us. We find in our own bodies the mechanical laws and those of the organic life manifested in plants and animals. We have the same understanding which we find working around us in the system of Nature. If we consisted only of Body and Understanding, we could not distinguish ourselves from Nature. If we know ourselves, we know what is in Nature.

Now what do we find the facts controlling our own natural life? An impulse which we may call the Will to live. We often use the

word Will in a complex sense as implying both Thought and Choice; but in its purest, simplest sense, as the word is used here, it means the impulse or force which is the cause of a phenomenon. In this sense, there is a Will from which the movements within the earth or upon its surface derive their origin. It works continuously upwards from the form of crystals, through the forms of zoöphytes, mollusca, anelids, insecta, arachnoids, crustacea, pisces, reptilia, aves, and mammalia. There is one Will manifested in the growth of all plants and animals. That which we call a purpose when viewed as associated with intellect, is, when regarded most simply, or in itself, a force or impulse—the natural Will of which we are now speaking. It is the Will to live—the mighty impulse by which every creature is impelled to maintain its own existence, and without any care for the existence of others. It is an unconscious Egoism. Nature is apparently a collection of many wills; but all are reducible to one—the will to live. Its whole life is a never-ending warfare. It is forever at strife *with itself;* for it asserts itself in one form to deny itself as asserted in other forms. It is everywhere furnished with means for working out its purpose. Where the Will of the lion is found, we find the powerful limbs, the claws, the teeth, necessary for supporting the life to which the animal is urged by his Will. The Will is found in man united with an Understanding, but it is not subservient to that Understanding. On the contrary, the Understanding, or Intellect, is subservient. The Will is the moving power; the Understanding is the instrument.

This one Will in Nature, and in ourselves serves to explain a great part of all the movements of human society. Hence arise the collisions of interests that excite envy, strife, and hatred between individuals or classes. Society differs from an unsocial state of life in the forms imposed by Intelligence on the egoistic Will, but not in any radical change made in

that Will. Thus, etiquette is the convenience of egoism, and the law is a fixing of boundaries within which egoism may conveniently pursue its objects. The world around us—including what is called the social or civilized world—may seem fair, when it is viewed only as a stage, and without any reference to the tragedy that is enacted upon it. But, viewed in its reality, it is an arena for gladiators, or an amphitheatre where all who would be at peace have to defend themselves. As Voltaire says, it is with the sword in hand that we must live and die. The man who expects to find peace, and safety here is like the traveller, told of in one of Gracian's stories, who, entering a district where he hoped to meet his fellow-men, found it peopled only by wolves and bears, while men had escaped to caves in a neighboring forest.

The same egoistic Will that manifests itself dimly in the lowest stages of life, and becomes more and more clearly pronounced as we ascend to creatures of higher organization, attains its highest energy in man, and is here modified, but not essentially changed, by a superior intelligence. The insect world is full of slaughter; the sea hides from us frightful scenes of cruel rapacity; the tyrannical and destructive instinct marks the so-called king of birds, and rages in the feline tribes. In human society some mitigation of this strife takes place as the results of experience and culture. By the use of the Understanding, the Will makes laws for itself, so that the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes* is modified, and leaves to the few victors some opportunities of enjoying the results of their victory. Law is a means of reducing the evils of social strife to their most convenient form, and politics must be regarded in the same way. The strength of all law and government lies in our dread of the anarch Will that lies couched behind the barriers of society, and is ready to spring forth when they are broken down.—*The Will in Nature.*

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.—

SOCIETY AND MORAL CULTURE.

Society is nothing more than a continuation of the conflict of Nature under the guidance of Intelligence. It is vain to hope for any amelioration of society from the prevalence of an intellectual education. Culture of the intellect supplies new weapons for use in the conflict, and may render it less rude in appearance, but cannot change its nature. Therefore no change of human nature can ever be effected by the spread of moral doctrines. A man at rest will argue with you by way of pastime, just as he would play at draughts; but let his Will be roused; then appeal to his logical notions, and you will find how much he really cares for them. Tell the theoretical Democrat or Leveller, when he acts as a tyrant, that his conduct is "inconsequent." He will laugh at you. He always was at heart a tyrant; he now can show it, and does so. Doctrines and creeds are forms; the Will supplies their contents. Just as a vehicle may convey substances having wholesome or injurious or indifferent properties, so any system of thinking—theological, social, or political—may be made to bear any purport, good or bad. To try to shape opinions so that they may not be made subservient to any evil purpose, is all labor in vain.—*The Will in Nature.*

OLIVE SCHREINER.—

SCHREINER, OLIVE, an English author, born in South Africa, about 1847. Her father was a German, who went to Africa as a missionary, and her mother is English. She early began to write stories, among which was *The Story of an African Farm*. She went to England in 1882 and published this book, which, owing to its originality, has met with much success. Her more recent works include: *Dreams* (1890–1893), and *Dream Life and Real Life* (1893).

IN THE AFRICAN MOONLIGHT.

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long, finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon the other, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones, and on the very summit a clump of prickly-pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "Kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled "sheep kraals" and kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house—a square red-brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty, and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which enclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings

that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep. She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes, and she dreamed bad dreams. Not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich-camps, nor of her first, the young Boer; but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side, and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a face of freckles; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed; but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow, and pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.—*The Story of an African Farm.*

SCHURZ, CARL, a German-American statesman, born at Liblar, near Cologne, Prussia, in 1829. He entered the University of Bonn in 1846, but at the beginning of the revolution of 1848 became associated in the publication of a liberal newspaper, and in 1849 entered the revolutionary army. On the surrender of Rastadt, he fled to Switzerland. He lived for a while in Paris and London, acting as correspondent for German journals and teaching. In 1852 he came to America. He first resided in Philadelphia. In 1854 he removed to Watertown, Wis. During the contest between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln for the office of U. S. senator from Illinois he delivered his first speech in the English language, which was published. Subsequently he practised law in Milwaukee, lectured in New England, supported Lincoln in the Republican national convention of 1860, and was appointed minister to Spain in 1861. He resigned to serve in the Union army, was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers in 1862, and major-general of volunteers in 1863. In 1865–6 he was Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and in 1866 founded the *Post* in Detroit. In 1867 he became editor of the *Westliche Post* in St. Louis, and in 1869 was chosen U. S. senator from Missouri, serving till 1875. In 1877 he was appointed secretary of the interior. He introduced competitive examinations for appointments in the interior, made reforms in the Indian service, and adopted measures to protect forests on public lands. From 1880 till 1884 he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*. Among his celebrated speeches are: *The Irrepressible Conflict*

(1858), *The Doom of Slavery* (1860), *The Abolition of Slavery as a War Measure* (1862), and *Eulogy on Charles Sumner* (1874). His speeches were published collectively in 1865. He is the author of a *Life of Henry Clay* (2 vols, 1887), in the *American Statesmen Series*.

CLAY AS ORATOR AND AS LEADER.

His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator, and one of the greatest popular speakers America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament,—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries, excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself without an effort so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect and his fertile fancy served indeed,

to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away with his understanding. His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether, if put into practice, it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and, with his imperious temper, and ardent combativeness, he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party, save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. . .

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there

SCHUYLER, EUGENE, American author, born at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1840; died at Cairo, Egypt, in 1890. He graduated at Yale in 1859, at Columbia Law School in 1863, and practised his profession for several years, devoting his leisure to literature. In 1867–9 he was U. S. consul at Moscow, in 1869–70 at Revel, and in 1870–6 at St. Petersburg. In 1876 he became consul-general and secretary of legation at Constantinople, and was sent to investigate the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria. He was consul at Birmingham, in 1878; at Rome in 1879; at Bucharest in 1880, and in 1881 signed treaties with Roumania and Servia. 1882–4 he was minister and consul general to Greece, Servia, and Roumania, and in 1889 was appointed consul-general at Cairo, after which he returned to the United States. Williams gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1882, and Yale in 1885. He contributed to English and American reviews and magazines, and edited John A. Porter's *Selections from the Kalevala* (1867); and translated Ivan Turgénieff's *Fathers and Sons* (1867), and Tolstoï's *The Cossacks* (1878). His books include: *Turkistan: Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara and Kuldja* (1876), *Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer* (2 vols. 1884), and *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce* (1886).

THE WAR IN LITHUANIA.

In the spring of 1707, four months before Charles actually left Saxony, there was a rumor that he was about to march through Poland and invade Russia. Peter immediately sent detachments into Great Poland, towards the Silesian frontier, in order to devastate the

country, and thus render the Swedish march more difficult. Towns like Rawicz and Lissa were burned and destroyed, bridges were broken down, and wells filled up. Colonel Schultz with his band of Tartars and Kalmuks, was most active in this kind of work.

The danger seemed so pressing that the engineer Iván Kortchmin was sent to Moscow, to put the fortifications of that city, and especially of the Kremlin, into thorough repair. He arrived there in the middle of June, and in ten days the work began. But even before his arrival, the report of Charles's march had reached Moscow, and according to Pleyer, "the Moscovites were greatly terrified. Nobody spoke of anything except of flight or death. Many of the merchants, under pretext of going to the fair, took their wives and children to Archangel, where they had usually gone alone. The great foreign merchants and capitalists hastened to go to Hamburg with their families and their properties, while the mechanics and artisans went into their service." The foreigners, not only of Moscow, but of all the neighboring towns, applied to their ministers for protection, "as they feared not only the harshness and rapacity of the Swedes, but, even more, a general rising and massacre in Moscow, where people were already embittered by the immeasurable increase of the taxes." "The terror here has still more increased," he wrote, in a subsequent dispatch, "since the order has arrived to repair all the walls around the town and fortify the Kremlin. An engineer has come here who studied fortifications for two years in Berlin, and has drawn up a plan of the works. The beautiful old church of Jerusalem, or the Trinity is to be pulled down. The Hospital row of shops, famous from old times, the Foundry Court, the Red and White walls, with all the churches, houses, monasteries,—all he proposes to pull down, otherwise it will be impossible to shoot. Five thousand men are at work every day. The people are so

enraged that the engineer does not dare to show himself without a guard." The Jerusalem church referred to by Pleyer is just outside of the Kremlin, and is that commonly known by the name of the Church of St. Basil the Beatified, with its eleven domes, each of different color and design. Fortunately for the beauty of Moscow, this plan of wholesale destruction was not carried out, and this church, the towers and walls of the Kremlin, and the other antiquities, were preserved. The news of the disorders at Moscow reached the army, and an official proclamation was sent back, deriding the fears of the Moscovites when the enemy was not as near as he had been previously, but saying that precaution was better than negligence, and quoting the old Roman proverb: "A wild beast cannot harm a cautious horse." Meanwhile, two men were taken from every house, to work on the fortifications, or three rubles had to be paid every month; and so strict were the demands that children were taken from the houses as pledges for the appearance of the workmen. In November, the fortifications were inspected by the Tsarévitch Alexis, who had just returned from the army, and Pleyer writes: "In the last six months the fortifications have made great progress. Guns will soon be placed on many of them, and fire can be opened. The engineer demands 10,000 cannon." The Tróïtsa Monastery and the towns of Mozháisk, Sérpukhóf, Tver, and others were fortified in the same way."—*Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer.*

SCHWATKA, FREDERICK (1849–1892), an American explorer, born at Galena, Ill. After graduation at the U. S. Military Academy in 1871, he served on garrison and frontier duty until 1877. He also studied medicine and law, receiving his medical degree at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, in 1876, and being admitted to the bar of Nebraska in 1875. He determined to search for traces of Sir John Franklin's party, and accompanied William H. Gilder as second in command of the *Eothen*, which sailed for King William's Land, on June 19, 1878. The party returned in 1880, having found and buried many of the skeletons of Sir John Franklin's party, and discovered much of the mystery which has so long enveloped it. Lieut. Schwatka found many interesting relics, among which was a paper containing the record of Sir John Franklin's death on June 7, 1847. This expedition was marked by the longest sledge-journey on record—3,251 statute miles, during which a branch of Back's river was discovered, which Lieut. Schwatka named for President Hayes. He explored the Yukon river in Alaska, and rejoined his regiment in 1884, but resigned in that year the commission of first lieutenant of the third cavalry to which he had been assigned in 1879. In 1886 he commanded the Alaskan exploring expedition of the *New York Times*. Lieut. Schwatka has received the Roquette Arctic medal from the Geographical Society of Paris, and a medal from the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia. He is the author of *Along Alaska's Great River.* (1885), *Nimrod in the North* (1885), and

The Children of the Cold, contributed to the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and published in book-form (1886).

LITTLE ESKIMO AT PLAY.

There is one kind of play in which the Eskimo boys seem always ready to indulge—a roll down hill. They select a small but steep hill, or incline, well covered with snow, and, seating themselves on the top of the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched, gloved hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. They thus really make themselves into big balls covered with reindeer hair, and then away they go on a rolling race downhill, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length, and stopping instantly at the bottom of the hill. Every now and then, when a playful mood strikes a boy, he will double himself up and roll downhill without waiting for the rivalry of a race, but it is violent exercise, and it bumps the little urchin severely.

Another athletic amusement in which the boys indulge, and which requires a great deal of strength, is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet. The boys lean forward on their hands and feet, with their arms and legs held as stiffly as possible, and under no circumstances must they bend either the elbows or knees. In this stiff and rigid position, resting only on their feet and on the knuckles of their clinched fists, they jump or hitch forward a couple of inches by a quick, convulsive movement of the whole body. These movements are rapidly repeated, perhaps once or twice in a second, until the contestants have covered two or three yards along the hard snowdrifts. Then they become exhausted, for, as I have already said, this exercise calls for considerable strength, and is indeed a very fatiguing amusement; so that, by the time a boy has played quite energetically in this way, if only for a minute he feels very tired, and is

willing to take a breathing-spell. It is not a very graceful game, and, if you were to take a carpenter's wooden horse and jog it along by sharp jerks over the floor, you would have a tolerably fair representation of this awkward game of the Eskimo children. The best part of it all is the exercise it gives them, and often one will see a single boy jumping along in this stiff-legged fashion as if he were practicing for a race, a slight downhill grade being preferred.

Another method of racing, somewhat similar to the above, is also practiced; folding the arms across the breast, and holding the knees rigid, with the feet close together, the contestants paddle along as fast as possible by short jumps of an inch or two. It is a severe strain on the feet, and one cannot go very far in so awkward a way. The little girls, standing in a row of from three to five, often jump up and down in the same manner, keeping a sort of time with the thumping of their heels to the rude songs that they are spluttering out in jerks and gasps as unmusical as the hammering of their heels. A lot of these little damsels would favor us with a short version of this stiff-jumping spluttering melody whenever they were particularly grateful for some small gift we had presented to them.

A capital game played by the little girls, and by some of the smaller boys, is a rude sort of ball-game. Thick sealskin leather is made into a ball about the size of our common base-ball, and then filled about two-thirds full with sand. If completely filled it would be as hard and unyielding as a stone, and the singular *sliding* way it has of yielding because of its being only partially filled, makes it much harder to catch and retain in the hands than our common ball. The game is a very simple one, much like our play with bean-bags, and consists simply in striking at the ball with the open palm of the hand, and, when there is a crowd of players, in keeping the ball constantly

in the air. This is a favorite summer game when the snow is off the ground and the people are living in sealskin tents. No doubt it affords considerable exercise. Whenever the ball drops to the ground, or the players fail to keep it flying, it is a signal for a rest. Simple as is the game, the little Eskimo manage to gain much fun and excitement from it, and whenever you hear an unusual amount of shouting and loud and boisterous merriment out-of-doors, you may be almost certain of finding, when you go to your tent door, that all the children of the village are engaged in a game of "sand-bag-ball."

Another Eskimo out-of-door amusement much resembles the old Indian game of "Lacrosse." It is played on the smooth lake ice, with three or four small round balls of quartz or granite, about the size of an English walnut. These are kicked and knocked about the lake with plenty of fun and shouting, but utterly without any rules to govern the game.

It takes a long time to grind one of these irregular pieces of stone into a round ball, but the Eskimo people are very patient and untiring in their routine work, and with them, as with the Indians, time is of hardly any consequence whatever. The number of years that they will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.—*Children of the Cold.*

SCOLLARD, CLINTON, an American poet, born at Clinton, N. Y., 1861. After graduation at Hamilton College, in 1881, he studied for two years in Harvard, and travelled in Europe in 1886–7, spending several months in Cambridge University, before visiting Egypt, Greece, and Palestine. In 1888 he became assistant Professor of Rhetoric at Hamilton College. He has published three volumes of poems, *Pictures in Songs* (1884), *With Reed and Lyre* (1886), *Old and New Lyrics* (1888), *Giovio and Giulia* (1891), *Songs of Sunrise Lands* (1892), and an edition of Ford's *Broken Heart* (1895).

GRASS.

It trembles round me like a sea
  O'er which the south wind softly blows,
Deep green and dense and billowy,
  And odorous with the wild primrose.

From its dim aisles the crickets cry,
  In jocund measure, long and loud,
To swift-winged swallows soaring high
  To gain the opal-hearted cloud.

Deep in its hollows, dusky sweet,
  The bee his honeyed plunder hides;
Above it, saffron Psyches meet,
  Borne, down the air in perfumed tides.

A potent power, subtly strong,
  Controls my senses as I lie;
The morn is eloquent with song,
  And earth seems yearning to the sky.

My heart is glad with life, and yet,
  These emerald spears that gently wave
(Alas! why can I not forget?)
  Will one day nod above my grave.

THE DRYAD.

Within these dells
  A Dryad dwells
Amid the wind-blown pimpernels;

Yet none have seen
Her trip between
The glimmering vistas, silvery green,
Though many feel her mystic spells.

May it be mine
Some morn divine
To see her fluttering garments shine!
And hear the beat
Of hurrying feet
Upon the ferns and grasses sweet,
And catch her laughter, airy fine.

For whoso sees
Amid the trees
Her form that like a phantom flees,
To him alone
There shall be shown
Deep secrets to no mortal known,
All nature's subtle mysteries.

What rushes say
At dusk of day,
The perfect prayer that lilies pray,
The amorous art
To win a heart
Unfolding rose-buds might impart,—
Where hides the will-o'-the-wisp away;

Why fire-flies light
Their lanterns bright
On each serene midsummer night,
The words that float
On every note
That wells out from a feathered throat,—
Where insect armies take their flight.

All this and more
Shall be his store
Who sees her foot the forest floor:
Then be it mine
Some morn divine
To meet her 'neath a hoary pine,
And learn the symbols of her lore.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.—

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding wandering slowly down
Through mountain passes, bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well nigh done.
The city like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards, far below,
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar
In mosque and square and gay bazaar,
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave Effendi from Stamboul
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwelt in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
The flaming flower of daytime died
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold;
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

IN THE LIBRARY.

From the oriels one by one
Slowly fades the setting sun;
On the marge of afternoon
Stands the new-born crescent moon;
In the twilight's crimson glow
Dim the quiet alcoves grow.
Drowsy-lidded Silence smiles
On the long deserted aisles;
Out of every shadowy nook
Spirit faces seem to look,
Some with smiling eyes, and some
With a sad entreaty dumb;
He who shepherded his sheep
On the wild Sicilian steep,
He above whose grave are set
Sprays of Roman violet;
Poets, sages,—all who wrought
In the crucible of thought
Day by day as seasons glide
On the great eternal tide,
Noiselessly they gather thus
In the twilight beauteous,
Hold communion each with each,
Closer than our earthly speech,
Till within the East are born
Premonitions of the morn.

With Reed and Lyre.

SCOTT, JAMES WILMOT, journalist, was born at Walworth, Walworth County, Wis., June, 1849; died in New York City, April 14, 1895. He was educated in the schools of his native town, and in Beloit College, Wisconsin, and learned the printer's trade in the office of his father, D. Wilmot Scott, who was a newspaper man and publisher. The son was for a time connected with the Government Printing Office in Washington, but in 1872 he established a paper in Prince George County, Md. He continued its publication for two years, and then went to Galena, Ill., where his father was then editor and publisher of the *Jeffersonian*. There they established the *Industrial Press*, which they published until 1875, when Mr. Scott went to Chicago and purchased the *Daily National Hotel Register*, which proved a good business investment. In the early part of 1881 he formed a stock company and founded the Chicago *Herald*, and in May, 1890, with John R. Walsh, who was part owner of the *Herald*, the Chicago *Evening Post*. In 1895 he purchased the Chicago *Times* and combined it with the *Herald*, the first issue of the *Times-Herald* appearing March 4, 1895, Mr. Scott being general manager and Mr. H. W. Hawley of the *Times* managing editor. He was one of the organizers and managers of the Columbian Exposition, and for a number of years President of the United Press Association of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. At the time of his death he was a member of a number of clubs of Chicago, New York, and other cities.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, a Scottish poet, novelist, and historian; born at Edinburgh in 1771; died at Abbotsford in 1832. His father was a reputable attorney (*Scot.*, Writer to the Signet), and the son, after studying at the Edinburgh High School and the University, entered his father's office as a clerk, and was called to the bar in 1792. Owing to an accident in infancy he was rendered lame for life; but by the aid of a stout staff he grew up to be a good pedestrian, and was of uncommon physical strength and endurance. In 1799 he was made Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, a position worth £300 a year. He had already made his appearance as an author in several translations from the German, among which were Burger's *Lenore* and Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. He now abandoned strictly professional practice and devoted himself to poetical composition. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802; this was followed by *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), all of which were received with favor hitherto without example. Less meritorious were *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1813), *Rokeby*, and *The Bridal of Triermain* (1814), but *The Lord of the Isles* (1815) deserves to rank with the earlier poems. Scattered through the "Waverley Novels," the first of which appeared in 1814, are songs and mottoes, some of which are of great beauty.

In 1812 Scott came into possession of the emoluments of the position of Clerk of the Court of Sessions, the reversion of which had previously been settled upon him. The post was practically a sinecure,

the emoluments for life being £1300 a year, and the duties merely nominal. Soon, however, the income from his works became enormous, and to him and those about him the source from which they flowed seemed inexhaustible. He bought a hundred acres of wild moorland some thirty miles from Edinburgh; purchase after purchase followed, amounting in all to more than £40,000. Here he proceeded to erect a mansion of Gothic architecture, at an expense of £30,000. The original name of the place, "Clarty Hole," was changed for Abbotsford, the designation for a position of The Tweed hard by. Here he kept open house, and poured forth the constant stream of the "Waverley Novels." Perhaps the one proudest day of Scott's life was that on which, in 1820, he was made a baronet by George IV., who had just come to the throne, and was on a visit to Scotland.

In the meanwhile, Scott had entered into a partnership with his old schoolfellows, the Ballantynes, who were apparently flourishing as printers. This led to a kind of partnership with Archibald Constable, the great bookseller, who became his publisher. Constable was apparently a most prosperous man when the financial crisis of 1825 overtook him. He went down, dragging the Ballantynes; and, what with partnership debts and paper which he had endorsed, Scott was found a debtor to the amount of nearly £150,000. This he undertook to pay off with his pen. Abbotsford was closed up; Scott retired to lodgings at Edinburgh, and set himself resolutely to work with such zeal that in four years he had paid

off nearly a half of what he owed. He wrote the *Life of Napoleon*, the *Tales of a Grandfather*, being scenes from Scottish history, *Letters on Demonology*, two or three novels, and several dramatic pieces.

Under this stress of work he broke down. In February, 1830, he had a slight stroke of paralysis, but he still kept on working. A severer attack in the following April gave warning that he must have rest. A visit to Italy was resolved upon, and the British Government sent him out in a man-of-war. This visit lasted fifteen months. On his return he had scarcely reached London when he had an apoplectic attack, combined with almost total paralysis. With difficulty the almost unconscious man was conveyed to Abbotsford, where he lingered for six weeks, and died on September 21, 1832. With him were his two sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren. In two score years all these had passed away, leaving none behind.

THE PENITENTIAL PROCESSION.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell.
More meet it were to mark the day
  Of penitence and prayer divine
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
  Sought Melrose's holy shrine:—
With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
  Did every pilgrim go.
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
  Through all the lengthened row.
No lordly look nor martial stride;
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
  Forgotten their renown.
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide

To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down.
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers, dead;
From many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession, came;
Taper and Host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled.
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall
And fortunate in field.
Then the mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal.
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong,
The awful burthen of the song:—

Dies Iræ, Dies illa.
Solvet sæclum in favilla.
While the pealing organ rung,
Thus the holy fathers sung:—

"That Day of Wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dréad,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh ! on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey has flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me ! " he said,—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head !

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord of Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dare'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall!
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder; ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his ban
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
St. Mary mend my fiery mood!

Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.—
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."—
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Marmion.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the craig and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air;
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchéd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished, and chilled, through ways unknown
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprang, with sword in hand:—
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"—
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire;
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."—
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! To him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
"Bold words! but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,

Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts: yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
"They do! By Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest!"—
"If by the light I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens thou may'st know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe!"—
"Enough, enough! Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his Highland cheer
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, hand to hand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But not for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a weary man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and guards
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,

As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

Lady of the Lake.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way.
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deemed that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hest obey.
De Argentine attends his side
With stout De Valence—Pembroke's pride—
Selected champions from the train
To wait upon his bridle-rein.—
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed;
At once before his sight amazed
Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
Each weapon-point is downward bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled."—
"Aye! but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours.
See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.
Upon the spot where they have kneeled



THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

"And closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried."

Drawing by A. de Neuville.

These men will die or win the field."—
"Then prove we, if they die or win!
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring;
At once ten thousand bowstrings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly.
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and sing
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe, to Scotland's bannered pride,
If the fell shower may last.
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed, dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain;
Then, "Mount ye gallants free!"
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in its rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce—
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow
And cut the bow-strings loose!"

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks,
They rushed among the archer ranks;

No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set;
And how shall yeoman's armor light
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung
High o'er their heads the weapons rung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout.
Awhile with stubborn hardihood
Their English hearts the fight made good;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to fight, they scatter wide.
Let Stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood sing no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain

They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.
The king with scorn beheld their flight:
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark!
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight."—
But in mid-space the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock.

With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet clang and clamor dread,
The wide plain thunders to their tread,
As far as Stirling Rock.
Down, down, in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foemen go,
Wild floundering on the field.
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony.
They came like mountain torrent red
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallowed by a darksome cave,
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of its own.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here,
Names that to fear were never known:
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere;
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere;
Ross, Montague, and Mattley came,
And Courteney's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names too well known in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar;
Blazed broader yet in after years
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set.

The bills with spears and axes met,
And—closing dark on every side
Raged the full contest far and wide.—
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race.
Firmly they kept their ground;
As firmly England onward pressed
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And slaughter revelled round. . . .

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow.
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strung Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion bold De Vere;
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard—
"My merry men, fight on!"

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy;
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe.
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"—
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
"Carrick press on!—They fail, they fail!

Press on, brave sons of Innisgail!
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child and wife;
For Scotland, liberty and life;
The battle cannot last!"

Lord of the Isles.

DEATH CHANT.

Viewless essence, thin and bare,
Well-nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near,
The earthly form thou once didst wear;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right;
Be thou doomed to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink

To avenge the deed expelling
The untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force shalt thou retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darkened on thy closing eye—
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrilled upon thy dying ear—

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake,
The wounds renew their clotted flood,
And every drop cry—"Blood for blood!"

In the Fair Maid of Perth.

MADGE WILDFIRE'S DYING SNATCHES.

I.

Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.—
The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labor ends when day is done;
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

II.

When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage-vest is wrought,
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere—
Doff thy robe of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

III.

Proud Maisie is in the wood, walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush, singing so rarely.
"Tell me, thou bonny bird, when shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen, kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed, birdie, say truly?"—
"The gray-headed sexton that delves the grave duly;
The glow-worm o'er grave and stone shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing, 'Welcome, proud lady!'"

In The Heart of Mid-Lothian.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no to-morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.
Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage council in cumber,
Red hand in the foray
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever!
In The Lady of the Lake.

Scott's career as a Poet lasted from his thirty-second year to his forty-fourth; his career as a Novelist, from his forty-third to his fifty-fourth. *Waverley*, his first novel had been commenced as early as 1805; a few chapters were written and then thrown aside. In 1813, by accident, he came across the discarded manuscript, completed it, and sent it to the press, in the same year (1814) in which *The Lord of the Isles*, the last of his great poems, appeared. It was published anonymously, and gave rise to much conjecture as to its authorship. The "Waverley Novels" as the whole series came to be called, are: *Waverley* (1814), *Guy Mannering* (1815), *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality* (1816), *Rob Roy*, and *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and the *Legend of Montrose* (1819), *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot* (1820), *Kenilworth*, and *The Pirate* (1821), *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822), *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well* (1823), *Redgauntlet*, (1824), *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (1825), *Woodstock* (1826), *The Two Drovers*, *The High*

land Widow, and *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827), *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828), *Anne of Geierstein, or the Maid of the Mist* (1829), *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous* (1831).

A BOUT AT LUCKIE MACLEARY'S.

In full expectation of her distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp house even at mid-summer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped up its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sides which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty roof of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated *a Tappit Hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess "reamed" with excellent claret, just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favored Edward Waverley's resolution to evade the gaily circling glass. The others began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbor. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-à-boire*, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked in a steady, unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and bottom dressing, and year-olds and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes

exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a grayhound called Whistler.

In the middle of this din the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention "unto a military ariette which was a particular favorite of the Marechal de Berwick;" then imitating as well as he could the manner and tone of a French musquetaire he immediately commenced,—

"Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon;
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon."

"Qui port chapeau à plume,
Soulier à rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon."

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called "a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar;" and, without wasting more time, struck up,—

"It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made
To cuittle the muir-fowl's tail."

The Baron, whose voice was drowned by the louder and more obstreporous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum "Lon, Lon, Laridon," and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded,—

"If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing
And strap him on to my lunzie string
Right seldom would I fail."

After an ineffective attempt to recover the second verse, he sung the first over again, and in prosecution of his triumph declared there

was "mair sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France and Fifeshire to the boot of it." The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff, and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young Laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit*, and demanded brandy, with great vociferation. It was brought. And now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from the Dutch conceits, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple—now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion—demanded a bumper, with the lungs of a Stentor, "to the little gentleman in black velvet, who did such service in 1702; and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his raising!"

Edward was not at that moment clear headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling over a molehill; yet he felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government which he served. But ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel.

"Sir," said he, "whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus*, may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying anything which may impinge upon the honorable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath—the *sacramentum militare*—by which every officer is bound to the standards under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy,

as *exuere sacamentum*—to renounce their legionary oath. But you are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy."

"Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me," roared Balmawhapple. "I ken weel that you mean the Solemn Oath and Covenant; but if a' the Whigs in hell had taken the——"

Here the Baron and Waverley both spoke at once; the former calling out, "Be silent, sir. Ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;" and Waverley entreating Bradwardine, at the same moment, to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all sublunary considerations.

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui generis*—forisfamiliated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant-at-will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless.—And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye, let me see no more aberrations from the path of good manners."

"And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan," retorted the sportsman in huge disdain, "that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared Whig wi' a black riband at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favor wi' the rats of Hanover."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes interchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Soby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants; but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool to prevent mischief by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed.

But the well-known clash of swords, which was no stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the *hallan*, or earthen partition of the cottage, with her eyes employed on Boston's *Crook in the Lot*, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill exclamation: "Wad their Honors slay one another here, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?"—a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants.

The servants by this time rushed in; and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, and vowing revenge against every Whig, Presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's-End, and with difficulty got him to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling; but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which there was not a word intelligible except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.—*Waverley.*

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Oldbuck soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets at the door. A few of the neighbors—some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected—stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting "till the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

Inside the cottage the body was laid within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that stony feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without any possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong toward the coffin, as an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not

withdraw his eyes. His answers to the questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce.

His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolutely mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next was to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a braw fellow an' ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed his coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there was na the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchanness. They say folks maun submit; I will try." And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer necessary questions.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron which she had flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitations of her bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unwonted display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to his

guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what sursounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look toward her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck at the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. There she sat among the funeral assembly like a link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. He had no sooner received the mute and melancholy salutation of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself toward the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was as yet incapable of receiving either. He nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledg-

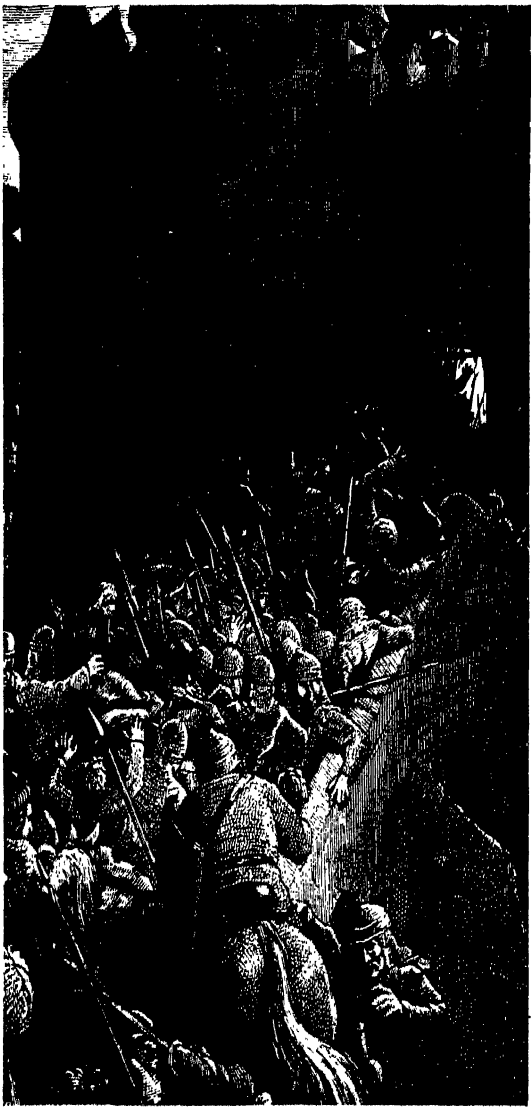
ment of his good intentions; but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply. The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he was afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech—

"Yes, Sir, Yes!—Ye're very gude—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear! My poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely; and a help to his family and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there? and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female attendants whispered, and the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. . . . . .

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relations of the family made a sign to the carpenter—who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker—to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. . . .

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spikes by the nearest relatives, now only awaited the father to support the head, as



THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S CASTLE.

Drawing by E. Zier.

is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment the friends, who considered this an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, landlord and master to the deceased, would "carry his head to the grave." . . . .

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by beadles or saulies, with their batons, miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of the grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions. The body was consigned to its parent earth; and when the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.—*The Antiquary.*

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush on—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press.—They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger."

"Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who

strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the out-work is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men,—if indeed ye be men—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."—*Ivanhoe.*

AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE SCRIBE.—

SCRIBE, AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE, a French dramatist, born at Paris in 1791; died there in 1861. After studying law, which he abandoned, he devoted himself to literature. His early plays were unsuccessful, but in collaboration with Delestre Poirson, he wrote *Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale*, which succeeded. In 1816 he brought out *Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac* and *Le Solliciteur*, which brought him fame; and in 1820, he was engaged by Poirson to write exclusively for his theatre. Here Scribe's masterpieces were produced, including *Le Mariage Enfantin; La Loge du Portier; La Reine de Seize Ans; La Marraine; Le Mariage de Raison*, etc. In 1822 he brought out the drama of *Valérie*, in which Mlle. Mars appeared. Scribe wrote many plays with Legouvé, including *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (1849), *La Battaille de Dames* (1851), *Mon Étoile* (1853), and *Les Doigts de Fee* (1858). He wrote in collaboration with several other authors, composed the libretti of a great number of operas, among which were *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* for Verdi; *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Étoile du Nord* and *L'Africaine* for Meyerbeer; wrote several novels, including *Carlo Broschi*, *Une Maitresse Anonyme*, and *Piquillo Alliaga*. He was elected to the Académie Française in 1836. The whole number of his plays is estimated at four hundred.

LAST MOMENTS.

[ADRIENNE'S *apartments*. *Enter* MAURICE.]

Mau.—[*Heard outside.*] She will be at home for me, I tell you. [*Runs to Adr.*] Adrienne! Adrienne!

Adr.—Maurice! Ah! What have I done! Leave me! leave me!

Mau.—No! I come to throw myself at your feet! I come to implore your pardon! If I did not follow you when you bade me to—it was because my duty—my honor—compelled me to remain; because of an act of kindness, whereof the weight bore me down: I thought so at least! and I could not suffer the day to end without saying to the Princess, I cannot accept your gold, because I love you not, because my heart is another's! But judge of my surprise when at the first words I address to her, crying out: "I know all! I know all!" trembling, wild, she who never trembles, falls at my feet, and with tears, real or feigned, confesses that love and jealousy have turned her brain; and that she herself has been the cause of my imprisonment! She dared confess this—and to me, who fondly deemed I owed to her my liberation!——

Adr.—O heavens!

Mau.—To me she confessed this—to me, who, downcast and ashamed of having received her benefits, came only to implore of her a few days' delay, that I might repay her, were it at the sacrifice of my blood and my life! And I was free!—free to despise, to hate, to abandon her!—free to hasten to you, and seek a refuge at your feet. My protectress! my guardian angel! behold me here. Ah! spurn me not!

Adr.—Can I believe you?

Mau.—By heaven!—by mine honor, I swear I have told you the truth—difficult though it be to explain. Hurled from the pinnacle of my hopes, arrested, thrown into prison, I still am ignorant as to whose hand set me free. Search as I may, I cannot discover who has returned to me my liberty, my sword, and, perhaps, a glorious future! Do you know? Can you help me discover this?

Adr.—I know not; I cannot tell. . . .

Mau.—Then, Adrienne, it was you?

Adr.—And he, my best friend, who assisted me; but we will talk no more of this. You have accepted.

Mau.—On one condition : that on your part you will refuse naught from me! I know not the future that awaits me; I know not whether I am to win or to lose on the battlefield the ducal crown which the states of Courland have bestowed upon me; but should I prove victorious, I swear to share with you the dukedom which you have aided me to obtain, and confer upon you the name which you have helped me to immortalize!

Adr.—Your wife? I!

Mau.—Yes, you! You are a queen at heart, and worthy to reign over all! Who was it enlarged my intellect?—You! Who purified my thoughts?—You! Who breathed into my soul the spirit of the great men whose interpreter you are? You, ever you! But heaven! you turn pale!

Adr.—Fear not!—So much joy after so much grief has exhausted my strength.

Mau.—You totter!

Adr.—In truth, a strange uneasiness, an unknown pain has taken possession of me—for a few minutes past—since I pressed that bouquet to my lips.

Mau.—What bouquet?

Adr.—Ungrateful woman that I am! I took it for a token of farewell, and it was a message of return.

Mau.—What do you mean?

Adr.—The flowers sent by you in yonder casket—

Mau.—I sent you naught—where is the bouquet?

Adr.—I burned it! I thought you had disdained and spurned us both. The flowers were like myself—they could not live longer.

Mau.—Adrienne! But your hand trembles—you are in great pain!

Adr.—No—no! the pain is no longer here—but here. It is strange! very strange! a thousand wild fantastic objects pass before my eyes, succeeding each other in confusion and without order! [To MAU.] What were we

saying? What did I tell you? I know not. It seems to me that my imagination wanders, and that my reason, which I seek to retain, is about to abandon me. It shall not be, for, if I lose it, I lose my happiness. No! no! I will not suffer it; for Maurice, first of all, and then for this evening. They have just opened the doors and the theatre is full. I understand their curiosity and their impatience: the "Psyche" of the great Corneille has so long been promised them; oh! ever since the first days when I first saw Maurice. They would not revise the piece; they said it was too old; but I desired it—an idea possessed me. Maurice has not yet said to me, I love you! Nor have I said it to him—I dare not. And in the piece are verses which I should be so happy to address to him, before them all, and none of them would suspect!

Mau.—Beloved, be yourself once more!

Adr.—Hush! Here is my entrance. Oh! what a numerous, what a brilliant audience! How they all bend their looks on me and follow my every movement! How kind they are to love me so well! Ah! he is in his box. It is he! He smiles on me. *Psyche*, it is your cue.

"Turn not away those eyes which rend my heart—
Those tender, piercing eyes, so full of love!
They seem to sharo th' uneasiness I feel.
Alas! the more dangerous they are,
The more delight I have their gaze to meet.
By what decree of Heaven, which fathom I cannot,
Do I say more than meet it is to say,
I, from whom modesty should await
Till love explains your much perturb'd condition?
You sigh, my lord, e'en as I sigh myself;
Like mine, your senses, much confused are.
I should silent be, and you should speak,
And yet 'tis I that speak."

Mau.—Adrienne! Adrienne!—She sees me

not—hears me not. Oh, heavens! fear chills my blood!—What is to be done? [*Rings: enter Maid.*] Your mistress is in danger—run for help. I will not leave her. [*Exit Maid.*] My presence and care may restore her to tranquillity. [*Taking her hand.*] Hear me, in pity, hear me!

Adr.—[*Wildly.*] See! see! who is it enters his box?—Who seats herself at his side? I recognize her, although she conceals her features. It is she! he speaks to her. [*Despairingly.*] Maurice! he will not look at me! Maurice!

Mau.—He is at your side.

Adr.—Ah! their eyes meet, their hands are clasped! She tells him. Stay! And he forgets me! he spurns me!—alas! he sees not that I am dying.

Mau.—Adrienne! for pity's sake!

Adr.—Pity!

Mau.—Has then my voice no power over your heart?

Adr.—What would you of me?

Mau.—That you would hear me, for an instant—that you would look upon me, your Maurice!

Adr.—Maurice—No—he is at her side—he forgets me—Go! get ye hence. [*Recognizes Maurice.*] Ah! Maurice.

[*Falls into his arms.*

Mau.—Oh! heavens, grant me aid! And no help near—not a friend! [*Perceives* MICHONNET.] Ah! I am wrong, here comes one.

Enter MICHONNET.

Mic.—Is what they tell me true? Is Adrienne in danger?

Mau.—Adrienne is dying!

Mic.—No—no; she breathes still. All hope is not lost.

Mau.—She opens her eyes!

Adr.—Ah! what torture is this! who is near?—Maurice— [*Sees* MIC.] and you too!

So soon as I was suffering, you were to be here. It is no longer my head, but my chest that burns—there is here a furnace, a devouring flame, that consumes me.

Mic.—Everything proves it—see you not, as I do, the effects of a poison—of a poison active and terrible?

Mau.—What do you suspect?

Mic.—I suspect everybody—and that rival—that noble lady.

Mau.—Hush! hush!

Adr.—Ah! the pain increases. You who love me dearly, save me, help me! I will not die! Just now I should have welcomed death as a benefactor; but now—no! I will not die! He loves me; he called me his wife!

Mic.—His wife!

Adr.—Oh, heaven! grant my prayer! Oh, heaven! let me but live a few days more—a few days at his side. I am so young; and life opened so fair for me!

Mau.—Ah! horrible!

Adr.—Life! life! Vain are my efforts! vain my prayers! My days are numbered! My strength, my life, are ebbing fast! [*To* MAU.] Do not leave me! Soon my eyes will no longer see you! Soon my hand will no longer grasp yours!

Mau.—Adrienne! Adrienne!

Adr.—Oh! triumphs of the stage, my heart will throb no more with your ardent emotions! And ye, long studies of an art I loved so well, nothing will remain of you, after me—nothing save memories. [*To those around her.*] In your memories they will live, will they not? Farewell, Maurice! farewell, my two friends! [*Dies.*]

Mic.—Dead! dead!

Adrienne Lecouvreur. Transl. of FREDERICK A. SCHWAB.

SCUDDER, HORACE ELISHA, an American author, born at Boston, Mass., in 1838. After graduation at Williams College, Mass., in 1858, he went to New York city, where he taught until 1861. On the death of his father, David Coit Scudder, a missionary of some note, he returned to Boston, and devoted himself to literature. He was the editor of *The Riverside Magazine for Young People* during the four years of its existence (1867–70), and afterwards became connected with the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for whom he edited the *American Commonwealth Series*, *American Poems* (1879), and *American Prose* (1880). He contributed to Justin Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston* (1880–1), and was joint author with Mrs. Bayard Taylor of the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor* (1884). In 1890 he succeeded Thomas Bailey Aldrich as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His books are: *Seven Little People and their Friends* (1862), *Dream Children* (1863), *The Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder* (1864), *Stories from My Attic* (1869), *The Bodley Books*, a series of books for children, (8 vols., 1875–87), *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court* (1876), *Men and Manners in America* (1876), *Stories and Romances* (1880), *The Children's Book* (1881), *Boston Town* (1881), *Noah Webster* in the American Men of Letters series (1882), *History of the United States* (1884), and *Men and Letters* (1885).

A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

As the circles moved round the room, Holcroft had caught sight of a maiden, dressed like others of her age, in a fabric which was neither clear white nor gray, but of a soft pearly tint,

which symbolized the innocence of youth and the ripening wisdom of older years. Her dark hair was closely confined beneath the stiff cap which all wore, but in the dance a single lock had escaped, unknown to the wearer, and peeped forth in a half-timid, half-daring manner. A snow-white kerchief was folded over her shoulders and bosom, and her carriage was so erect, her movements so lithe, that as she came stepping lightly forward, her little hands rising and falling before her, or moving tremulously at her side, she seemed the soul of the whole body, pulsating visibly there before the reverent Holcroft. Once, in a pause of the dance, she stood directly before him, and he found it impossible to raise his eyes to her face, while a deep flush spread over his own. But when the dance began again, his eyes followed her, as she passed beyond and then returned, still with the sweet grace and unconscious purity which made the whole worship centre in her.

The dancing ceased finally, and the worshipers took their places on the wooden benches, which had been placed on one side. There were addresses made by one and another, passages from book, pamphlet, or paper were read, and then they all rose to sing once more; this over, an elder came forward, added a few words, and said, "The meeting is closed," when the outside attendants took their leave, and stood in knots by the meeting-house watching the Shakers as they came out after them and passed into the several houses where they belonged. Holcroft, standing apart, watched for the young girl who had so attracted him, and saw her cross the road and enter one of the houses of the community. Then he turned and walked toward his own house.

The vision which he had had this Sunday morning came, like many such, to shatter a fabric which he had long been constructing. The solitary life which he had led, with its fancies made solid and its careful foundation of possibilities, was suddenly invaded by an

nemy which disclosed its shining metal as only fool's gold after all. When he turned the key in his door and entered what had hitherto seemed his castle, he could think of nothing but opening the gate of a tomb and locking himself within. The unreality of his life stared him in the face. "For what have I been building this house of cards?" he cried to himself, as he looked about upon all the contrivances and decoration which his ingenuity and art had devised. "What a mockery is this! How complacently I have been setting my house in order, with all its frippery of earthly taste, when so near me move people who have shattered all these walls that separate us from the divine! I have deluded myself with the notion that I had but to build my nest, and the bird would fly to it, when I find the bird to be a bird-of-paradise, that makes its nest in the clouds, if anywhere."

There is in despair sometimes an energetic force which is quite as available as the stimulus which hope gives, and Alden Holcroft, amid the ruins of his fancies, was by no means disposed to sit down in a listless acquiescence in the inevitable. Every Sunday found him at Shaker meeting, fascinated by the spell which the worship cast over him, and still, as at first, seeing in the graceful girl the very spirit of the society and its aims. He began, also, to listen attentively to expositions of the Shaker life which fell from the lips of the speakers. —*Stories and Romances.*

THE GROWTH OF INDEPENDENCE.

The ease with which Webster walked about the Jericho of English lexicography, blowing his trumpet of destruction, was an American ease, born of a sense that America was a continent and not a province. He transferred the capital of literature from London to Boston, or New York, or Hartford—he was indifferent so long as it was in the United States. He thought Washington as good an authority on

spelling as Dr. Johnson, and much better than King George. He took the Bible as the book to be used, not as a piece of antiquity to be sheltered in a museum, and with an American practicality set about making it more serviceable in his own way. He foresaw the vast crowds of American children; he knew that the integrity of the country was conditioned on the intelligibility of their votes, and he turned on England less with indifference to her than with an absorption in his own country. He made a Speller which has sown votes and muskets; he made alone a Dictionary, which has grown, under the impulse he gave it, into a national encylopedia, possessing an irresistible momentum. Indeed, is not the very existence of that book in its current form a witness to the same Americanism which Webster displayed, only now in a firmer, finer, and mere complex form?

In the high walks of scholarship, where Nationality would seem to be effaced, we have had very recently a capital illustration of the inevitable tendency of national traits to seek expression. The Appendix to the "Revised Version of the New Testament" contains the variations proposed by the American company from the text as otherwise determined. There were in the English company men of radical temperament and of conservative, there were in the American company like distinctions; nevertheless the final separation between the two companies is largely on this line; and one can easily see how much sympathy, Webster, for example, would have expressed with the position which the American company took, a position not of dissent but of independent assertion.

The separation between England and America, which was so effectual in Webster's conception, and thus determined much of his thought, was really incipient and not complete. The two countries are more widely separate today than they were then, while the outward

signs of separation are in many ways less conspicuous. The forces of national life have been diverging, and the resultant in character and literature is more sure and ineffaceable.

It should be observed that the individualism which characterizes American life was more marked in the first years of the republic than it is now. After we have reasoned away all we will of a revolutionary cataclysmal element in the separation of the United States from the British Empire, there still remains a sharp determination of individual life, historically evident, and very influential in the formation of national character. In the earliest years the centripetal force for union was barely superior to the centrifugal force for state independence; but the political thought which justified state sovereignty had its logical issue in an isolated individuality. Common-sense and prudence, to be sure, are always defeating logic; but the logical conception helps us to understand tendencies, and it is not difficult to see that the word independence, which was on every one's lips at the close of the last century, was not the sign of a political thought only, but expressed the habit of mind with which persons everywhere regarded life in its varied relations. The breaking up of old political connections not only unsettled the social fabric, it affected necessarily all the relations which the persons held to society; and it was only as a profounder political unity disclosed itself in the nation that each man put forth more confidently his hand to his fellow. The historian of the Union will not fail to observe how with the growth of that Union there began to spring up societies and corporations of every kind, the interdependence of the States extending itself to the interdependence of all interests insolved in the State, and the whole fabric of society feeling its web and woof grow firmer and denser.—*Noah Webster.*

SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON, an American clergyman and author, born in Berkshire, Mass., in 1810; died in 1876. He graduated at Union College in 1834, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1837. He was minister of the Unitarian Society at Wayland, Mass., until 1865, when he became minister at Weston, Mass. He wrote *Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality. The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ, Regeneration: Pictures of the Olden Time, Christian Lyrics, Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life*, and was for some years editor of *The Religious Magazine*.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills.
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King!" . . .

This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?—
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!

When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay—
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing! . . .

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

SEDGWICK, CATHARINE MARIA, an American author, born, at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1789; died there in 1867. Her first novel, *A New England Tale*, was published in 1822; this was followed within a few years by, *Redwood*, *Hope Leslie*, *Clarence*, *The Linwoods*, and several short tales, among which are: *The Poor Rich Man*, *The Rich Poor Man*, *Means and Ends*, *Live and Let Live*. In 1841 she travelled in Europe, and wrote *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home*. In 1845 she put forth *Wilton Harvey;* followed by *The Morals of Manners* and *Married and Single*, the last of which, written at the age of sixty-seven, is perhaps her best novel.

A SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

The observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter as well as the spirit of the law, that—according to a vulgar tradition—in Connecticut no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to "work" on Sunday.

On Saturday afternoon, an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week; the good mothers, like Burns's matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or "help," are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and mops, to make all tidy for the Sabbath. As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and after the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied that even the most scriptural,

missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious inference from this fact is skilfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings; and but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossipping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till at the bidding of the church-going bell the old and young issue from their habitations, and with solemn demeanor bend their measured steps to the "Meeting-house;" the families of the minister, the doctor, the merchant—the modest gentry of the village—and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if perchance nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter, "My dear, you forget it's Sunday!" is the ever-ready reproof. . . .

The farmer's ample waggon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasant sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmer's daughters—blooming, intelligent, well-bred—pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, prunella shoes, leghorn hats, fans, and parasols; and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the

society—a luckless wight whose vagrant taste has never been subdued—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

Towards the close of the day (or, to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it,) when "the Sabbath begins to *abate*," the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky; and though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on "the green;" the lads and girls throng to the "singing-school." While some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasure of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.—*A New England Tale.*

MAPLETON.

Mapleton is, or was—our to-days are very unlike our yesterdays—a secluded village in New England. It lies in a hill and lake country with the intervening valleys and meadows, that are enriched by the spring *freshets* with alluvial soil. A railroad now skirts the valley, but at the epoch of our story the simplicity of rural life was in no way invaded. There was no monster hotel; only a two storied inn, with its traditions of "the Revolution," "Shay's war," and a flaming ghost that once haunted its precincts.

The "dollar" was not yet "almighty" in Mapleton, but such things as contentment, mental accomplishment, social respect, and self-respect were there held superior to it and independent of it. No city-earned fortunes ruffled its quiet surface, and—oh, blissful days!

—no city bees broke the silence of its summer shades.

The village street runs parallel to Lily Pond, a bit of water some six or seven miles in circumference. Lily Pond may it remain, in spite of its ambitious rechristening as Lake *Bona Vista*, by Colonel Donalphonso Hart, a return-volunteer from the Mexican war, who illustrated Mapleton by his nativity. The indigenous name of this lovely bit of water indicates the lotus that profusely adorns its bosom in the month of August, shooting up its long flexile stems, unfolding its white petals, with a pink tint as delicate as an infant's blush, and breathing out the rich odors it seems to have inhaled from the voluptuous sweets of summer.

Mapleton is the oldest village in the county. The beauty of its position was accidental, for, its founders being true sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, like them eschewed the quality of beauty as if it were a device of the wicked one. Throughout New England the Puritans turned their backs upon the sweet South and its cheerful sunshine, facing their houses to the cold blasts of the North, as they did their tempers to the rigors of life. So it came, that the shores of Lily Pond that looked to the east and south with their charming variety of rock and woodland, and flowery turf, were abandoned to unseemly barns, and slovenly yards into which kitchens and sheds opened, and that the houses were built hap-hazard on either side of a wide street winding in parallel line with the winding shore; the west side being preferred for building, as highest and driest, and as commanding wider fields of pasture, grain, and woodland, intervening between it and the mountain barrier of the township. Civilization had however, begun its work in Mapleton. The native taste of some of its people was cultivated; a few had traveled, and they were beginning to adorn their rural homes with filial love and reverence, the

reverence attaching itself to old things, the love creating new beauties. Creeping roses sheltered and adorned the bared trunks of old trees, Virginia creepers shot over old barns, and honeysuckles and the native clematis, perfumed and graced old porches. Fences were removed, yards became "lawns" shrubberies were set, patches of flowers bloomed out from the greensward, gravel-walks were laid out, piazzas erected, and the whole screened from the cold north and envious east wind by thick plantings of our native hemlock.

All honor be to the women of Mapleton, who, by their "Married Ladies' Cemetery Association," and their "Young Ladies' Flower Committee;" hastened on this rural millennium —*Married or Single.*

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